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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

A . . . My Name Is Alice—A musical revue conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Baby—A musical that is just the ticket for gynecologists and obstetricians, but of less interest to ordinary theatregoers. The cast is numerous and oddly enthusiastic. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/12/83.) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Beethoven's Tenth—Peter Ustinov has written a full-length play that ought to have been a curtain-raiser. He stars in it as Beethoven, which gives him a chance to show off many of his favorite acting tricks. Also in the cast is George Rose, who matches Ustinov trick for trick. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Nederlander, *208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through* Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

La Cage aux Folles—A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical, starring George Hearn and Gene Barry. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. Everybody else in New York intends to see the show, so why not you? (9/5/83) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Death of a Salesman—Dustin Hoffman gives a performance as Willy Loman every bit as impressive as the one that Lee J. Cobb gave back in 1949. The Arthur Miller play continues to possess an uncanny power to move us to tears. (4/9/84) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

End of the World—A new play by Arthur Kopit, with John Shea, Barnard Hughes, and Linda Hunt. Harold Prince is the director. Previews through Saturday, May 5. Opens officially on Sunday, May 6, at 5. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—Opening performances of a festival of sixteen one-act plays, running through Monday, June 18. "House," by Danny Cahill; "Little Feet" and "Remember Crazy Zelda?," by Shel Silverstein; and "Bite the Hand," by Ara Watson: Wednesday and Thursday evenings, May 2-3; Saturday evening, May 5; Sunday matinée, May 6; Friday evening, May 11; and Saturday matinée, May 12. . . . ¶ "Blood Bond," by Gina Barnett; "At Home," by Richard Dresser; "Fine Line," by Janice Van Horne; and "Slam," by Jane Willis: Friday evening, May 4; Saturday matinée, May 5; Sunday and Monday evenings, May 6-7; Wednesday and Thursday evenings, May 9-10; and Saturday evening, May 12. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 247-4982. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 2.)

Glengarry Glen Ross—A play by David Mamet that says, in effect, that real-estate salesmen are rascals and so perhaps are all the other entrepreneurs in our competitive society. Funny and harsh in the writing and acted to perfection. (4/2/84) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Golden Age—A clever but resistible reworking of Henry James' "The Aspern Papers." Irene Worth is superb as an *eighty-year-old* who may once have been Scott Fitzgerald's model for Daisy Buchanan. The author is A. R. Gurney. (4/23/84) (Jack Lawrence Theatre, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Hooch—A play by Charles Michael Moore, with Kevin Hooks. Opens Friday, May 4, and will run through Sunday, May 20. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays, and Monday, May 7, at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Isn't It Romantic—A spirited revival of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always *witty comedy about a pair of female "best* friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. The script has been somewhat revised and the production, under Gerald Gutierrez's direction, is much fuller than it was originally. With Lisa Banes, Peg Murray, Jerry Lanning, Tom Robbins, Cristine Rose, and Steven Gilborn. (12/26/83) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Last Danceman—A play by Alan Foster Friedman. Opens Thursday, May 3, and will run through Sunday, May 20. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Laughing Stock—A commendable production of three short plays in Southern settings by Romulus Linney. Ed Howard was the director, and Frances Sternhagen heads the good cast. (Lion, 422 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 6.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, May 6: Gilbert and Sullivan's **THE MIKADO.** . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, May 9: Rudolf Friml's **THE VAGABOND KING.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Mirror Theatre Company—A season of revivals in alternating repertory: Susan Glaspell's **INHERITORS;** Clifford Odets' **PARADISE LOST,** starring Geraldine Page; John Colton and Clemence Randolph's **RAIN;** Henrik Ibsen's **GHOSTS,** translated by Eva Le Gallienne and starring Geraldine Page; and John Patrick's **THE HASTY HEART.** (Theatre at St. Peter's

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. For tickets and information about play scheduling, call 223-6440.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—A revival of Eugene O'Neill's last play, with Kate Nelligan, Ian Bannen, and Jerome Kilty. Staged by David Leveaux. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8.)

'Night, Mother—Marsha Norman's eloquent play about a young woman determined to end her life, superbly acted by Kathy Bates and Anne Pitoniak. The director is Tom Moore. (4/11/83) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Noises Off—Michael Frayn has written a farce that ought to be capable of entertaining our great-great-grandchildren well into the twenty-first century. The subject . . . but who cares about the subject? Not to be missed. (12/19/83) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Oliver!—A revival of the Lionel Bart musical, with Ron Moody and Patti LuPone. Peter Coe is the director. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Other Places—A trio of one-acters by Harold Pinter. In the last and best of them, "A Kind of Alaska," Dianne Wiest portrays a middle-aged woman who awakens after twenty-nine years of sleeping sickness. That beautiful play glows in the dark; the other two don't come off quite so well, in spite of the good company. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 20.)

Painting Churches—A disappointing revival of Tina Howe's beautiful play about an artist who goes to Boston to help her old parents close up their house on Beacon Hill, and to paint their portrait. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

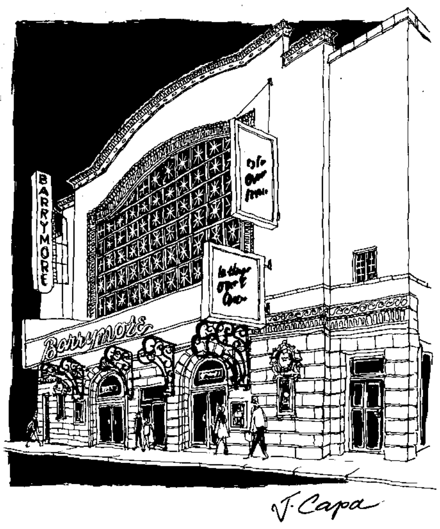
The Real Thing—A characteristically lively gavotte by Tom Stoppard, though intellectually much less interesting than usual. The author appears to believe he is writing about love, but he is really writing about selfishness, which proves epidemic in the playwriting and acting community that he examines. Jeremy Irons and Glenn Close head the marvellous cast. Mike Nichols is the director. (1/16/84) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Rink—Terrence McNally, in a dark mood, has written the book of this curious musical about family squabbles over money, infidelity, death, and differing life styles. The stars are Chita Rivera and Liza Minnelli. Music by John Kander, lyrics by Fred Ebb, and superb scenery by Peter Larkin. (2/20/84) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Second City Company—There is a scattering of bright, clever moments and some evidence of talent, especially that of Meagen Fay, in this only so-so revue, imported from Chicago. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Spookhouse—A new play by Harvey Fierstein, starring Anne Meara. Opens Wednesday, May 2. (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Opening-night curtain at 6:45; thereafter, Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, May 3, at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Sunday in the Park with George—Mandy Patinkin and Bernadette Peters in a musical for which Stephen Sondheim provided the music and lyrics and James Lapine the book and staging. Opens Wednesday, May 2. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter, nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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The Tap Dance Kid—A charming, diligent cast can do little to bring life to this conventional examination of a black family's ambitions. The dancing is splendid. (1/2/84) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Terra Nova—Ted Tally's dramatization of Robert Falcon Scott's fatal expedition to the South Pole in 1911, in a race with Roald Amundsen of Norway. The gruelling story is constantly interrupted by small scenes, some surreal and others flashback, and while it is not always convincing it is seldom boring. The performance, under the direction of Gerald Gutierrez, is first-rate; Robert Foxworth is Scott, Anthony Zerbe is Amundsen, and the other actors are just as good. (Reviewed in this issue.) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays, except May 5, at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, May 2, at 2. For tickets, call 279-4200.)

A Woman of Independent Means—Barbara Rush is the only character in this play by Elizabeth Forsythe Hailey, based on her novel of the same name. Direction by Norman Cohen, with incidental music by Henry Mancini. Previews Wednesday, May 2. Opens officially on Thursday, May 3. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Woza Albert!—Percy Mtwa and Mbongeni Ngema, two adroit African actors, are the entire cast and also the authors (with their director, Barney Simon) of this spirited, heartfelt play about the coming of Christ to South Africa. (3/5/84) (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Young Playwrights Festival—A program of five one-act plays will run through Sunday, May 20. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Zorba—The Life Force, embodied by Anthony Quinn, makes this otherwise dour musical about life in a Cretan village worth paying attention to. Also in the cast are Lila Kedrova and Jeff McCarthy. Music by John Kander, lyrics by Fred Ebb, and book by Joseph Stein. (10/24/83) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**brighton beach memoirs:** Neil Simon's reputedly autobiographical comedy. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **cats:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **dreamgirls:** Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 9,992 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **fool for love:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Will Patton and Moira Harris have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42nd street:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **little shop of horrors:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **my one and only:** Tommy Tune and Twiggy make a pair of delightful lovers in a musical whose book, by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer, succeeds in embracing half a dozen classic Gershwin songs. An irresistible show. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **on your toes:** A hit musical of 1936 that deserves to remain a hit, thanks to the music of Richard Rodgers, the lyrics of Lorenz Hart, the choreography of George Balanchine, and the direction by George Abbott, who also helped write the book. With Galina Panova and George de la Peña. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **torch song trilogy:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star Philip Astor as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Charles Adler substitutes for Mr. Astor at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **true west:** Sam Shepard's lively

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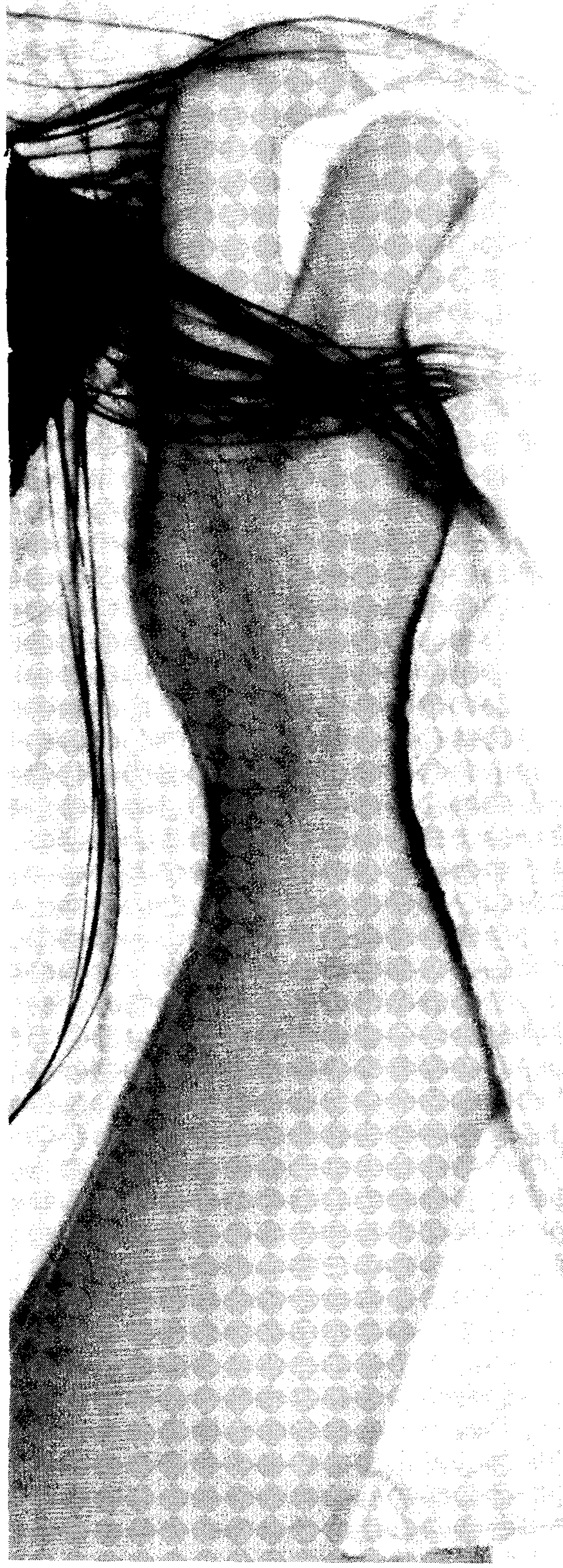

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comedy about two rival brothers in California, with Daniel Stern and Tim Matheson. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey, back in town with their annual wingding. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Tuesdays at 10:30 and 2:30; Wednesdays at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursdays at 10:30 and 7:30; Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30; and Sundays at 1 and 5:30. Because of basketball playoffs, the evening performance on Friday, May 4, and both performances on Sunday, May 6, have been cancelled. Closes Sunday, June 3.)

Forbidden Broadway '84—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

Village Light Opera Group—Presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's "Engaged!," adapted by George Rowell and Kenneth Mobbs. (Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. Friday, May 4, at 8; Saturday, May 5, at 2 *and 8; and Sunday, May 6, at 2. For* information about tickets, call 243-6281.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, May 2: "Moves" (company première), "Sonatine," "Serenade," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 3: "Bugaku" and "Harlequinade." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 4, and Saturday matinée, May 5: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 5: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 6: "Moves," "Sonatine," "Chaconne," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 6: "Bugaku" and "Harlequinade." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 8: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 9: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 10: "Allegro Brillante," "Pas de Deux," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 11: "Allegro Brillante," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 12: "Serenade," "Bugaku," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 12: "Jewels." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, June 24.)

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday matinée, May 2: "The Kingdom of the Shades from 'La Bayadère,'" "The Little Ballet," "Sinatra Suite," and "Graduation Ball." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 2: "Les Sylphides," "Graduation Ball," and "Paquita." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 3: "The Kingdom of the Shades from 'La Bayadère,'" "The Leaves Are Fading," and "Concerto." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 4: "Les Sylphides," "Concerto," and "Paquita." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 5: "Symphonie Concertante" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 5: "Concerto" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Monday evening, May 7: "Concerto," "Other Dances," and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 8: "N.Y. Export: Op. Jazz" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Wednesday matinée, May 9: "Symphonie Concertante" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 9: "The Leaves Are Fading," "Miss Julie," and "N.Y. Export: Op. Jazz." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 10: "The Little Ballet," "Other Dances," "Miss Julie," and "Symphonie Concertante." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 11, and Saturday matinée and evening, May 12: "Swan Lake." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Eve*nings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday,* June 16.)

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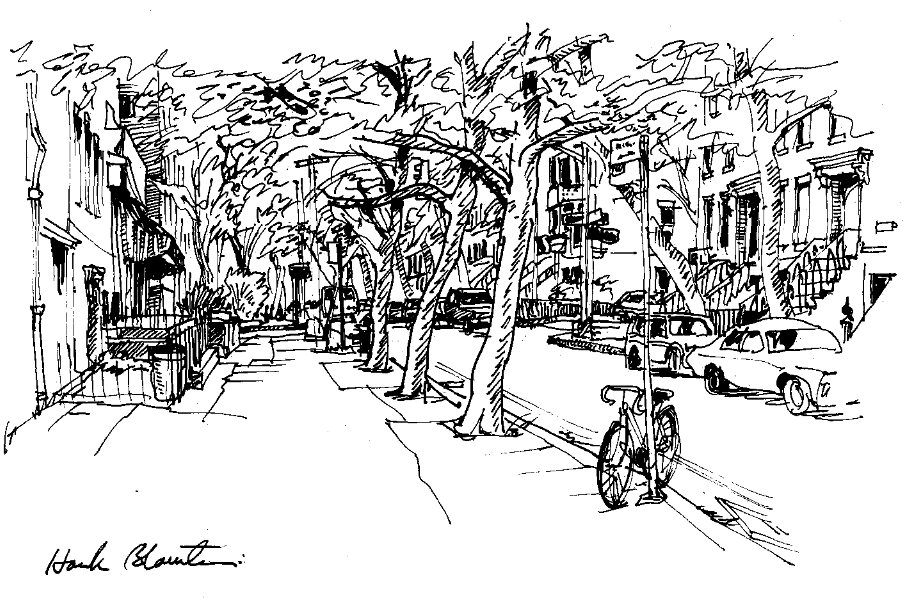
Feld Ballet—Wednesday evening, May 2: "Papillon," "Adieu," and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 3: "Three Dances," "Summer's Lease," and "Straw Hearts." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 4: "Papillon," "Over the Pavement," and "Intermezzo." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 5: "Play Bach," "Danzon Cubano," "La Vida," and "Straw Hearts." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 6: "Papillon," "Adieu," and "The Consort." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 6: "The Real McCoy," "Intermezzo," and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 8: "Papillon," "Over the Pavement," and "Intermezzo." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 9: "Three Dances," "Adieu," and "Straw Hearts." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 10: "Play Bach," "Circa," and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 11: "The Real McCoy," "Circa," and "Intermezzo." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 12: "The Consort," "Circa," and "The Jig Is Up." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, May 13.)

Joan Lombardi Dance Company—Three programs of music and dance, with the Cordier Ensemble. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday through Saturday, May 3-5, at 8.)

Tamasaburo—In a program of solo Kabuki dances. (Japan House, 333 E. 47th St. 759-0588. Friday, May 4, through Friday, May 11, at 8. Matinées Sunday, May 6, and Wednesday, May 9, at 2.)



Mario Maya—With his company, in a flamenco dance drama, "¡Ay! Jondo." (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Monday, May 7, at 8.)

Shakti—With a company of thirty dancers and musicians from Kyoto, Japan, in a single performance of "Himiko." (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, May 11, at 8.)

Riverside Dance Festival—Performances by two companies. **CODANCECO:** Wednesday, May 2, and Friday, May 4, at 8, and Sunday, May 6, at 2. . . . **SOLOMONS COMPANY / DANCE:** Thursday, May 3, and Saturday and Sunday, May 5-6, at 8. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**STEVE ROSS** sings songs from the era when melodies were melodies and lyrics were lyrics. He's at a piano in the Oak Room Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty and in the Rose Room Sundays from five-thirty. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. Through Saturday, May 5, bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** and pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** will be on hand, and Wednesday through Saturday, May 9-12, Kay Boyd will sing with a trio headed by Mr. Townsend. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

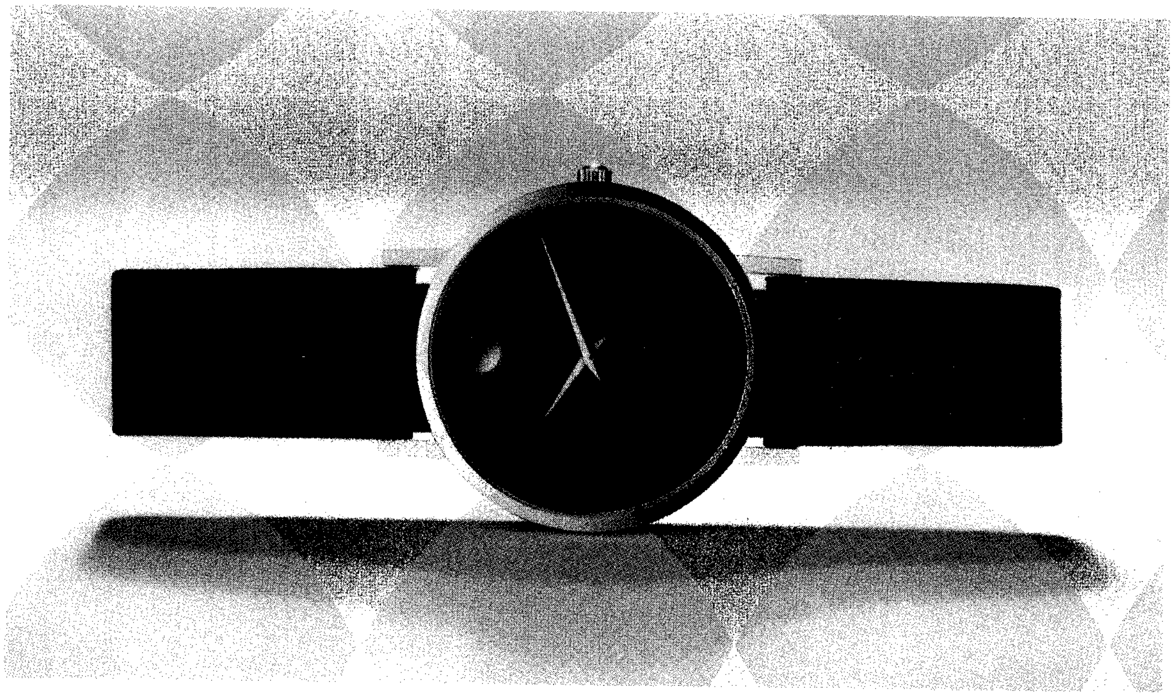
Bitter End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, formerly just-folkies club, where now you can hear occasional jazz and large helpings of rock. The current roster: Thursday through Saturday, May 3-5, the **PERSUASIONS**; Sunday, May 6, the Hardbeats and Six; Monday, May 7, Dress to Kill and Things in Common; Wednesday, May 9, Essra Mohawk, Kid Stuff, the Shades, and Class Action; Thursday, May 10, John Eddie, Troia/Greer, Movement, and Cream; Friday, May 11, Brenda Bell & the Blessings, Spellbound, Native Blend, and Josie Kuhn/Chris Bond; and Saturday, May 12, On the Edge, Bill Block & the Big Bang, and the Savages. Shows start at ten and twelve-thirty weeknights and at nine on Sundays. Dining and dancing.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. Tenor saxophonists **JOHN GRIFFIN** and **EDDIE (LOCKJAW) DAVIS** will be here through Sunday, May 6; Monday, May 7, the Tim Horner quintet and alto saxophonist **MONTY WATERS'** quartet will appear; and on Tuesday, May 8, guitarist, harmonica player, and whistler **TOOTS THIELEMANS'** quartet and singer **BOBBY MC FERRIN** will move in. Sets begin after ten. And trumpeter **TED CURSON** leads after-hours (way past two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—"Leader of the Pack," a musical based on the life and work of composer Ellie Greenwich, is being given Tuesdays at eight-thirty, and Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Friday and Saturday, May 11-12, at eight and eleven-thirty. Friday and Saturday, May 4-5, at nine and midnight, and Sunday, May 6, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, will be turned over to Steeleye Span. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some very good musicians. The very good musicians are pianists and bassists: **ROGER KELLAWAY** and **GEORGE MRAZ** through Friday, May 4; Mr. Kellaway and **MICHAEL MOORE** on Saturday, May 5; **LEE ANN LEDGERWOOD** and **RED MITCHELL** on Sunday, May 6; and **KENNY BARRON** and Mr. Mitchell starting Monday, May 7. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—Pianist **JIMMY LYON** per-



A legend in modern design: Movado Museum Watch.

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forms after ten-thirty in this theatre-district bar and restaurant at a teeny, white pocket-size Kawai that sounds pretty darn good. Mr. Lyon can be heard on Fridays and Saturdays.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**Bobby Short** is back in the saddle in the Café Carlyle with his trusty aides, **Beverly Peer** and **Robbie Scott,** and with his repertoire of twentieth-century high popular art. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ Pianist **Barbara Carroll** is at work in the Bemelmans Bar from nine every night but Sunday.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—William Roy is the current pianist in this dark-brown restaurant around the corner from Carnegie Hall. Music nightly, except Sundays, from nine to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, May 2, Native Blend; Thursday, May 3, X-Davis, Michael Fracasso, and Sway; Friday, May 4, the Young Hegelians, Kitty, and the Tapes; Saturday, May 5, Certain Generals, Band of Outsiders, and Secret Syde; and Tuesday, May 8, Beat Feet and EiEiO. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St. at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven: Wednesday, May 2, Paddy O'Brien, Tom Dayhill, and Sean O'Driscoll; Fridays, Conway & Ryan; Saturday, May 5, Patent Pending; Wednesday, May 9, Tim Britton and Gerald Trimble; Thursday, May 10, at eight-thirty, the OK Bayou String Band; and Saturday, May 12, **Tony Trischka's Skyline.** Music from eight on Wednesdays and from nine Thursdays through Saturdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The tradition-minded house sextet goes to work at eight-thirty Wednesdays through Saturdays. On Sunday, May 6, the Widespread Jazz Orchestra will be on the stand. On Mondays and Tuesdays, Ed Polcer's band has the floor; on Wednesdays the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet is here from five-thirty to eight-thirty; and on Fridays from five-thirty to eight-thirty Danny D'Imperio's trio can be heard. Dining.

Edwardian Room, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—**Bucky Pizzarelli,** who occasionally lets loose with hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string guitar, guides a trio Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs jazz-stars room. Alto saxophonist **Paquito D'Rivera** is here through Sunday, May 6, and singer **Phyllis Hyman** will come in on Tuesday, May 8. Mondays are reserved for guitarist **Les Paul's** trio. Sets begin after eight-thirty. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Wednesday, May 2, at nine and eleven, Peter Holsapple and Chris Stamey; Thursday, May 3, at eight-thirty, Poez and Ultraprov; Friday, May 4, at eight and eleven, John Phillips and Ultraprov; Saturday, May 5, at eight and eleven, Aztec Two-Step and Ultraprov; Wednesday, May 9, at nine and eleven, Kendra Smith and Dave Roback; Thursday, May 10, at nine, Terry Waldo and Ultraprov; and Saturday, May 12, at eight and eleven, folksinger **Michael Hurley** and Ultraprov. Sundays are comedy nights, and Mondays are hootenanny nights.

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Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, echoing, soundstage-size space to hear music in. The roster: Wednesday, May 2, bassist **Lisle Atkinson** and pianist **Richard Wyands;** Thursday, May 3, singer-pianist Roy Bailey; Friday and Saturday, May 4-5, bassist **Bob Cunningham's** trio; Sunday and Monday, May 6-7, Julie Kohl; Tuesday through Thursday, May 8-10, pianist **Roger Kellaway** and bassist **Michael Moore;** and Friday and Saturday, May 11-12, jazz singer **Carmen Lundy.** Music Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one; and Sundays at seven, eight-thirty, and ten. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarists **Attila Zoller** and **Joe Puma** perform Wednesdays through Sundays; Mondays singer and pianist **Brooks Kerr** works with bassist John Belzaguy; and Tuesdays **Chuck Wayne,** whose guitar solos are still bebop fast, leads a trio. All these groups begin at about ten. Mondays through Fridays from five to ten, pianist Don Golson is present, and the same hours on Sundays belong to Mr. Kerr.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) **Judy Carmichael,** who looks like a wisp of a girl but who is actually a fireball of a stride player, works Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sundays, Keith MacDonald mans the dining-room grand, and on Mondays **Dick Hyman** sits in. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bustling corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded—but fortunately, crowded with good listeners. Some real strong piano-bass duos make up the current roster: **John Hicks** and **Mickey Bass** through Saturday, May 5, and **Roland Hanna** and **Paul West** starting Tuesday, May 8. Music from about ten. No music Sundays and Mondays.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave. at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's, where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. Friday and Saturday, May 4-5, Peach Fish Pie and Easy Street; Friday and Saturday, May 11-12, Bud Moffett's band and Cadillac Ranch. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A nice, comfortable, unpretentious jazz club. **Carmen Lundy,** a stirring young jazz singer, can be heard through Sunday, May 6; beginning Tuesday, May 8, pianist **Mc Coy Tyner** will head up a combo. Mondays are allotted to pianist **Toshiko Akiyoshi's** New York Jazz Orchestra, featuring tenor saxophonist **Lew Tabackin.** Sets begin at eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**Julie Wilson,** a wonderfully convincing performer, sings Stephen Sondheim songs Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Wednesday, May 2, belongs to Joe Cool, a group including drummer **Chris Parker** and bassist **Will Lee;** Friday and Saturday, May 4-5, soul and gospel singer **Cissy Houston** will have the floor; and Thursday through Saturday, May 10-12, **Alive!,** a Berkeley-based quintet, will perform. Music from ten until two. Dining.

Peppermint Lounge, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll into the night. Friday and Saturday, May 4-5, **Joe (King) Carrasco;** Friday, May 11, Shox Lumania; and Saturday, May 12, the Fuzztones. Live music from after eleven-thirty. Dancing.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Such a nice view from the sixty-fifth floor, unless you're socked in by clouds or a fog bank. **Sy Oliver** and his orchestra play the eighties version of the bounce Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

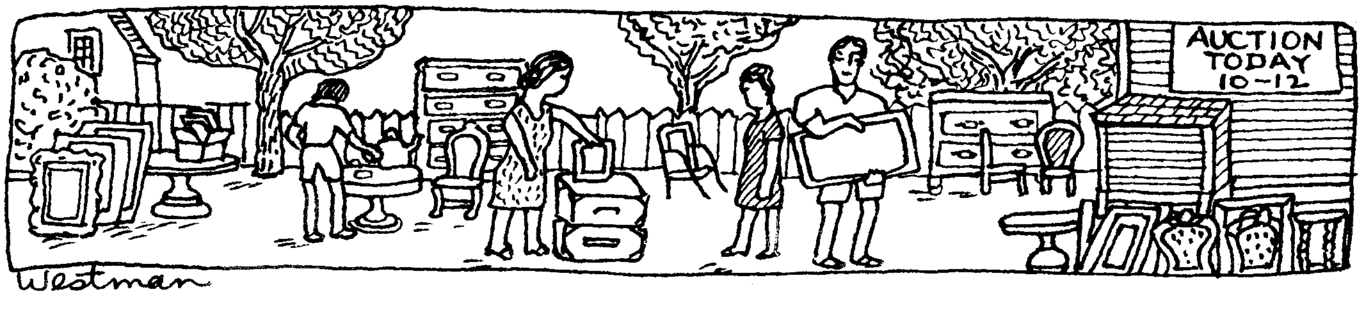
Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—The rock-and-roll roster: Wednesday, May 2, Run DMC and Davey DMX; Thursday, May 3, Accept; Friday, May 4, Paul Young & the Royal Family; Saturday, May 5, Wang Chung; Monday, May 7, Tom Nielsen's band; Thursday, May 10, Golden Earring; and Saturday, May 12, Icicle Works. Shows usually begin after midnight. Dancing.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and jazz-rock on the second floor. The players: Wednesdays, Ronaldo; Thursday, May 3, Two-One-Two; Friday and Saturday, May 4-5, Noel Pointer; Sunday, May 6, Errol Parker's sextet; Monday, May 7, Snowflight; Tuesday, May 8, Ed Palermo's big band; Thursday, May 10, Glow; and Friday and Saturday, May 11-12, Undercover. Music from nine-thirty.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, May 2, Grupo Batucada; Thursday, May 3, **African Connection;** Fridays, **Loremil Machado & the Sarava Bahia Band;** Saturday, May 5, Sweet Talks; Tuesday, May 8, alto saxophonist **Oliver Lake** and his quartet; Wednesday, May 9, the **New York Samba Band;** Thursday, May 10, Mikata; and Saturday, May 12, **Pé-de-Boi.** Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the place keeps on being crowded. Trumpeter **OLU DARA** directs the Natchazsippi Band through Saturday, May 5; Sunday, May 6, alto saxophonist **OLIVER LAKE** and flutist **JAMES NEWTON** will bring in their new band called Cousins; and drummer **ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS** will start pulsing on Tuesday, May 8. Shows from ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Your simple, basic blues and R. & B. hangout. Wednesdays, rock singer and guitarist **ELLIOTT MURPHY;** Thursdays through Saturdays **CHARLES BROWN,** the smoothy R. & B. singer and red-hot piano pounder; and Sundays the Delancey Street Hawaiians. Music after ten.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the big downstairs room, Mondays after nine are salsa nights: on May 7, **WILLIE COLON** and **LA SENSUAL** will share the stage along with guest jazz soloist **MICHAL URBANIAK.** . . . ¶ And meanwhile, out on the Terrace after nine-thirty, the music is handled by pianist **JAKI BYARD** and bassist Ralph Hamperian every night but Monday. And in addition, each Tuesday jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays with her combo.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world. Trombonist **SLIDE HAMPTON,** bassist **RON CARTER,** drummer **ART TAYLOR,** and pianist **CEDAR WALTON** are here through Sunday, May 6; on Tuesday, May 8, guitarist **PAT METHENY** will bring in his trio. The **MEL LEWIS BIG-BAND** supplies Monday-night music. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The performers: pianist Barry Olsen Mondays through Wednesdays, and pianist Ted Chavez and bassist Bob Hobson Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight-thirty until two. Dining.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-and-bebop admirers and players. The lineup: tenor saxophonist **HAROLD (CORNBREAD) SINGER** through Saturday, May 5; saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** on Sunday, May 6; pianist Ram Ramirez Monday and Tuesday, May 7-8; and saxophonist **BENNY WATERS** Wednesday through Saturday, May 9-12. Music from nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A speakeasy in the twenties, Reno Sweeney in the seventies, this ground-floor town-house space is now a SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant with a musical passageway between them. The current roster: Pianist **LEE ANN LEDGERWOOD** and bassist Chip Jackson through Saturday, May 5, and beginning Tuesday, May 8, pianist **HAROLD MABERN** and bassist **JAMIL NASSER.** Sundays are given over to guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE,** and Mondays to pianist Jim Roberts. Music from eight.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

SHIRLEY MACLAINE ON BROADWAY—Gershwin Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30. Through Sunday, May 20.

HIGHLIGHTS IN JAZZ—The Toots Thielemans quartet, Astrud Gilberto, Adam Makowicz, George Mraz, and others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, May 2, at 8.)

AL JARREAU—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday through Sunday, May 4-6, at 8.

HOLLY NEAR—With Inti-Illimani. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Friday, May 4, at 8.)

JOHNNY WINTER—With Roy Buchanan and Buddy Guy & Junior Wells. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday, May 4, at 8.)

CHICO FREEMAN—Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, May 5, at 8:30.

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COLERIDGE-TAYLOR PERKINSON—Mr. Perkinson conducting a program of his own works, with the Triad Chorale, the All City Concert Choir, and the Abyssinian Baptist Chancel Choir. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Sunday, May 6, at 2:30. For tickets, call 722-8223.)

JAZZ TAP MEETS LATIN JAZZ—With tap dancer Tina Pratt and the Youssef Rakha Osiris Latin/Jazz quintet. (Jazz Center of New York, 380 Lafayette St. 924-5026. Sunday, May 6, at 3.)

LAURIE ANDERSON—Beacon Theatre. Thursday and Friday, May 10-11, at 8; Saturday, May 12, at 8 and 11:30; and Sunday, May 13, at 3 and 7:30.

KOOL & THE GANG—Radio City Music Hall. Friday and Saturday, May 11-12, at 8.

DAVE VALENTIN—With his group. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. 249-8950. Friday, May 11, at 8.)

THE FIRST JAZZ STRING SUMMIT—With L. Subramaniam, David Darling, Leroy Jenkins, and others. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Saturday, May 12, at 7.)

IRVING PLAZA—Saturday, May 5: The Del Lords. . . . ¶ Friday, May 11: The Gladiators and the Pacific Orchestra. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Shows start about 11:30.)

BENEFIT CONCERT—George Burns, the Beach Boys, America, and Doc Severinsen & his orchestra. The beneficiary is the National Fitness Foundation. (Radio City Music Hall. Monday, May 7, at 7:30.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

RICHARD ANUSZKIEWICZ—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, May 12. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

TONY DELAP—Abstract paintings (some on shaped canvases), painted-wood sculptures (some on the floor, some on the wall), and works on paper. Through May 19. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

HOWARD HODGKIN—Recent abstract paintings by a British artist. Through Thursday, May 10. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

RALPH HUMPHREY—Windowlike constructions made of wood covered over with modelling paste and painted in deep, rich caseins. Through Saturday, May 12. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

MICHIO IHARA—Delicate sculptures with stainless-steel bases and movable brass or copper parts. Through June 1. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

ROY LICHTENSTEIN—Fifty drawings dated 1961 to 1983. Through Saturday, May 12. (James Goodman, 1020 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays.)

MALCOLM MORLEY—Three large oils, plus related watercolors and prints, all crowded with symbolism from Greek or American Indian mythology. Through Saturday, May 5. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

ROBERT NATKIN—Abstractions, yes, but the colors are heightened and the usual grid nearly absent. Through June 9. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

HILDA STECKEL—Freestanding glazed ceramic figure sculptures (scaled to life and to three-quarters) of jugglers, tumblers, tennis players, and other athletic types. Through May 26. (Steinbaum, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

WILLIAM STEIG AND JEANNE STEIG—Fifty-odd drawings, many of which have appeared on the pages of this magazine, four covers done for same, and children's book illustrations, by the former; and small wood constructions depicting a circus in full swing, as well as figurative cloth-and-leather sculptures (life-size, at that), by the latter. Through Saturday, May 12. (Schiller-Wapner, 36 E. 61st St.)

ROBERT SUTZ—Chicago "L" platforms are the subject of several paintings by this realist. Through Saturday, May 12. (Hamilton, 19 E. 71st St.)

WALASSE TING—New still-lifes in brilliant rainbow colors. Through May 26. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

CHRISTOPHER WHITE—Landscapes reduced to abstractions. Through June 9. (Ericson, 23 E. 74th St.)

WILLIAM WILKINS—Paintings of still-lifes, landscapes, and figures. Through Saturday, May 5. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

JAMES WYETH—New paintings and drawings depicting what are homely subjects for the artist—his dog, for example. Through May 24. (Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACQUAVELLA,** 18 E. 79th St.: Works on paper by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Europeans and Americans; van Gogh, Matisse, Klee, Picasso, Motherwell, and Pollock are just a few of the names. Through May 19. (Open Mondays.) . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER,** 21 E. 70th St., and 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: A two-gallery exhibit of paintings and sculptures by forty-three artists who have been awarded medals by the Skowhegan School during the years 1971-83. The list of achievers—and contributors—reads like the exhibition catalogue for a major contemporary museum show: Richard Diebenkorn, Robert Irwin, Willem de Kooning, Clyfford Still, Louise Nevelson, Georgia O'Keeffe, Saul Steinberg, to cite a few. Through May 31. . . . **HUTTON,** 33 E. 74th St.: Paintings by Lyonel Feininger, Alexej Jawlensky, Wassily Kandinsky, and Paul Klee. Through May 24. (Open Mondays.) . . . **SAIDENBERG,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: A landscape by Milton Avery is in the company of works by other Americans and Europeans, among them Picasso (represented by a good number of paintings and works on paper) and Schwitters. Through June 2. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.) . . . **SCHLESINGER-BOISANTÉ,** 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: American paintings from the thirties, forties, and fifties, by artists then regarded as innovators, among them Diller, Castellon, Holty, and Matulka. Through May 19.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

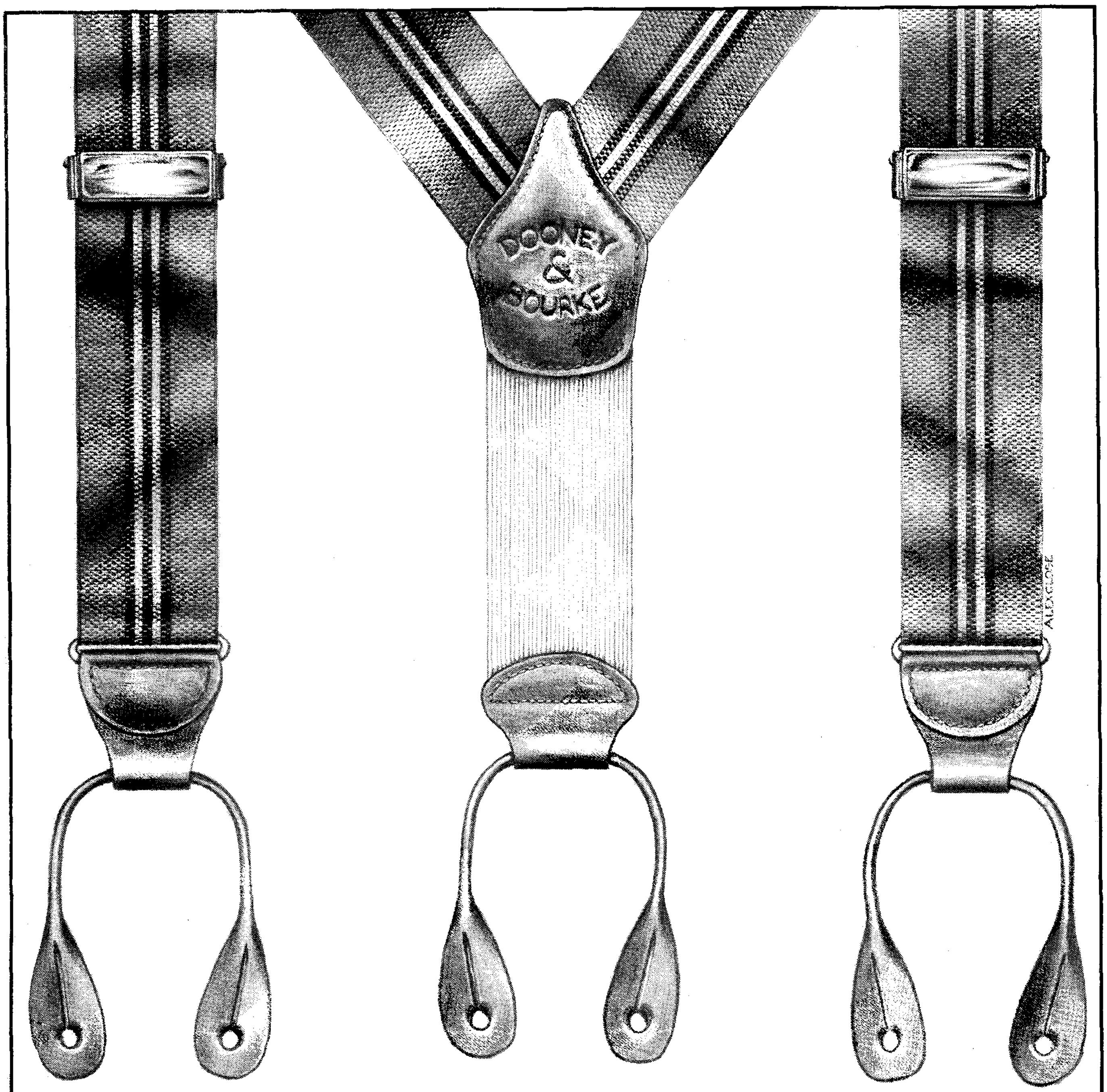
ILYA BOLOTOWSKY (1907-81)—Five decades of work by this pioneer abstract artist are covered in a two-gallery show, the smaller paintings at the uptown Washburn, 42 E. 57th St., and the larger ones at the downtown Washburn, 113 Greene St. Through Saturday, May 5.

HAROLD BRUDER—Paintings of sumptuously draped fabrics. Through Saturday, May 5. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

HARRISON BURNS—Scenes from "The Towering Inferno" and Fort Knox are depicted in this show of large canvases, laced with gold-colored acrylic and collaged with paper. Through Saturday, May 12. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

ARTHUR CADY (1920-83)—A memorial exhibit of the realist landscapes for which this artist was known. Through Wednesday, May 9. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

CHARLES COINER—Paintings of pastures and



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woods in Bucks County, among other works. Through Saturday, May 5. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Robert Courtright—Circular masks made of cast paper and reminiscent of Aztec sculpture; some of them are imprinted with photographs of the moon's surface and some are decorated with acrylics. Through Saturday, May 5. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Giorgio de Chirico (1888-1978) / **William Eggleston**—Paintings executed after 1920, a sort of epilogue to his 1982 retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art. / Two dozen dye-transfer photographs memorializing the interior of Elvis Presley's Memphis mansion, Graceland. Through May 19. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Sam Francis—New large-scale monotypes. Through May 19. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Arthur Gibbons—Painted, cut-out steel sculptures welded into curling abstract forms. Through May 19. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Sidney Goodman—A series of five large paintings, four of them representing fire, earth, air, and water, and the fifth—an ascending female figure—representing the corresponding spiritual element. Through May 17. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

William L. Haney—Realist narrative paintings and drawings whose subjects are decidedly topical: our President, women bodybuilders, and, inevitably, Michael Jackson. Through Saturday, May 12. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Georges Hugnet (1906-74)—Frisky Surrealist collages by a Parisian poet, critic, and artist, many of them taken from a parody he did of the *Guide Michelin*. Through June 1. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Angelo Ippolito / **Ewald Mataré** (1887-1965)—Abstract oils. / Sculptures and woodcuts of animals. Through May 23. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

John Kane (1860-1934)—Landscapes, river scenes, and paintings of people by a Scottish-born naïf, who used settings in both his native country and the United States, his adopted one. Through May 25. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Ellsworth Kelly—Freestanding and wall-mounted works in natural wood, representing the artist's total output in this medium since 1978. Through June 2. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Jon Kessler—Sculptural works made up of translucent materials and wandering colored lights, several steps up from jukebox Art Deco. Through May 26. (Bellman, 41 E. 57th St.)

Franz Kline (1910-62)—Paintings and drawings. Through June 9. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

William Kortlander—Landscape paintings. Through June 2. (Haber Theodore, 24 W. 57th St.)

Kim MacConnel / **Melissa Miller**—Paintings and sixties furniture that call attention to each other and to what the gallery calls "gaudy ostentation and sleaze." / Paintings. Through May 19. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Louisa Matthiasdottir—Landscapes and cityscapes of her native Iceland, still-lifes done in her New York studio, and self-portraits. Through May 16. (Schoelkopf, in a new location at 50 W. 57th St.)

Joan Miró (1893-1983)—Sculptures (ceramic and cast bronze) executed between 1949 and 1981. Through June 29. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Kenneth Noland—Painted monotypes. Through Saturday, May 5. (Prats, 29 W. 57th St.)

Karl Schrag—Landscapes, mostly. Through May 26. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

George Segal—Sculptures of still-lifes and figures: freestanding, in relief, and affixed to the wall. Through Saturday, May 12. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Barbara Siegel—Paintings and drawings of birds in the tropics. Through May 29. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

T. L. Solien—Emblematic paintings. Through June 2. (Getler-Pall-Saper, 50 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At **pam adler,** 37 W. 57th St.: Large-scale drawings by Don Dudley, Jonathan Santlofer, and Barbara Zucker. Through June 2. . . . **associated american artists,** at its new address at 20 W. 57th St.: Prints of New York City, a hundred and eighty of them, by artists who run, alphabetically, from Grace Albee and Harold Altman to Hank Virgona and William Walcot. Through June 1. (Open Mondays.) . . . **donson,** 24 W. 57th St.: Flemish and Dutch landscape prints and drawings of the late sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Through June 30. . . . **kennedy,** 40 W. 57th St.: More than sixty American paintings by big names from this century and last (Rembrandt Peale, Charles Demuth, John Marin) and also by contemporaries, such as Philip McCracken and Colleen Browning. Through May 31. . . . **tilton,** 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Bill Taggart, Tod Wizon, and Kiki Smith. Through May 26.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Richard Beckett—Abstractions in mixed mediums on paper. Through May 19. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Judith Bernstein—The unifying theme in these groupings of large oils and charcoal-on-canvas drawings is the birds and the bees, and the references are both direct and oblique. Through Saturday, May 12. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Gary Bower / **Joseph Santore**—Two groups of new paintings, one representing the four seasons, the other showing Hercules besting the Nemean lion, wrestling Antaeus, and dealing with the Hydra. / Paintings in which abstract forms enclose a mass of recognizable objects, mainly fish. Through Saturday, May 5. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Robert Colescott—Paintings that illustrate ballads and proverbs in comic-book style and change the sex and race of some of the subjects—St. Anthony, for instance, is seen as a black man tempted by blond houris. Through Saturday, May 5. (Semaphore, 462 West Broadway.)

Perle Fine—Paintings from the fifties and sixties by a New York School artist. Through Saturday, May 5. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Dan Flavin / **Eve Sonneman**—A double-barrelled fluorescent fixture, one tube blue and the other green, extends eighty-six feet across the gallery wall, rising in twenty-three steps from four inches to forty-eight inches off the floor, and casting a vivid green light. Through Saturday, May 12. / Photographs and watercolors reflecting the artist's recent travels. Through May 19. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Jeremy Gilbert-Rolfe—Nonobjective paintings and a four-panel screen. Through May 19. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Michael Hafftka—A two-gallery show of this artist's loosely painted figures, which are subjected to a sort of Baconian distortion. (Esman, 121 Spring St. Through May 19. . . . ¶ Manès, 177 Prince St. Through May 26.)

Nancy Ketchman—Realistically rendered three-dimensional paintings of still-lifes and figures. Through Sunday, May 6. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

Craig Langager—Two series of four sculptures each—one a set of gargoyles mounted high on the wall, the other a group of what the artist calls memorials, which are apocalyptic in content. Through June 2. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Robert Longo—Large-scale, multipart works combining painting, drawing, and sculpture. Through May 26. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Robert Mangold—A show of "Frame Paintings," which are canvases shaped like picture frames, with a rectangular space cut out in the middle, justifying the title; the frames are painted in Easter colors—pinks, yellows, yellow-oranges, mild blues—and each has an egg shape drawn on it. Through May 19. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Richard McDermott Miller—Nudes in cast bronze, plus maquettes. Through July 1. (Artists' Choice Museum, 394 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Mary Miss—A variety of sculptures (in wood, mostly) that are scaled for interior spaces; the works date from 1966-84. Through Saturday, May 5. (Protetch McNeil, 214 Lafayette St., between Spring and Broome Sts. Opens at noon.)

Don Nice—Emblematic paintings of the American landscape—Coke cans, hamburgers, and all. Through Wednesday, May 9. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

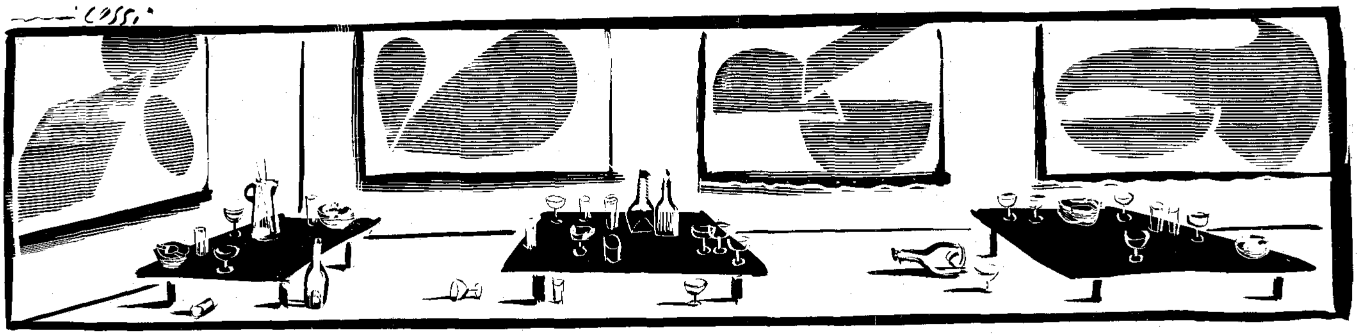
Jim Nutt—Distorted fantasy figures, glossy and erotic, painted by one of the founders of the Hairy Who movement, in Chicago. Through May 23. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

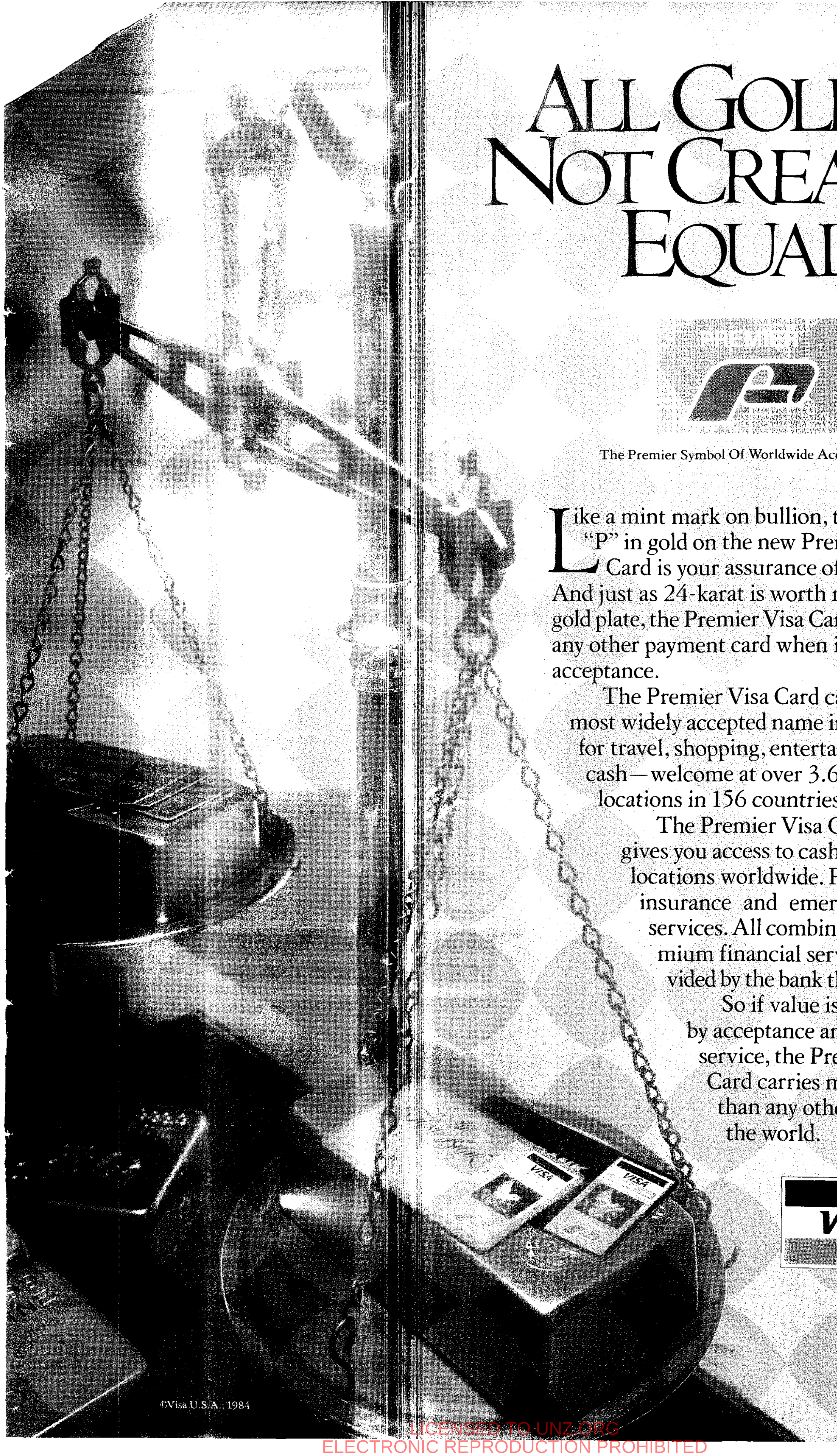
Lois Polansky—Lacy patterns embossed in handmade paper with an etching press, plus a handsome group of handmade books, including a worked-over dictionary in which, for instance, a real iris embedded in the page illustrates the entry for that flower. Through May 16. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Marion Ranyak—Acrylic paintings of the coasts of Maine and California. Through May 23. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Joan Semmel—Portraits, mostly, by an artist who until now has concentrated on nude studies. Through May 26. (112 Greene Street Gallery.)

Group Shows—At **the drawing center,** 137 Greene St.: A hundred and twenty-one drawings from the Victoria and Albert Museum in





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MORE THAN AN AIR BAG

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UNIQUE FORMS OF DEFENSE

But in addition to seat belts, the Supplemental Restraint System mobilizes three unique forms of defense against the specific hazard of a major frontal impact.

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For the front passenger–an emergency tensioning retractor, fitted into the reel mechanism of his normal seat belt.

In the milliseconds following a major frontal impact,

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milliseconds it can sense a major frontal impact, inflate the driver's air bag, and tighten the front passenger's three-point seat belt.

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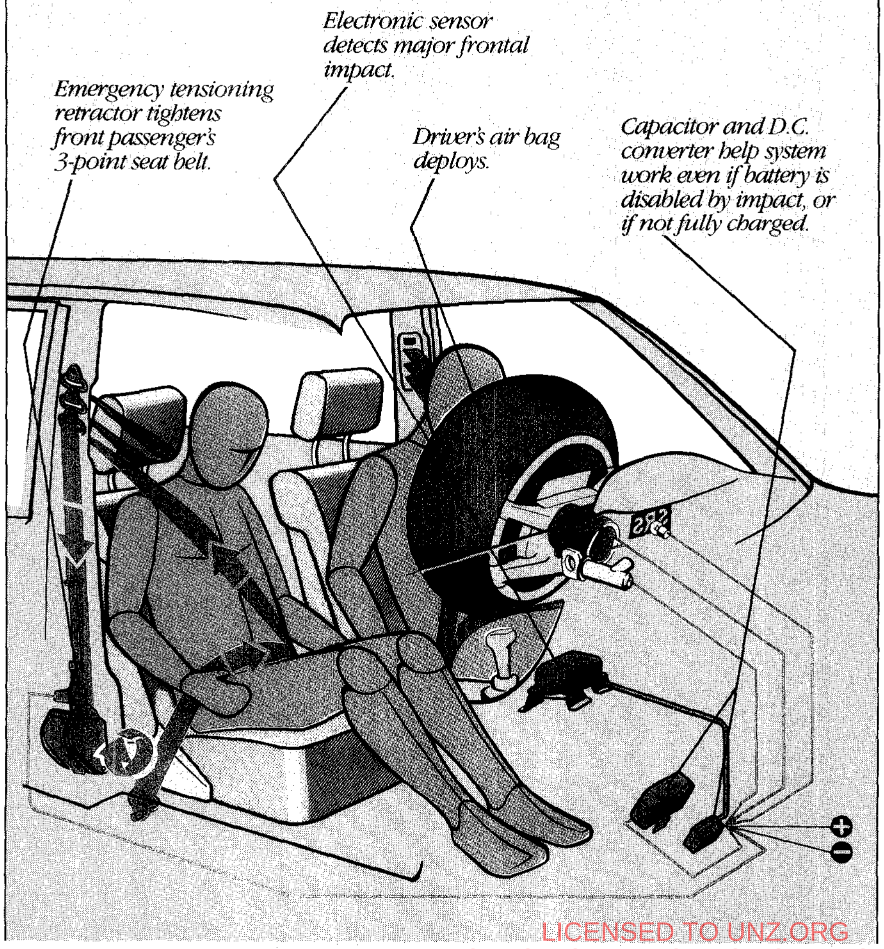
Electronic sensor detects major frontal impact.
Emergency tensioning retractor tightens front passenger's 3-point seat belt.
Driver's air bag deploys.
Capacitor and D.C. converter help system work even if battery is disabled by impact, or if not fully charged.
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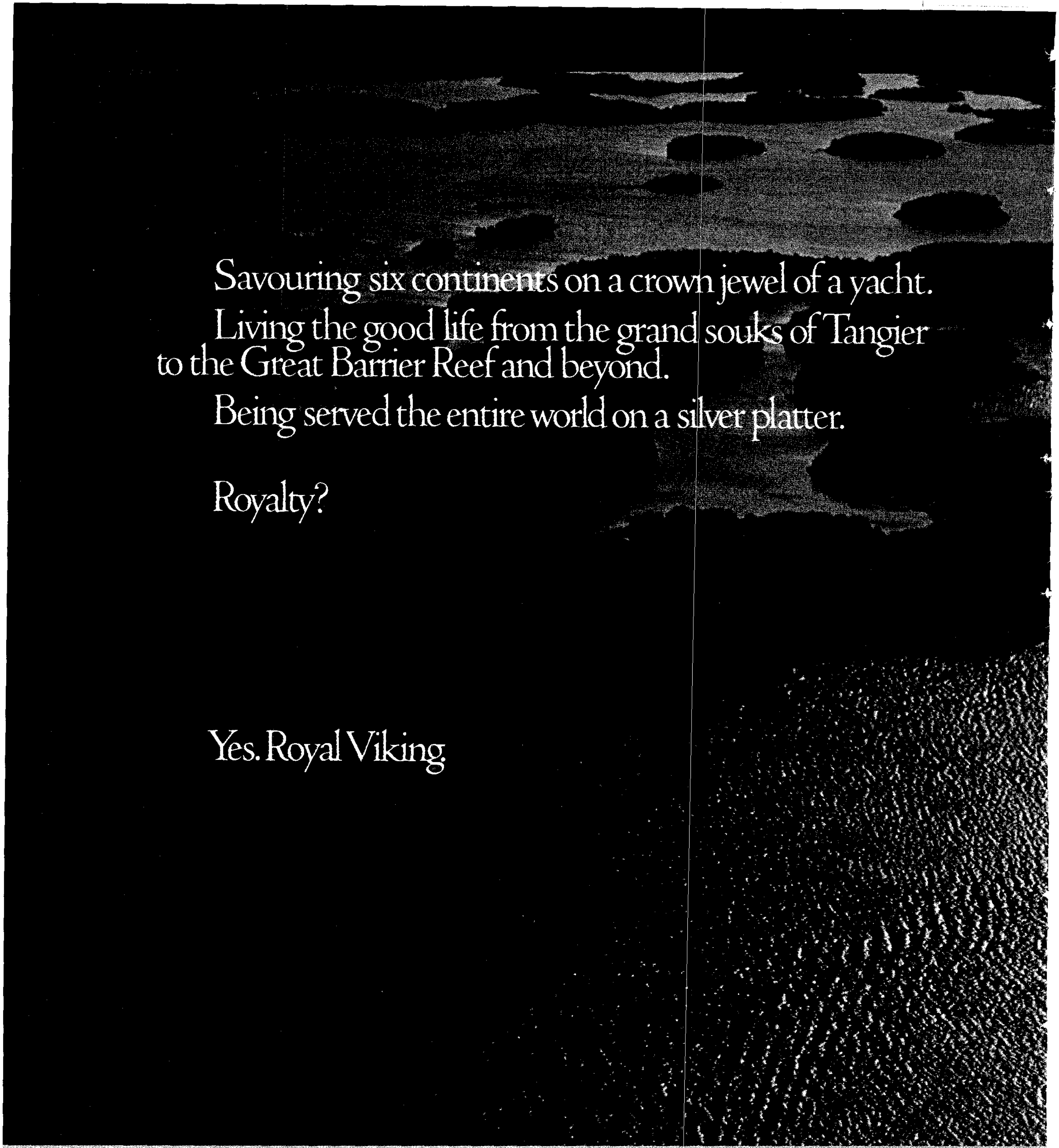
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a show that systematically covers practically every aspect of the art, with examples from Tiepolo and Dürer to LeWitt and Hockney. Through July 28. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **FELDMAN,** 31 Mercer St.: A show of fifties and sixties fashions (Dior, Fath, Balenciaga) and art work (Hofmann, Kline, Warhol), contrasted with the Cold War of the same period, as represented by a prototype for the Vanguard satellite. Through Saturday, May 12.

OTHER GALLERIES

ANTONY GORMLEY—Seven figures—standing, sitting, kneeling, crouching—made of lead plate molded over casts of the sculptor's body. Through May 19. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

CHERYL LAEMMLE—Paintings of people and four-legged creatures, all of whom seem to be made of birchbark. Through May 13. (Sharpe, 328 E. 11th St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at 1.)

CARL PALAZZOLO—Triptychs in which the center panel is thickly laden with paint and the two outer ones are lightly brushed over. Through May 19. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

SUZAN PITT—The action is frantic in these large paintings, where comic-book characters rub elbows with Botticelli maidens, while in the background cities burn, soldiers fight, and sex has its fling. Through May 19. (Delahunty, 291 Church St., two blocks below Canal St.)

GRETCHEN DOW SIMPSON—Nineteen paintings, several of which appeared as covers on this magazine, and prints. Through May 31. (Ryan, 452 Columbus Ave., at 81st St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

PHILIP TSIARAS—Paintings of heads, mostly, with extra eyes or noses, combining elements of primitive masks, icons, Picasso, and Greek mythology. Through May 19. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ART GALAXY,** 262 Mott St., just south of Houston St.: A semi-abstract painting based on an aerial view of the city at night, by Michael Davis, and an abstract painting a foot high and eleven feet long by Heidi Glück are among the works on view. Through Saturday, May 5. . . . **FEDERAL HALL NATIONAL MEMORIAL,** 26 Wall St., at Broad St.: Images of childhood in stylistically diverse paintings, drawings, sculptures, and photographs by thirty-three contemporary artists, including Emily Jennings, Don Eddy, and Don Rodan. Mounted by the Whitney Museum. Through Friday, May 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

MARK BERGHASH—Nudes and portraits of couples. Through May 25. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

JOHN COPLANS AND NANCY HELLEBRAND—Portraits by two photographers whose styles are very different. Through May 26. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

BARON ADOLF DE MEYER (1869-1946)—Fashion, travel, and portrait photographs and photogravures from throughout his career. Through Saturday, May 12. (Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

ARNOLD GENTHE (1869-1942) / **GERTRUDE BLOM**—Portraits of Teddy Roosevelt, Ezra Pound, Sarah Bernhardt, and other notables, and scenes of Japan in 1908 are just a few of the many photographs. / A pictorial essay spanning forty years, documenting the impact of civilization on the culture and environment of the Mayan Indians in Chiapas, Mexico. Through May 27. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

RAY K. METZKER—Black-and-white studies of sharp contrasts, most of them photographed on city streets. Through June 2. (Laurence Miller, 38 E. 57th St. Opens at noon.)

BETTINA RHEIMS—Photographs of stuffed animals from a taxidermist's shop. Through May 25. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

EZRA STOLLER AND JUDITH TURNER—Architectural photographs. Through Saturday, May 5. (Ledel, 168 Mercer St. Opens at noon.)

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MARGARET WATKINS (1884-1969)—Still-lifes, landscapes, portraits, and nudes. Also, a few works by some of her students, among them Ralph Steiner, Doris Ulmann, and Laura Gilpin. Through May 26. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

GROUP SHOW—Photographs by Atget, Muybridge, Abbott, DeCarava, Weegee, and others brought together in a celebration of the Witkin Gallery's fifteenth anniversary. Through May 26. (41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

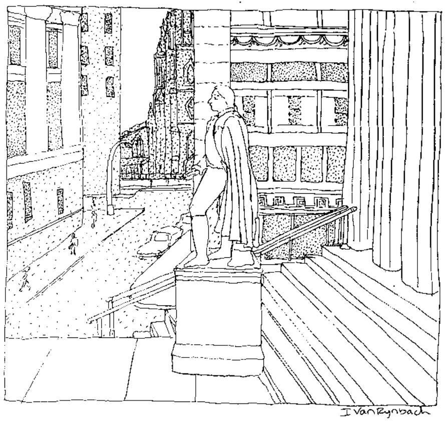
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—On the second floor, refurbished galleries house a new and permanent exhibit of a large part of the museum's Near Eastern antiquities—pre-Islamic works (stone sculptures, ivories, pottery, and objects in bronze, gold, and silver) mainly from Mesopotamia and ancient Iran, but also from Anatolia, Syria, and Arabia. Glazed-brick lion panels from the Ishtar Gate, built in Babylon by Nebuchadnezzar II, hang on the wall of the northernmost gallery. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings and drawings by the French artist Balthus. Through May 13. . . . ¶ An exhibit commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the Cranbrook Academy of Art. Furniture, objects, and drawings by first-generation faculty and students, including Eliel Saarinen, Charles and Ray Eames, Knoll, and Bertoia. There is also an assortment of sculptures, paintings, and textiles. Through June 17. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings and works on paper by Impressionist William Merritt Chase (1849-1916). Through June 3. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's twelfth annual revel is devoted to the designs of Yves Saint Laurent. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART—The museum will reopen on May 17.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Picasso: *A selection of about two hundred* works from the last decade of his career, divided almost equally among paintings, drawings, and graphics. Through May 13. . . . ¶ Four large-scale sculptures by Michael Singer, one installed in the museum's rotunda; also, a dozen drawings. Through June 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show charting the history of the flower genre in American paintings and drawings. Through May 20. . . . ¶ An exhibit of paintings by five contemporaneous New York artists—Brad Davis, Bill Jensen, Elizabeth Murray, Gary Stephan, and John Torreano. Through June 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)



BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A show of Jim Dine's intaglio print series, "Nancy Outside in July," totalling twenty-five final prints, plus trial and working proofs. Through July 1. . . . ¶ An exhibit of more than a hundred paintings in diverse styles by thirty artists who make their homes in Western states. Among those already familiar here are Joan Brown, Robert Colescott, Jaune Quick-to-See Smith, and Gaylen Hansen. Through May 13. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibition of more than fifty human and pre-human fossils. . . . ¶ The history of China's trade with the West from the second century B.C. to this one is documented in an exhibit of, among many other goods, textiles, jade, lacquerware, and furniture; they come primarily from the collections of the Royal Ontario Museum, which organized the show. Through Saturday, May 12. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibit, organized by the Denver Art Museum, examining the predominance of the circle as a motif in the religious and domestic designs of the Plains Indians in the mid-nineteenth century. More than a hundred and fifty objects, including tepees, toys, beaded saddle blankets, a war headdress, and a ghost-dance dress. Through July 15. . . . ¶ A show of silver jewelry (primarily Navajo) from the Southwest, 1860 to the present. Through July 8. . . . ¶ An exhibit of embroidered samplers. Through May 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—An exhibition of robes worn by ladies of the Japanese aristocracy, sixteenth century to nineteenth. Through June 17. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Precious Legacy: Judaic Treasures from the Czechoslovak State Collections," a display of approximately three hundred religious and domestic objects, such as Torah ornaments, synagogue furnishings, and cooking utensils. (Open daily except Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5:30, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Fridays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, in temporary quarters at 125 W. 55th St.—Among the textiles, domestic objects, and artifacts on display from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. James O. Keene are an 1850 Baltimore album quilt and ten carved-wood pieces by Wilhelm Schimmel. Through June 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A show of seventy-seven Currier & Ives lithographs extolling the exploits of the American Navy, from the Revolutionary War through the Spanish-American. On loan from the United States Naval Academy. Through June 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A hundred-plus paintings reflecting life in the American South. Through May 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

NEW MUSEUM, 583 Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts.—A ten-year survey of paintings by Houston artist Earl Staley. Through May 20. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6, and

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Wednesday evenings until 8, when there is no admission fee after 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection pays tribute to the Academy of American Poets—this year marks its fiftieth—with a display of books, manuscripts, and letters by Carl Sandburg, Robert Frost, William Carlos Williams, May Swenson, Robert Penn Warren, Mark Strand, and others. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Faith Ringgold's twenty-year retrospective contains more than a hundred paintings and sculptures. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—An exhibit of paintings, sculptures, and photographs by artists from the West Coast. Through Saturday, May 12.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Alex Mavro (performance), Thursday, May 3, at 8:30; Magnus Palsson (performance), Friday, May 4, at 6:30; Ron Littke and Benita Abrams (performance), Thursday, May 10, at 8:30. . . . ¶ An installation by Jim Pridgeon. Through May 26. . . . ¶ A show of books and other works on paper by artists from Iceland. Through July 28.

P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.—The main exhibition is one of paintings by Australian artists Mike Parr, Imants Tillers, and Ken Unsworth. . . . ¶ The second floor is given over to contemporary portraits by more than a hundred artists. Both shows through June 10.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Opera Ensemble of New York—Ruth Bierhoff conducting the first five of eight performances of Blitzstein's "Regina." Staged by John J. D. Sheehan. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Fridays, May 4 and 11, and Wednesday, May 9, at 8, and Sundays May 6 and 13, at 3. For information about tickets, call 288-1485.)

Mannes Camerata—Paul C. Echols conducting performances of Loreto Vittori's 1639 opera "La Galatéa." (Christ Church United Methodist, Park Ave. at 60th St. Friday and Saturday, May 4-5, at 8. For tickets, call 580-0210, Ext. 24.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Gunther Herbig conducting a Britten-Bruckner program on Thursday, May 3, at 8; Friday, May 4, at 2; Saturday, May 5, at 8; and Tuesday, May 8, at 7:30 (all with Peter Schreier, tenor, and Philip Myers, horn). . . . ¶ Erich Leinsdorf conducting a Shostakovich-Bruckner program on Thursday, May 10; Saturday, May 12; and Tuesday, May 15, all at 8 (all with Yo-Yo Ma, cello).

Cleveland Orchestra—Erich Leinsdorf conducting the final performances of the season here. **CARNEGIE HALL.** Wednesday, May 2, at 8: A Bach-Mahler program, with Kathleen Battle, soprano. . . . ¶ Friday, May 4, at 8: A Bach–Stravinsky–Richard Strauss program, with Daniel Majeske, violin; Robert Vernon, viola; Stephen Geber, cello; and John Mack, oboe. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 5, at 8: A varied program, with Emanuel Ax, piano. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL.** An all-Beethoven program. (Sunday, May 6, at 3.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conducting an all-Beethoven program in the final concerts of the season. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, May 4-5, at 8, and Sunday, May 6, at 2.)

I Musici—An all-Vivaldi program, with Pina Carmirelli, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 3, at 8.)

Manhattan Symphony Orchestra—David Gilbert conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, May 4, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Moshe Atzmon conducting, with Ivan Moravec, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 6, at 3.)

Jupiter Symphony—Jens Nygaard conducting, with Ruth Laredo, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 10, at 8.)

New York Pops—Skitch Henderson conducting, with Ruth Laredo, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 11, at 8.)

Solisti New York—Ransom Wilson conducting a program of music by French composers, with Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg, violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, May 12, at 8.)

New Calliope Singers—Peter Schubert directing, with Hubert Doris and Michael Skelly, duo piano. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Friday, May 4, at 8. For information about tickets, call 864-6765.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, May 5, at 9.)

Mendelssohn Club of Philadelphia and the New School of Music Orchestra—Tamara Brooks directing a joint concert, with Linn Maxwell, mezzo-soprano; Curtis Rayam, tenor; and David Arnold, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 6, at 8.)

Y Chorale—Amy Kaiser directing. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, May 8, at 8.)

Pomerium Musices and the New York Consort of Viols—A program of music by Orlando Gibbons, in honor of the four-hundredth anniversary of his birth. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, May 9, at 8.)

Oratorio Society of New York—Lyndon Woodside directing a performance of Britten's "War Requiem," with JoAnn Pickens, soprano; Stanley Cornett, tenor; John Shirley-Quirk, bass-baritone; and the Christ Church Boys Choir of Greenwich. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 10, at 8.)

Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—George Mead directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 12, at 8.)

RECITALS

Vladimir Ashkenazy—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, May 2, at 8.)

Sandor Vegh and Andras Schiff—Violin and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Wednesday, May 2, at 8.)

Colorado Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 2, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—Joseph Kalichstein, piano; Jaime Laredo, violin; and Sharon Robinson, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, May 2, at 8.)

Berenice Lipson-Gruzen—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, May 3, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—A program of music by Haydn, Barber, Beethoven, and Brahms. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Thursday, May 3, at 8. . . . ¶ Same program; Alice Tully Hall. Monday, May 7, at 8.)

Meyer Kupferman—Clarinet, in a program of music by his friends. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, May 3, at 8.)

Early American Music—Mary Louise Boehm, piano; Cheryl Kanfoush, soprano; Kees Kooper, violin; Michael Rudiakov, cello; and others. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, May 3, at 8.)

Harmonic Choir—David Hykes directing a five-member ensemble. (Alternative Mu-

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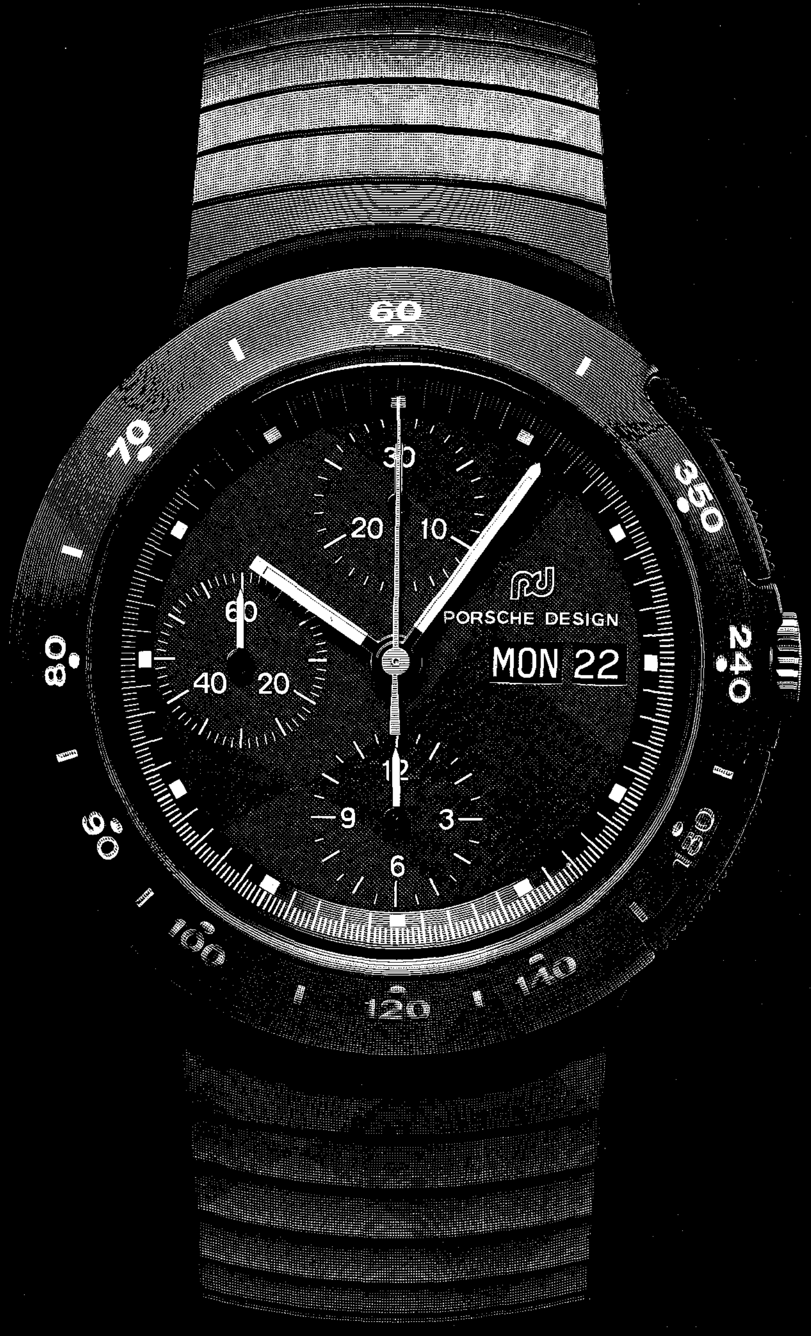
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American PD Company INC., 2049 Century Park East, Suite 2480, Los Angeles, Ca. 90067, Tel. 213/5531300 seum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Thursday, May 3, at 8.)

New York Woodwind Quintet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 4, at 8.)

L'Ensemble—Joshua Rifkin conducting, with George Calusdian, composer-pianist; Ida Faiella, soprano; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 5, at 8.)

Eliot Fisk, Paula Robison, and Scott Nickrenz—Guitar, flute, and viola. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, May 5, at 8:30, and Sunday, May 6, at 2.)

Tatiana Troyanos—Mezzo-soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, May 6, at 3.)

North / South Consonance—John Baldon conducting, with Judith Otten, soprano. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. 777-3240. Sunday, May 6, at 3.)

Quintet of the Americas—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, May 7, at 8.)

Roger Rundle—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, May 8, at 8.)

Wendy Young—Harpsichord. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Tuesday, May 8, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Speculum Musicae—A program of contemporary music, with Paul Sperry, tenor, and Wallace Shawn, narrator. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Tuesday, May 8, at 8.)

Musica Camerit—The last in a series of concerts. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, May 8, at 8.)

Janet Baker—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 9, at 8.)

Robert Secrist—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, May 9, at 8.)

New York Philomusica—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 9, at 8.)

Empire Brass Quintet—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Thursday, May 10, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

James Richman—Harpsichord. (Grace and St. Paul's Church, 123 W. 71st St. Thursday, May 10, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Pasquale Bianculli and Jerry Willard—Classical guitarists. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, May 10, at 8.)

National Chorale Soloists—Martin Josman directing an ensemble of singers and instrumentalists in the last in a series of concerts, this one devoted to music by twentieth-century American composers. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, May 11, at 8. For tickets, call 869-0970.)

Music by Tod Machover and George Lewis—Performed by Mr. Machover, cello; Mr. Lewis, trombone; Alan Feinberg, piano; and the Kronos Quartet. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Friday, May 11, at 8.)

Ravi Shankar and Ali Akbar Khan—Sitar and sarod. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 12, at 8.)

Bach Chamber Soloists—With Jan Opalach, bass. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Saturday, May 12, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

SPORTS

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Baseball—**mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Chicago, Wednesday, May 2, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Houston, Friday, May 4, at 8:05; Saturday, May 5, at 7:35; and Sunday, May 6, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Cincinnati, Monday and Tuesday, May 7-8, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Atlanta, Wednesday, May 9, at 7:35, and Thursday, May 10, at 1:35. . . . **yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Cleveland, Monday through Thursday, May 7-10, at 8. . . . ¶ Seattle, Friday and Saturday, May 11-12, at 8.

Professional Basketball—National Basketball Association Eastern Conference semifinal playoffs—Knicks vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Friday, May 4, at 8; Sunday, May 6, at 1; and, if necessary, Friday, May 11, at a time to be announced.) . . . ¶ Nets vs. Milwaukee. (Byrne Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-8888. Thursday, May 3, at 7:30; Saturday, May 5, at 2; and, if necessary, either Thursday, May 10, or Friday, May 11, at a time to be announced.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup semifinal playoffs: Islanders vs. Montreal Canadiens. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100. Saturday, May 5, at 7:05, if necessary.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 1 and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 7. The Carter Handicap, Saturday, May 5, and the Vagrancy Handicap, Sunday, May 6. . . . **belmont:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05, from Wednesday, May 9, through Monday, July 30. The Withers, Wednesday, May 9, and the Comely, Saturday, May 12. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 1. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:30.) . . . **churchill downs,** Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 5.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. a team made up of former Cosmos players. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Saturday, May 5, at 2. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Tennis—Mercedes Tournament of Champions: John McEnroe, Ivan Lendl, Jimmy Connors, Vitas Gerulaitis, Jimmy Arias, and others. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. 268-2300. Sunday through Friday, May 6-11, at noon; semifinals Saturday, May 12, at 12:15; and finals Sunday, May 13, at 12:15.)

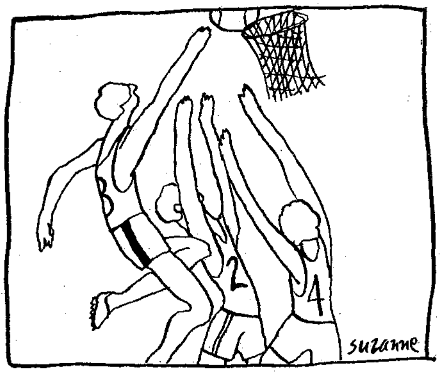
Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, June 16. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8, from Thursday, May 3, through Saturday, Nov. 17. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 18.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—At the **donnell library auditorium:** Christopher Gilbert and Michael Harper reading from their own poetry, Thursday, May 3, at 6. . . . ¶ William Least Heat Moon reading from his own prose, Monday, May 7, at 6. (20 W. 53rd St. No tickets necessary.) . . . **92nd street y:** Czeslaw Milosz reading from his own poetry. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, May 7, at 8.)

Walking Tours—Conducted tours of the financial district sponsored by the Municipal Art Society. Saturday and Sunday, May 5-6, starting at the U.S. Custom House, at Bowling Green, at 2. (For information about tickets, call 935-3960.)

Armory Show—An international antiques and fine-arts exhibition, assembled by some eighty-two dealers. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Thursday through Saturday, May 10-12, noon to 10, and Sunday, May 13, noon to 6.)



Auctions—At **sotheby's,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday and Thursday, May 2-3, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints and Old Master prints. . . . ¶ Friday, May 4, at 2: French furniture, Continental ceramics, and decorations. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 5, at 2: French furniture, works of art, and paintings, from the collection of Mrs. Charles Wrightsman. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 8, at 10:15 and 2: Photographs. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 9, at 7, and Thursday, May 10, at 10:15: Contemporary paintings. Admission to the Wednesday sale by ticket only; for information, call 472-8451. Exhibition starts Friday, May 4. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Tuesday, May 8, at 7, and Wednesday, May 9, at 10:30 and 2:30: Contemporary paintings, sculptures, and drawings. Admission to the Tuesday sale by ticket only; for information, call 546-1128. Exhibition starts Thursday, May 3.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Automobile Racing—Indianapolis Speedway race, May 27.

Baseball—**yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Seattle, May 13 (day). Oakland, May 14-16 (night). California, May 18 (n) and May 19-20 (d). Boston, June 4-6 (n). Toronto, June 8-9 (n) and June 10 (d). . . . **mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. San Francisco, May 22-24 (night). Los Angeles, May 25 (n) and May 26-27 (day). San Diego, May 28 (d) and May 29-30 (n). St. Louis, May 31-June 2 (n) and June 3 (d).

Crew—Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester. May 13.) . . . ¶ Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. May 31-June 2.) . . . ¶ Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. June 3.)

Golf—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. June 7-10.)

Racing—At **pimlico,** Baltimore: The Preakness, May 19. . . . **atlantic city,** Mays Landing, N.J.: May 25-Sept. 1. . . . **epsom,** England: The Derby, June 6. . . . **belmont:** The Belmont, June 9.

Soccer—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. Tampa Bay, May 13. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Vancouver, May 20. . . . ¶ Trans-Atlantic Challenge Cup games, May 28 and June 3. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Chicago, June 10.

Music—**metropolitan opera house** (362-6000): "100 Years of the Lively Arts at the Met," May 13. . . . **avery fisher hall** (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic's regular season continues through May 26, to be followed by "Horizons '84—The New Romanticism—A Broader View," May 31-June 8. . . . ¶ Pittsburgh Symphony, May 23. . . . **carnegie hall** (247-7459): Opera Orchestra of New York, May 13. . . . ¶ Danish National Orchestra, May 14. . . . ¶ Elmar Oliveira, violin, May 16. . . . ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, May 17. . . . ¶ Toronto Symphony Orchestra, May 19-20. . . . ¶ Simon Estes, bass-baritone, May 20. . . . ¶ Soviet Emigré Orchestra, May 21. . . . ¶ Pittsburgh Symphony, May 24. . . . **alice tully hall** (362-1911): American Composers Orchestra, May 14. . . . ¶ Beethoven Society, May 19. . . . ¶ Metropolitan Greek Chorale, May 20. . . . ¶ Benita Valente, soprano, May 23. . . . **kaufmann concert hall,** 92nd Street Y (427-4410): Ilana Vered, piano, May 17. . . . ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, May 19-20.

Other Dates—Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, May 26-28, June 2-3, and June 9-10. . . . ¶ Memorial Day will be observed on Monday, May 28. . . . ¶ Second-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Friday, June 15.

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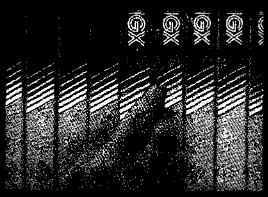

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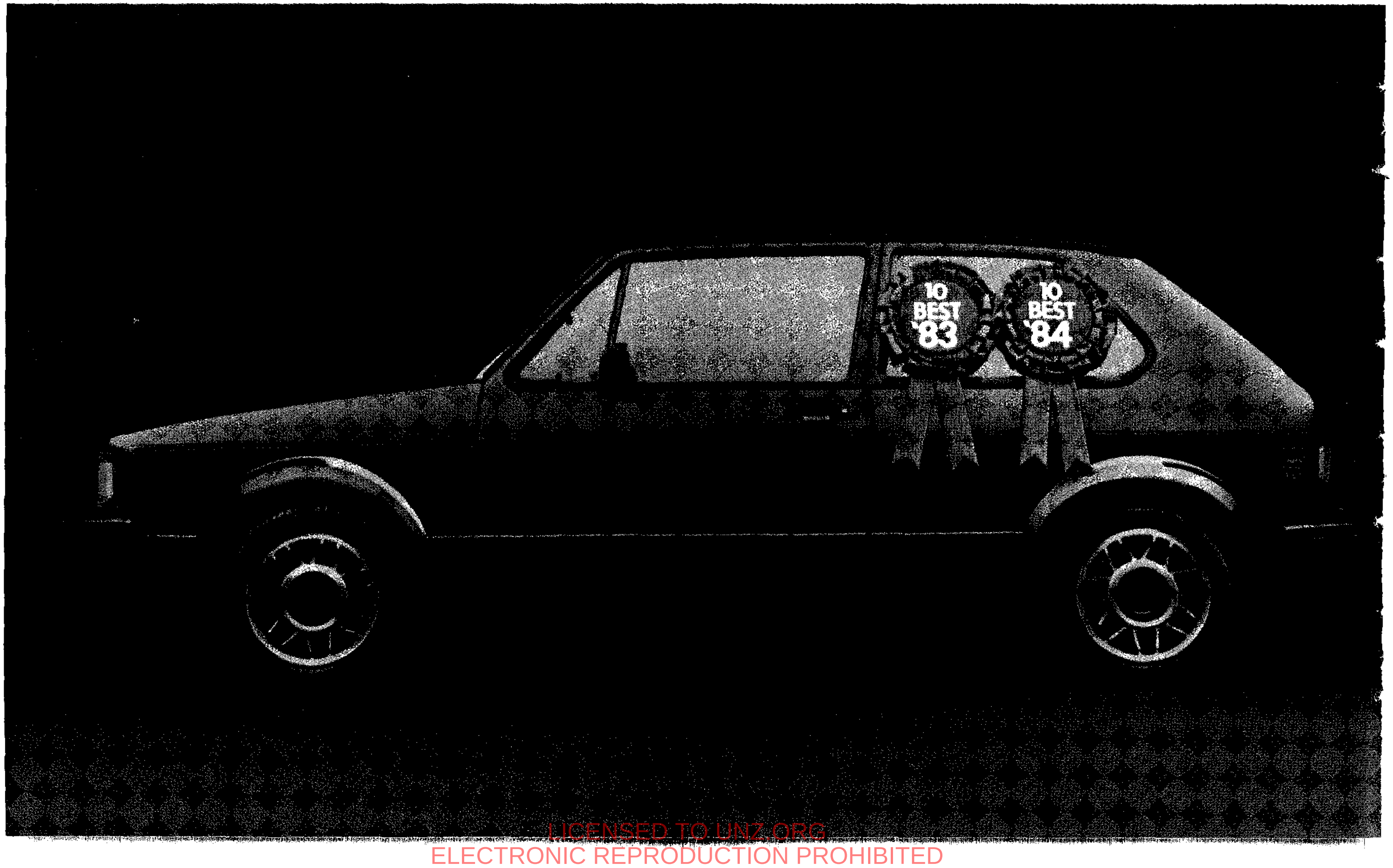
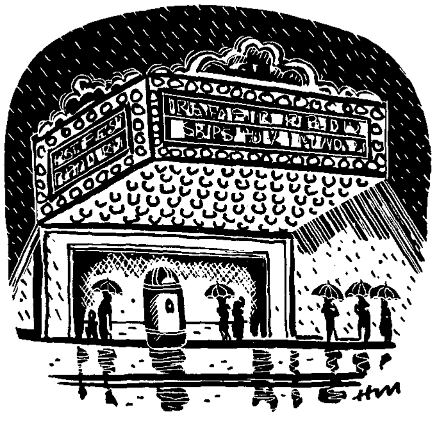


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

Through May 3: A program of films by Dziga Vertov and others who have been influenced by him.

From May 4: "Farrebique" (1948; directed by Georges Rouquier; in French); and "Biquefarre" (Georges Rouquier; in French).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)

"Swing Shift" (Jonathan Demme), with Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)

Through May 3: "Footloose" (†) and "Flashdance" (†).

May 4-10: "The Dresser" (†); and "La Vie Continue" (1982; Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Annie Girardot and Jean-Pierre Cassel.

From May 11: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

Through May 10: "Splash" (†).

From May 11: "Firestarter" (Mark Lester), with David Keith and Drew Barrymore.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

Through May 3: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall.

From May 4: "Purple Hearts" (Sidney J. Furie), with Ken Wahl and Cheryl Ladd.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

"Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: Through May 3: "Friday the 13th—The Final Chapter" (Joseph Zito). From May 4: "The Bounty" (Roger Donaldson), with Mel Gibson and Anthony Hopkins.

Theatre 2: "Romancing the Stone" (†).

Theatre 3: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

Through May 10: "Racing with the Moon" (†).

From May 11: "The Natural" (Barry Levinson), with Robert Redford and Robert Duvall.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

Through May 3: "Weekend Pass" (Lawrence Bassoff), with D. W. Brown.

From May 4: "Break In."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Through May 10: "Iceman" (†).

From May 11: "The Natural" (Barry Levinson), with Robert Redford and Robert Duvall.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Romancing the Stone" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

Through May 3: "My Best Friend's Girl" (Bertrand Blier; in French), with Isabelle Huppert.

From May 4: "The Buddy System" (Glenn Jordan), with Richard Dreyfuss and Susan Sarandon.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: Through May 3: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall. From May 4: "Alphabet City" (Amos Poe), with Vincent Spano.

Theatre 2: "Splash" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "Terms of Endearment" (†).

Theatre 2: "Racing with the Moon" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart and Doris Day.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: Through May 10: "Le Bal" (Ettore Scola). From May 11: "Gabriela" (Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga and Marcello Mastroianni.

Theatre 2: "Privates on Parade" (Michael Blakemore), with John Cleese and Denis Quilley.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: Through May 3: "Conquest" (Lucio Fulci), with George Rivero. From May 4: "Sixteen Candles" (John Hughes), with Molly Ringwald and Paul Dooley.

Theatre 2: Through May 10: "Swing Shift" (Jonathan Demme), with Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell. From May 11: "Firestarter" (Mark Lester), with David Keith and Drew Barrymore.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†).

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†).

Theatre 2: Through May 3: "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest. From May 4: "The Bounty" (Roger Donaldson), with Mel Gibson and Anthony Hopkins.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"Kipperbang" (Michael Apted).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

Through May 3: "Footloose" (†).

From May 4: "Purple Hearts" (Sidney J. Furie), with Ken Wahl and Cheryl Ladd.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)

"Unfaithfully Yours" (†) and "Blame It on Rio" (†).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

Through May 3: "Splash" (†).

From May 4: "Sixteen Candles" (John Hughes), with Molly Ringwald and Paul Dooley.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Friday the 13th—The Final Chapter" (Joseph Zito).

Theatre 2: Through May 3: "Iceman" (†). From May 4: "Alphabet City" (Amos Poe), with Vincent Spano.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Through May 3: "Weekend Pass" (Lawrence Bassoff), with D. W. Brown.

May 4-10: To be announced.

From May 11: "Firestarter" (Mark Lester), with David Keith and Drew Barrymore.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall.

Theatre 2: "Swing Shift" (Jonathan Demme), with Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: Through May 8: A program of twelve cartoons by Tex Avery. From May 9: "Tenderness and Anger" (1981; directed by Johannes Flutsch; a Swiss film, in German), a documentary about a Gypsy family.

Theatre 2: Through May 8: "Dark Circle" (1982; Chris Beaver and Judy Irving). May 9: "Phantom India" (1972; Louis Malle). Parts 1 through 4 will be shown. May 10: "Phantom India." Parts 5 through 7 will be shown. May 11-12: "Dance Craze" (1982; Joe Massot); and "Reggae Sunsplash" (1980), a concert film with Bob Marley, Third World, Peter Tosh, and Burning Spear.

Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through May 3: "The Compleat Beatles" (Patrick Montgomery), a documentary.

From May 4: "The Revolt of Job" (Imre Gyöngyössy and Barna Kabay; in Hungarian).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: Through May 3: "Liquid Sky" (Slava Tsukerman). From May 4: "Rent Control" (Gian Luigi Polidoro).

Theatre 2: "Suburbia" (Penelope Spheeris).

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†).

Theatre 2: "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: Through May 10: "Iceman" (†). From May 11 (tentative): "Racing with the Moon" (†).

Theatre 2: Through May 3: "The Hotel New Hampshire" (Tony Richardson), with Jodie Foster and Beau Bridges. From May 4: "The Bounty" (Roger Donaldson), with Mel Gibson and Anthony Hopkins.

Theatre 3: Through May 3: "Broadway Danny Rose" (†). From May 4: "The Bounty" (Roger Donaldson), with Mel Gibson and Anthony Hopkins.

Theatre 4: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart and Doris Day.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"El Norte" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)

"The Dresser" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"Les Compères" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"The Mission" (Parviz Sayyad; in Farsi).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Racing with the Moon" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "Sugar Cane Alley" (Euzhan Palcy; in French).

Theatre 2: "Erendira" (Ruy Guerra; in Spanish), with Irene Papas.

Theatre 3: Through May 8: "Carmen" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades. From May 9: "Irezumi" (Yoichi Takabayashi; in Japanese).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Entre Nous" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart and Doris Day.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: "El Norte" (†).

Theatre 2: "Home Free All" (Stewart Bird), with Allan Nicholls.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Theatre 1: Through May 3: "Footloose" (†). From May 4: "Sixteen Candles" (John Hughes), with Molly Ringwald and Paul Dooley.

Theatre 2: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†).

Theatre 3: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall.

Theatre 4: "Splash" (†).

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

Theatre 1: Through May 3: "The Good Fight" (Noel Buckner, Mary Dore, and

Sam Sills). From May 4: "The Bounty" (Roger Donaldson), with Mel Gibson and Anthony Hopkins.
Theatre 2: Through May 10: "Swing Shift" (Jonathan Demme), with Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell. From May 11: "Firestarter" (Mark Lester), with David Keith and Drew Barrymore.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through May 3: "Iceman" (†). From May 4: "Alphabet City" (Amos Poe), with Vincent Spano.
Theatre 2: Through May 3: "Splash" (†). May 4-10: "The Buddy System" (Glenn Jordan), with Richard Dreyfuss and Susan Sarandon. From May 11: "Carmen" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades; and "Pauline at the Beach" (†).
Theatre 3: Through May 3: "Footloose" (†). From May 4: "Unfaithfully Yours" (†) and "Blame It on Rio" (†).
Theatre 4: Through May 3: "Friday the 13th—The Final Chapter" (Joseph Zito). From May 4: "Terms of Endearment" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†).
Theatre 2: "Romancing the Stone" (†).
Theatre 3: "Scarface" (†).
Theatre 4: Through May 3: "Up the Creek" (directed by Robert Butler), with Tim Matheson and Don Monahan. From May 4: "Swing Shift" (Jonathan Demme), with Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell.
Theatre 5: Through May 3: "The Hotel New Hampshire" (Tony Richardson), with Jodie Foster and Beau Bridges. From May 4: "Iceman" (†).
Theatre 6: Through May 3: "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest. From May 4: "Where the Boys Are" (Hy Averback), with Lisa Hartman and Russell Todd.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Terms of Endearment" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through May 3: "Weekend Pass" (Lawrence Bassoff), with D. W. Brown. From May 4: "The Buddy System" (Glenn Jordan), with Richard Dreyfuss and Susan Sarandon.
Theatre 3: "Footloose" (†).
Theatre 4: "Terms of Endearment" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Moscow on the Hudson" (†).

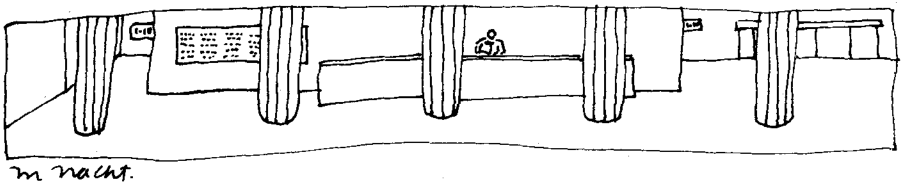
Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Friday the 13th—The Final Chapter" (Joseph Zito).
Theatre 2: Through May 3: "Iceman" (†). From May 4: "The Bounty" (Roger Donaldson), with Mel Gibson and Anthony Hopkins.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through May 3: Theatre closed.
From May 4: "Sixteen Candles" (John Hughes), with Molly Ringwald and Paul Dooley.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Footloose" (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through May 10: "Caged Women." From May 11: "Firestarter" (Mark Lester), with David Keith and Drew Barrymore.
Theatre 2: Through May 3: "Conquest" (Lucio Fulci), with George Rivero. From May 4: "Alphabet City" (Amos Poe), with Vincent Spano.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through May 3: "Where the Boys Are" (Hy Averback), with Lisa Hartman and Russell Todd. May 4-10: "Break In."



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From May 11: "The Natural" (Barry Levinson), with Robert Redford and Robert Duvall.
Theatre 2: "Splash" (†).

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: Through May 3: "Swing Shift" (Jonathan Demme), with Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell. From May 4: "Purple Hearts" (Sidney J. Furie), with Ken Wahl and Cheryl Ladd.
Theatre 2: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through May 3: "The Good Fight" (1984; directed by Noel Buckner, Mary Dore, and Sam Sills).
From May 4: To be announced.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through May 3: "L'Argent" (Robert Bresson; in French).
From May 4: To be announced.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Through May 3: "Fanny and Alexander" (1983; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish).
From May 4: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through May 3: "The Decameron" (1971; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini; "The Arabian Nights" (1973; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian); and "The Canterbury Tales" (1972; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Hugh Griffith, Alan Webb, and Jenny Runacre.
May 4-5: "Days of Heaven" (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke; and "Badlands" (1973; Terrence Malick), with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek.
May 6-8: "The Bank Dick" (1940; Edward Cline), with W. C. Fields and Una Merkel; "My Little Chickadee" (1940; Edward Cline), with Mae West and W. C. Fields; and "Never Give a Sucker an Even Break" (1941; Edward Cline), with W. C. Fields, Gloria Jean, and Leon Errol.
May 9-10: "Mon Oncle d'Amérique" (1980; Alain Resnais; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Nicole Garcia, and Roger-Pierre; and "La Guerre Est Finie" (1966; Alain Resnais; in French), with Yves Montand, Ingrid Thulin, Geneviève Bujold, Michel Piccoli, and Jean Dasté.
May 11-12: "Trash" (1970; Paul Morrissey), with Joe Dallesandro; and "Polyester" (1981; John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through May 3: "Drifting" (1984; Amos Guttman; in Hebrew).
From May 4: "Alphabet City" (Amos Poe), with Vincent Spano.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
May 2: "The Long Good Friday" (1982; John Mackenzie), with Bob Hoskins and Helen Mirren; and "The Friends of Eddie Coyle" (1973; Peter Yates), with Robert Mitchum, Peter Boyle, and Richard Jordan.
May 3-5: "The Producers" (1968; Mel Brooks), with Zero Mostel, Dick Shawn, and Gene Wilder; and "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum" (1966; Richard Lester), with Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers, Jack Gilford, and Buster Keaton.
May 6-7: "All That Jazz" (1979; Bob Fosse), with Roy Scheider, Jessica Lange, Ann Reinking, and Leland Palmer; and "Lenny" (†).
May 8-9: "Breaking Away" (1979; Peter Yates), with Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley; and "Return of the Secaucus 7" (1980; John Sayles).
May 10-12: "Alien" (1979; Ridley Scott), with Tom Skerritt, Sigourney Weaver, Veronica Cartwright, and Harry Dean Stanton; "Dawn of the Dead" (†); and "The Thing" (1982; John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through May 3: "Lonely Hearts" (1983; Paul Cox; an Australian film), with Wendy Hughes and Norman Kaye; and "Shoot the Moon" (1982; Alan Parker), with Diane Keaton and Albert Finney.
May 4-5: "Bananas" (1971; Woody Allen), with Allen; "Sleeper" (1973; Woody Allen), with Allen; and "Manhattan" (1979; Woody Allen), with Allen, Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep.
May 6: "The Great Escape" (†) and "Papillon" (†).
May 7-8: "Atlantic City" (1981; Louis Malle), with Burt Lancaster, Susan Sarandon, and Kate Reid; and "Pretty Baby" (1978; Louis Malle), with Keith Carradine, Susan Sarandon, Brooke Shields, and Antonio Fargas.
May 9-10: "The Man with the Golden Gun" (†) and "The Spy Who Loved Me" (†).
May 11-12: "Days of Heaven" (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke; and "An Officer and a Gentleman" (1982; Taylor Hackford), with Richard Gere, Debra Winger, and Louis Gossett, Jr.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
May 2: "Citizen Kane" (1941; Orson Welles), with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and "Lola Montès" (1955; Max Ophuls; in French), with Martine Carol, Peter Ustinov, and Anton Walbrook.
May 3: "The Music Room" (1958) and "Aparajito" (1957), both films in Bengali, directed by Satyajit Ray.
May 4: "Black Orpheus" (1959; Marcel Camus; in Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn; and "Bye Bye Brazil" (1980; Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Betty Faria and Jose Wilker.
May 5-6: "Napoléon" (1927; Abel Gance; a French silent film).
May 7: "The Gang's All Here" (1943; Busby Berkeley), with Alice Faye, James Ellison, Carmen Miranda, and Charlotte Greenwood; and "Down Argentine Way" (†).
May 8: "Man of Marble" (1977; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish).
May 9: "Marianne and Juliane" (1982; Margarethe von Trotta; in German), with Barbara Sukowa and Jutta Lampe; and "The Third Generation" (1979; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Eddie Constantine and Hanna Schygulla.
May 10: "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1946 †) and "Out of the Past" (†).
May 11: "Zelig" (1983; Woody Allen), with Allen and Mia Farrow; and "Local Hero" (1983; Bill Forsyth), with Peter Riegert, Denis Lawson, and Fulton MacKay.
May 12: "Peyton Place" (1957; Mark Robson), with Lana Turner, Hope Lange, and Arthur Kennedy.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
A festival of Cary Grant films:
May 2: "She Done Him Wrong" (1933; Lowell Sherman), with Mae West; and

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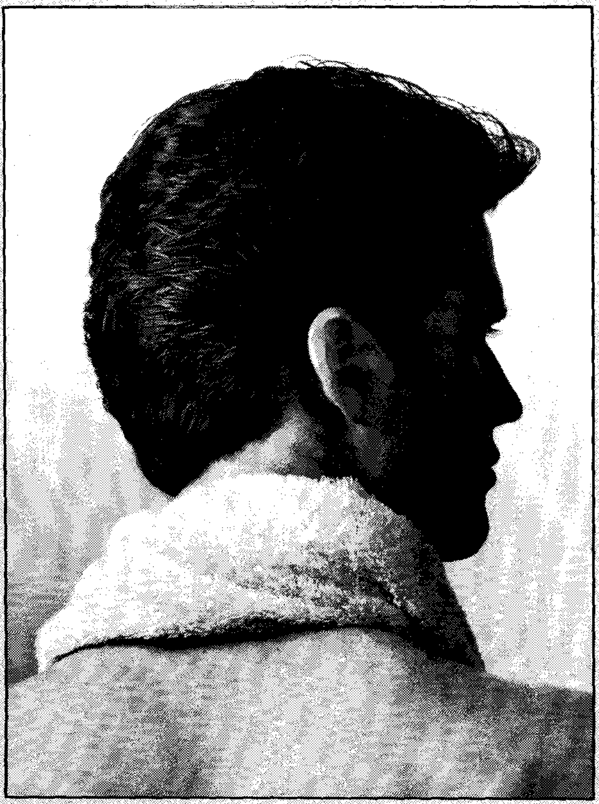

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"I'm No Angel" (1933; Wesley Ruggles), with Mae West.

May 3-5: "My Favorite Wife" (1940; Garson Kanin), with Irene Dunne, Gail Patrick, and Randolph Scott; and "Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House" (1948; H. C. Potter), with Myrna Loy and Melvyn Douglas.

May 6-7: "Operation Petticoat" (1959; Blake Edwards), with Tony Curtis and Dina Merrill; and "I Was a Male War Bride" (†).

May 8-9: "The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer" (†); and "Room for One More" (1952; Norman Taurog), with Betsy Drake.

May 10-12: "Arsenic and Old Lace" (1944; Frank Capra), with Priscilla Lane, Raymond Massey, Peter Lorre, Josephine Hull, and Jean Adair; and "Monkey Business" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. *(222-3370)*

May 2: "Sandakan 8" (1974; Kei Kumai; in Japanese); and "The Ill-Fated Courtesan" (1973; Noboru Tanaka; in Japanese).

May 3: "Slaughterhouse-Five" (1972; George Roy Hill), with Michael Sacks; and "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz" (1974; Ted Kotcheff), with Richard Dreyfuss, Jack Warden, and Joseph Wiseman.

May 4: "The Earrings of Madame de . . ." (1953; Max Ophuls; in French), with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, and Vittorio De Sica; and "Le Plaisir" (1952; Max Ophuls; in French), with Claude Dauphin, Daniel Gélin, Simone Simon, Madeleine Renaud, and Jean Gabin.

May 5: "The Marquise of O . . ." (1976; Eric Rohmer; in German), with Edith Clever and Bruno Ganz; and "The Story of Adèle H." (1975; François Truffaut; in French), with Isabelle Adjani.

May 6: "Giant" (†).

May 7: "Passion" ("Madame Dubarry;" 1919; Ernst Lubitsch; a German silent film), with Pola Negri and Emil Jannings; and "Carmen" ("Gypsy Blood;" 1918; Ernst Lubitsch; a German silent film), with Pola Negri.

May 8: "Rififi" (1955; Jules Dassin; in French), with Jean Servais, Robert Manuel, Carl Mohner, and Dassin; and "The Big Deal on Madonna Street" (1958; Mario Monicelli; in Italian), with Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, Totò, Claudia Cardinale, and Renato Salvatori.

May 9: "Demon Pond" (1982; Masahiro Shinoda; in Japanese), with Tamasaburo Bando; and "The Ballad of Orin" (1979; Masahiro Shinoda; in Japanese), with Shima Iwashita.

May 10: "Funny Face" (†) and "Daddy Long Legs" (†).

May 11-12: "The Rest of the Hollywood Out-Takes" (1984).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

May 2: "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau; and "The Paradine Case" (1948; Alfred Hitchcock), with Alida Valli, Gregory Peck, Charles Laughton, and Ann Todd.

May 3: "Our Man in Havana" (1960; Carol Reed), with Alec Guinness, Burl Ives, and Maureen O'Hara; and "The Key" (1958; Carol Reed), with William Holden, Sophia Loren, Trevor Howard, and Oscar Homolka.

May 4: "Key Largo" (1948; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart, Edward G. Robinson, and Lauren Bacall; and "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" (1948; John Huston), with Walter Huston, Humphrey Bogart, Tim Holt, Alfonso Bedoya, and Robert Blake.

May 5: "Blackmail" (1929; Alfred Hitchcock), with Anny Ondra; and "Sabotage" ("The Woman Alone;" 1936; Alfred Hitchcock), with Sylvia Sidney, Oscar Homolka, and Desmond Tester.

May 6: "Pride and Prejudice" (1940; Robert Z. Leonard), with Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier, and Edna May Oliver; and "Little Women" (1933; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Joan Bennett, Edna May Oliver, Frances Dee, and Spring Byington.

May 7: "Boudu Saved from Drowning" (†) and "The Lower Depths" (1936 †).

May 8: "The Lady from Shanghai" (1948; Orson Welles), with Rita Hayworth, Everett Sloane, and Welles; and "Gilda" (1946; Charles Vidor), with Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford, and George Macready.

May 9: "Sabrina" (†) and "Funny Face" (†).

May 10: "Confidential Agent" (†) and "The Quiet American" (†).

May 11-12: "Ministry of Fear" (†) and "The Fallen Idol" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—"3rd Degree" (1982; Paul Sharits). Continuous showings from noon to 6 (Tuesday evenings until 8). Closed Mondays.

Note—The Museum of Modern Art auditorium will be closed for renovations until May 17.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer (1947)—Right after doing himself proud in "Notorious," Cary Grant made the mistake of appearing in this meant-to-be-bubbling farce by Sidney Sheldon. He's cast as a roué painter, and there's no core of plausibility in the role; Grant doesn't have the eyes of a masher, or the temperament. When he's accused of chasing skirts, it seems like some kind of mistake. Shirley Temple is the bobby-soxer who develops a crush on him, and Myrna Loy (prissy and dull here) is her older sister, a judge. The painter is coerced into dating the bobby-soxer until she gets over her infatuation; wearing his shirt open and acting like an adolescent, he escorts her to various teen functions and competes with high-school athletes in an obstacle race at a school picnic. It's degradingly unfunny, and Grant doesn't even get a chance to show his romantic style when he finally pairs off with the older sister. With Rudy Vallée, Ray Collins, Harry Davenport, Veda Ann Borg, William Bakewell, Johnny Sands, and Don Beddoe. Directed by Irving Reis. (It's hard to believe that Sheldon's script won the Academy Award for Best Original Screenplay.) (Regency; May 8-9.)

Blame It on Rio—The movie is about a forty-three-year-old father's guilt and confusion because of his affair with his best friend's fifteen-year-old daughter, who is also his own teen-age daughter's best friend. Michael Caine and Joseph Bologna are the fathers who take their daughters (Demi Moore and Michelle Johnson, respectively) for a month's holiday in Rio. On the beach, ogling the bare-breasted women, the fathers see the backs of two beauties, who turn, and their bare-breasted daughters come bobbing over to them, laughing at their discomfort and hugging them. It's as if a Doris Day-Rock Hudson comedy of the early sixties had gone topless. Most of the movie is an attempt to squirm out from under its messy erotic-parental subject. Directed by Stanley Donen from a final script by Larry Gelbart (a revision of Charlie Peters' version), the picture degenerates into a smarmy sitcom. With Valerie Harper. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/20/84.) (72nd Street East. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting May 4.)

Boudu Saved from Drowning (1931)—Despite the problems of sound recording in 1931, Jean Renoir went out of the studio and shot this film on the streets and along the banks of the Seine, and so it is not only a lovely fable about a bourgeois attempt to reform an early hippie (Michel Simon is the shaggy-bearded tramp who spills wine on the table and wipes his shoes on the bedspread) but a photographic record of an earlier France. A beautifully rhythmed film that makes one nostalgic for the period when it was made. Cinematography by Marcel Lucien; with Charles Grandval, Marcelle Hainia, Jean Gehret, Max Dalban, Jean Dasté, and Jacques Becker. Not released in the United States until 1967. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 7.)

Broadway Danny Rose—Danny Rose is a small-time booking agent who nurtures his more promising clients until they're on the brink of stardom, at which point they invariably leave him and sign up with big-time agents. The new Judas in his life is Lou Canova (Nick Apollo Forte), a barrel-chested singer in his forties with a dimply, piggy, Vegas smile and a voice to make musicians shudder. Woody Allen, who plays Danny and who also wrote and directed this Damon Runyonesque movie, has left out the hostility that made him famous, and the imagination and freak lyricism, too. Danny is a Chaplinesque moral presence in a world of Catskills comics and Mafia hoods. The movie is about how Lou Canova's ruthless, tough girlfriend Tina (Mia Farrow, disguised with a nasal accent, fright wig, shades, and some padding) learns to appreciate Danny. Shot in grainy black-and-white, the material is dim and larval, like Danny. The picture has a curdled, Diane Arbus bleakness, but it also has some good fast talk and some push. (2/6/84) (Quad Cinema; through May 3.)

Confidential Agent (1945)—A tired, aging Spanish Loyalist (tired, aging Charles Boyer, giving an extraordinarily realistic and intense performance) starts out by trying to prevent a Fascist business deal in England, and is variously chased, beaten, and framed by some of the most unsavory characters who ever conspired. The cast includes Peter Lorre, Katina Paxinou, Victor Francen, George Coulouris, Wanda Hendrix, John Warburton, Miles Mander, and George Zucco. It also includes Lauren Bacall; she was elegantly feline in "To Have and Have Not," which preceded this film, and in "The Big Sleep," which followed it, but she is clumsy and self-conscious here. Despite the unusual cast and the possibilities in the material (from the Graham Greene novel, adapted by Robert Buckner), the movie is pedestrian, and it marked the end of the screen career of the director Herman Shumlin, the well-known stage producer. Those unfamiliar with the melodramas of the forties may be shocked at the brutalities that sneaked by under cover of the anti-Fascist theme. Cinematography by James Wong Howe. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 10.)

Daddy Long Legs (1955)—This story of a May-December romance between an adorable orphan and her benefactor was published in 1912; it became a 1914 play starring Ruth Chatterton, a 1919 silent movie with Mary Pickford, and a 1931 talkie with Janet Gaynor. By the time Leslie Caron and Fred Astaire made this musical version, the accumulated adorableness was overpowering. Phoebe and Henry Ephron did their best to update the material, and Jean Negulesco directed; Roland Petit choreographed the far-from-original dream sequences. Astaire doesn't look comfortable in the balletic "Guardian Angel" dance he does with Caron, and her healthy gamine charm and feathery light-footedness call attention to the age difference between them. (He was about fifty-six, she perhaps twenty-four.) Johnny Mercer did come through with a new song, "Something's Gotta Give." With Thelma Ritter, Fred Clark, Larry Keating, and Terry Moore. In CinemaScope. (Thalia; May 10.)

Dawn of the Dead (1979)—The recently deceased rise from their graves; they're insatiably hungry, and they cannibalize the living, chomping on anyone they can grab. The chomped, in turn, become ghouls. This idea has already served the director, George A. Romero, as the subject of his 1968 "Night of the Living Dead," a cheaply made, gray and grainy, truly frightening movie, but this time he did it in shining, comic-book color, and on an epic scale. The four central characters hole up in a suburban shopping mall and are besieged there, and for most of the film's two hours and six minutes the audience watches as, one by one, heads splatter and drip in bright, gory reds. You're supposed to need a strong stomach to sit through this one, but it's so stupefyingly obvious and repetitive that you begin to laugh with relief that you're not being emotionally affected; it's just a gross-out. With Scott Reiniger, Ken Foree, Gaylen Ross, and David Emge. Made in the Pittsburgh area. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; May 10-12.)

Down Argentine Way (1940)—Twentieth Century-Fox forties-musical camp, so outrageous that it's hard to believe it isn't at least partly intentional—but why would anybody make this picture on purpose? The queen of these

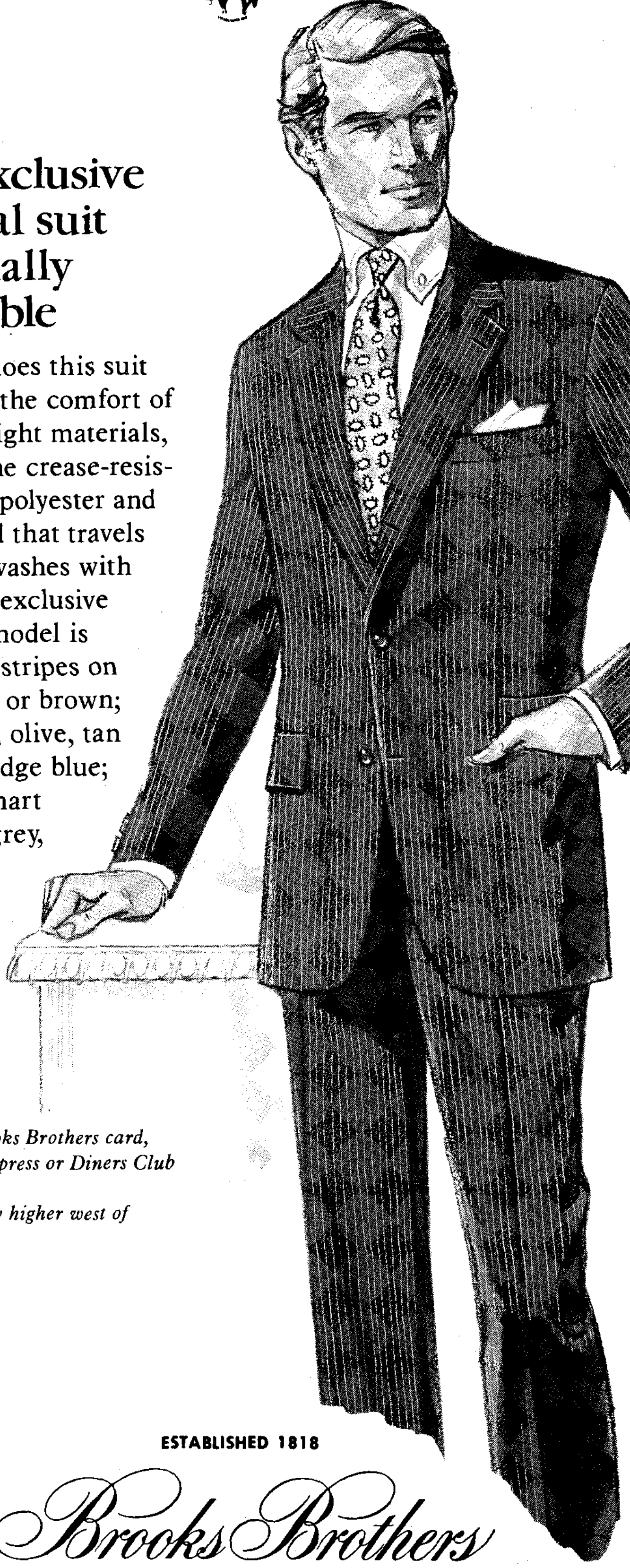
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

excruciating extravaganzas was Alice Faye, but she had become ill, and Betty Grable, a featured player for a decade, got her big chance. Unbelievably, this picture made her a star. With stolid Don Ameche, smiling his pained, hardworking smile, just as he always did for Alice; Charlotte Greenwood, the high-kicker who had seen better days before she started playing chaperones; and Carmen Miranda, the Brazilian Bombshell, in her manic début. When she stands on her nine-inch heels and sings "Mama Yo Quiero," she is so frenetically irresistible that there's no use trying to fight it, though some people have been hiding under seats for decades. Irving Cummings directed. (Metro Cinema; May 7.)

The Dresser—Almost everything in this screen version of Ronald Harwood's 1980 play is good except what relates to its theme: the symbiotic relationship between an old Shakespearean actor-manager (Albert Finney) and his dresser (Tom Courtenay). The material is conceived as a tribute to the flyweight dresser, who cajoles and teases and mothers the old trouper, and keeps him going. In the film's view, great actors are incorrigible, demented children; they need these dedicated nannies hopping about and fussing over them. Courtenay played the dresser on the stage, and his performance is too practiced; it's all dried up. Finney, however, is juicy, with a thundering voice and wonderful false humility. Peter Yates directed, and he provides some fond, light moments. With Lockwood West, Edward Fox, Cathryn Harrison, Eileen Atkins, and Zena Walker. (1/23/84) (Festival. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; May 4-10.)

Entre Nous—The French actress-turned-film-maker Diane Kurys tells the story of two young married women (Isabelle Huppert and Miou-Miou) who don't recognize how unfulfilled they have been in their marriages until they meet each other. The women are romanticized and politicized as soul mates; they're turned into feminist precursors, while the husbands (Guy Marchand and Jean-Pierre Bacri), who always seem to need a shave, are treated as lumps. Kurys tells us that the characters played by Huppert and Marchand are her parents, and Marchand, who plays his role superbly, is the only one a viewer is likely to have any feeling for. But Kurys has made a very peculiar kind of memory film: its psychology goes in one direction; its sexual politics take it in another. The picture keeps teetering on the verge of a seduction scene, and that teasing possibility gives many of the scenes their only tension. This is a movie about two women not having a lesbian affair. The only thing that's distinctive about it is its veneer of post-feminism. In French. (3/5/84) (Cinema Studio.)

The Fallen Idol (1948)—Carol Reed and Graham Greene collaborated on this tricky, highly original thriller. It's about the muddled attempt of an eight-year-old boy (Bobby Henrey), the son of the French ambassador to England, to protect the embassy butler, Baines (Ralph Richardson), whom he idolizes, from a charge of murder. The plot is just about perfect, and there are two wonderful parallel episodes, when the child attempts to impart vital information, which two sets of adults ignore because they think he's just prattling nonsense. There are terrifying, tense moments, too; the whole movie is very cleverly worked out. Maybe it's too deliberate, though, with its stylized lighting and its rigid pacing—you wait an extra beat between the low-key lines of dialogue. It's too deliberate and too hushed to be much fun. It's a polite thriller—which is close to a contradiction in terms. And the key characters—the decent Baines and the typist (Michèle Morgan) whom he loves—are too ordinary, too controlled, too nice. They're unexciting people. The child actor, however, is wonderfully jittery and intelligent. (Carol Reed had a way with child performers.) And as the unhappy Mrs. Baines, the embassy housekeeper who's a malignant disciplinarian with the child, Sonia Dresdel is really good at evil; she brings the film something out of the ordinary—something clammy and horrible. Greene based the screenplay on his short story "The



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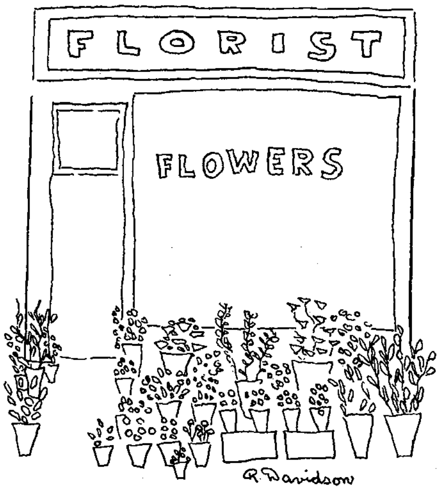
Basement Room;" cinematography by Georges Périnal. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 11-12.)

Flashdance (1983)—A lulling, narcotizing musical, it sells the kind of romantic story that was laughed off the screen thirty years ago and then made a comeback with "Rocky I, II, and III," and it's like a sleazo putting the make on you. The eighteen-year-old working-class Catholic heroine (dewy-eyed face and darling smile by Jennifer Beals, dancing by Marine Jahan) is a welder by day and a dancer in a bar at night. And she has a dream in which she's a ballerina, handed bouquets, like a princess. The music throughout is synthesizer pop—some of Giorgio Moroder's throbbing specials along with bits of other whiplash disco songs; basically the movie is a series of rock videos. It has Vegas sound, thumping, thumping; the whole damn thing throbs, and it gives a hard sell even to the heroine's confessions to her priest. The dancing doesn't go the way a body goes; the dancing goes the way an eggbeater goes. Richard Colon, one of a group of black "breakers" who do the only real dancing in the movie, is so fast that he isn't subjected to the chop-chop editing—he's allowed to perform in his own time. Directed by Adrian Lyne, from a script by Tom Hedley and Joe Eszterhas. (6/27/83) (St. Marks Cinema; through May 3.)

Footloose—High-school kids in a mythical Midwestern community that bans rock 'n' roll and dancing. The movie has plot elements from "Rebel Without a Cause" and dance numbers chopped to pieces in the rock-video manner of "Flashdance." The director, Herbert Ross, and the writer, Dean Pitchford, exhaust one bad idea after another, and build up to a letdown; you don't get the climactic dance you expect. With Kevin Bacon as the new boy in town who challenges the bans and fights for the right of the students to have a senior prom; John Lithgow as the glum Reverend (of the town's only church); Lori Singer as the Reverend's spitfire daughter; Christopher Penn as a sluggish hayseed; and Jim Youngs, Sarah Jessica Parker, and Dianne Wiest. Despite the retrograde material, Lori Singer has a startling radiance, and Penn manages to be funny and appealing. Edited by Paul Hirsch. (3/5/84) (Embassy, and New Embassy 49th Street. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, Loews Tower East, Loews 83rd Quad, and Olympia Quad; through May 3.)

Funny Face (1957)—Fred Astaire as an Avedonish fashion photographer who discovers Audrey Hepburn working in a bookshop and takes her to Paris to model clothes for a *Vogue*-like magazine. The Givenchy clothes are lovely; the sequences (which Avedon supervised) of Astaire taking photos are often amusingly, romantically misty. Best of all, the George and Ira Gershwin score has some of the fresh sprightliness it must have had when it served the original "Funny Face" on Broadway thirty years earlier (also with Astaire). This big Stanley Donen musical isn't all it should be, though. You keep wanting it to turn into wonderful romantic fluff, but it's only spottily successful. The Leonard Gershe script (which has no relation to the earlier show) is weak, particularly in Astaire's role, and the movie emphasizes Astaire's age by trying to ignore it. And it's a sour idea to use a Sartre-like thinker (Michel Auclair) as the villain, a philandering phony. Hepburn's rescue from European sex-mad intellectualism by clean-minded, all-American-boy Astaire is so cheap and false a plot development that the picture's sophistication sinks into a very unphotogenic miasma. Still, Hepburn is a charming sidekick for Astaire, and the satirist Kay Thompson is agreeable as the rangy, hardboiled fashion editor. With Suzy Parker, Ruta Lee, and Robert Flemyng. Eugene Loring assisted Donen and Astaire on the choreography. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 9. . . . ¶ Thalia; May 10.)

Giant (1956)—George Stevens directed this handsomely designed, big, glossy version of the profoundly second-rate Edna Ferber novel about a couple of generations of a Texas cattle-ranching family, and James Dean (in a supporting role) ran away with it. This was the last film in his brief, meteoric career, and he was dead when it was released. His



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appearance here is particularly startling, because he plays his misfit role in the twitchy, self-conscious, "modern" manner of the fifties, while the rest of the movie is in the conventional heavy-going style that had always been deemed appropriate for sprawling family sagas. (This one sprawls for three hours and eighteen minutes.) It's an example of commercial filmmaking straining for prestige, and the performers can't blink an eye without announcing that they're acting—and acting, what's more, to live up to the scale of the production. Yet Stevens' craftsmanship is effective at an unsubtle level, and the movie is often entertaining, with the narrative push that Ferber was so skilled at. Elizabeth Taylor and Rock Hudson are the leads; with Carroll Baker, Dennis Hopper, Rod Taylor, Mercedes McCambridge, Judith Evelyn, Sal Mineo, Jane Withers, Chill Wills, Alexander Scourby, and Earl Holliman. Screenplay by Fred Guiol and Ivan Moffat; music by Dmitri Tiomkin; cinematography by William C. Mellor; designed by Boris Leven, with Ralph Hurst. (Stills of the huge gothic house standing in a vast bare stretch of ground call up the movie as surely as the mention of "Rosebud" calls up "Citizen Kane.") (Thalia; May 6.)

The Great Escape (1963)—John Sturges directed this, one of the eternally riveting escape-from-prison-camp stories (American and British airmen getting out of a German camp in the Second World War). Good, boisterous performances by Steve McQueen and James Garner, who must have been cutting their baby teeth when the real events were happening, which gives the whole business a curious and rather touching wrong-end-of-the-telescope effect. Fairly entertaining, no pain. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; May 6.)

Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes—The director Hugh Hudson brings his unique mixture of pomposity and ineptitude to this expensively mounted version of the Edgar Rice Burroughs material. The first half, in the jungle, is fairly absorbing. But it's unlikely that anyone will ever congratulate Hudson for seamless moviemaking. When he sets something up, chances are there won't be any follow-through. After a while, you lose that sense of expectation which is one of the glories of big adventure films. And Hudson has his child Tarzan experiencing so much physical torment and humiliation that young kids are likely to be horrified. The young Frenchman Christopher Lambert, who plays the part, has a fine physique, but he's a charmless, unmagnetic Tarzan; he's never allowed to be playful. The only performer who clearly enjoys himself is that old prankster Ralph Richardson, in his last screen appearance; as Tarzan's grandfather, Lord Greystoke, he comes up with one emotional flourish after another. In the film's second half, Hudson twists the story into knots to deliver his "statement" that apes are more civilized than people; the movie simply loses its mind, and dribbles to a pathetically indecisive conclusion. With Andie MacDowell as a softly enticing Jane, Nigel Davenport, Ian Holm, James Fox, Ian Charleson, Paul Geoffrey, and Cheryl Campbell. The cinematography is by John Alcott; the script is by P. H. Vazak (Robert Towne) and Michael Austin. (4/2/84) (Murray Hill, Beekman, and Criterion Theatres.)

Iceman—John Lone is awesome in the way he stirs our empathy with the hero—the prehistoric man who has been asleep inside glacial ice for forty thousand years. The Iceman is thawed out in a sequence that is comparable in creepiness and fascination to the famous laboratory scene in James Whale's 1931 "Frankenstein," in which the monster comes to life. But the tone here is altogether different: the water dripping from the icy casket suggests weeping. Uncouth as this Neanderthal may look, he has a full range of feeling in his eyes. He's unmistakably human, and he's confused about where he is; he's dislocated in history—he thinks he has been enchanted and that he's being punished. It's a strange, elating movie with the Iceman at its emotional center; his mystical fervor takes hold. The director, Fred Schepisi, is working with a weak script, yet he and his two longtime collaborators, the composer Bruce Smeaton and the cinematographer Ian Baker, achieve that special and overwhelming fusion of the arts which great visual moviemaking can give us. With Timothy Hutton, Lindsay Crouse, Josef Sommer, and David Strathairn. Written by Chip Proser and John Drimmer, from Drimmer's story. (4/30/84) (Loews Orpheum, Olympia Quad, and Loews State; through May 3. . . . ¶ Sutton, and Quad Cinema; through May 10. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; starting May 4.)

I Was a Male War Bride (1949)—Somebody must have thought it would be funny to put Cary Grant in skirts and a horsehair wig. The whole thing is one of those awful transvestite jokes that never has the grace to go off-color; it all stays at the chortling wholesome-family-picture level. Ann Sheridan plays the Wac lieutenant whom Grant (a French Army captain) marries; the gimmick is that she's stationed in Occupied Germany (where the film was made), and the only Army regulation under which he can accompany her back to the U.S. is the one concerning the immigration of war brides. The concept requires Sheridan to be bossy and butch (it's one of her least pleasant performances), and Grant is never so beefy and clumsy as when he's in drag. He doesn't play a woman; he just threatens to, flirting with the idea and giggling over it. Howard Hawks directed, but his pacing is off, and everything seems forced. The screenplay is by Charles Lederer, Leonard Spigelgass, and Hagar Wilde, from a book by Henri Rochard. (Grant plays Henri Rochard.) There are no subsidiary roles of any consequence; with Ken Tobey, Robert Stevenson, and William Neff. (Regency; May 6-7.)

Lenny (1974)—This earnest Bob Fosse film, starring Dustin Hoffman, is for those who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred only because he lived before their time. Working from a weak script by Julian Barry, Fosse accepts the view that Bruce's motivating force was to cleanse society of hypocrisy, and, having swallowed that, he can only defuse Bruce's humor. So when you hear Hoffman doing Bruce's shticks you don't even feel like laughing. Despite the fluent editing and the close-in documentary techniques and the sophisticated graphics, the picture is a later version of the one-to-one correlation of an artist's life and his art which we used to get in movies about painters and songwriters. Hoffman makes a serious, honorable try, but his Lenny is a nice boy, whereas Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice; the movie turns a teasing, seductive hipster into a putz. As Honey, Valerie Perrine does a dazzling strip and gives an affecting, if limited, performance. With Gary Morton, Jan Miner, and Stanley Beck. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; May 6-7.)

The Lower Depths (1936)—Jean Renoir's version of the Maxim Gorky play features those two magnetic poles of French acting—Louis Jouvet as the gambling baron who sinks to living in a flophouse and Jean Gabin as the thief trying to climb up to a different life. Their scenes together are among the treasures of the French film tradition. The fine cast includes Le Vigan as an actor, Jany Holt as a prostitute with aspirations toward love with sentiment, and Junie Astor, Suzy Prim, and Vladimir Sokoloff. This movie has one of those emblematic moments that people talk about for years afterward: Jouvet, having lost everything, comes away from the gaming tables and can't light his cigarette. This scene was for the thirties what Belmondo rubbing his lips in "Breathless" was for the sixties. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 7.)

The Man with the Golden Gun (1974)—Set in the Orient, this is the ninth—and one of the more dispirited—of the James Bond series. The production is a little snappier than in the preceding voodoo one ("Live and Let Die") and this time Guy Hamilton's direction isn't quite as crude, but the script lacks satiric insolence, and the picture grinds on humorlessly. The villain Christopher Lee's fanged smile is the only attraction. With that iceberg Roger Moore as Bond, and Britt Ekland, Maud Adams, Hervé Villechaize, Clifton James, Bernard Lee, Lois Maxwell, Desmond Llewellyn, Marne Maitland, Richard Loo, and Marc Lawrence. Written by Richard Maibaum and Tom Mankiewicz. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; May 9-10.)

Ministry of Fear (1945)—Very little of Graham Greene's mystery novel survives in this unmemorable Paramount picture, directed by Fritz Lang. As melodramas of the period go, however, this one is better made than most. Ray Milland has just been released from an insane asylum, where he was confined for murdering his wife, when he is drawn into a plot by a gang of German spies who are after defense plans. The heroine is unimposing Marjorie Reynolds; the villain is that falsetto cutthroat Dan Duryea. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 11-12.)

Monkey Business (1952)—Grating screwball farce. As a middle-aged professor who drinks a rejuvenating potion, Cary Grant is required to act frolicsomely juvenile; it's painful to see him playing cowboys and Indians with a bunch of kids. As his wife, who also swigs the potion, Ginger Rogers is reduced to thumb-sucking infantilism, and she gives a nightmarishly busy performance. This boisterous, labored whimsy, which also features Marilyn Monroe and Charles Coburn, was scripted by Ben Hecht, I. A. L. Diamond, and Charles Lederer from a story by Harry Segall, and was directed by Howard Hawks. With Hugh Marlowe, Larry Keating, Esther Dale, and George Winslow, the little boy with the foghorn voice. (Regency; May 10-12.)

Moscow on the Hudson—Robin Williams as a Russian sax player who defects, in Paul Mazursky's wonderful comedy about a tragedy—about going away forever, about never being able to go home. The defection takes place in Bloomingdale's, and it doesn't take long before the sax player discovers the isolation and paranoia of living in New York. Imaginative and mellow, this movie displays Mazursky's distinctive funky lyricism at its best. With Maria Conchita Alonso, a beauty who's an unself-conscious cutup, and Alejandro Rey, Cleavant Derricks, Elya Baskin, and Mazursky himself as a Florida tourist named Dave. The film's comic rhythm (though not its mood) falters in the last third. The script is by the director and Leon Capetanos; the cinematography is by Don McAlpine. (4/16/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Greenwich Playhouse, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

El Norte—An independently made epic about the flight of two oppressed, terrorized young Guatemalans—Rosa (Zaide Silvia Gutierrez) and her brother Enrique (David Villalpando)—who travel from their Mayan village in the highlands to modern Los Angeles, where they pass themselves off as Mexicans and become part of the Hispanic cheap-labor force. Written by the director, Gregory Nava, and his wife, Anna Thomas, who was the producer, the film tries to cover all the bases—the typical difficult, wrenching experiences of Central American refugees. It's uninspired, but the subject has so much resonance that the picture doesn't leave you feeling quite as empty as an ordinary mediocre movie does. With Stella Quan, Trinidad Silva, and Lupe Ontiveros. In Spanish. (2/20/84) (Guild, and Embassy 72nd St.)

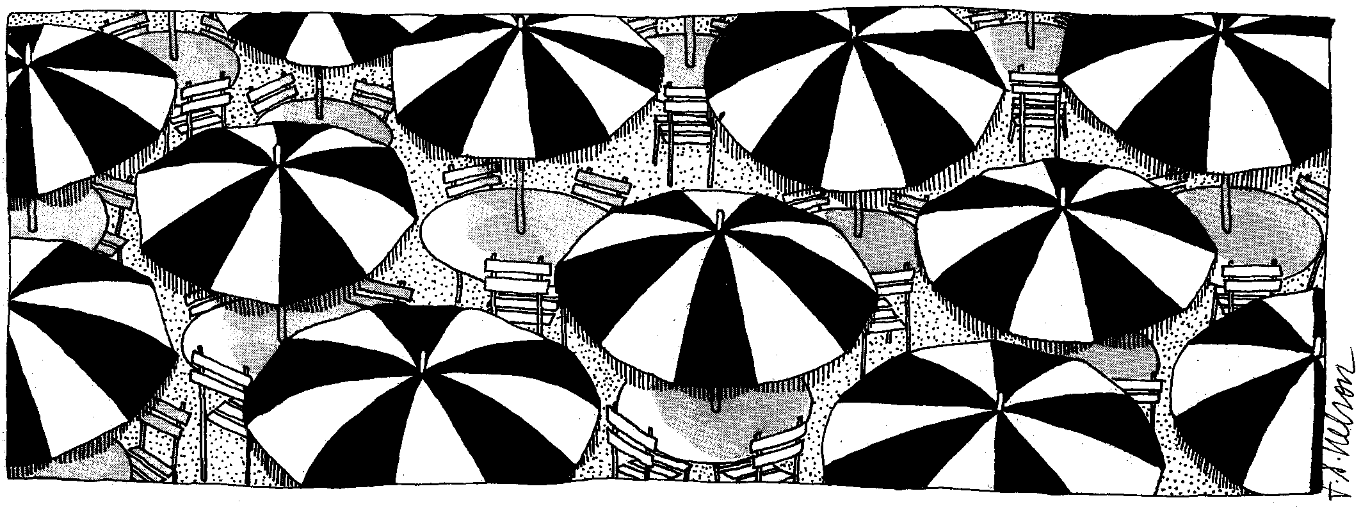
Out of the Past (1947)—A thin but well-shot suspense melodrama, kept from collapsing by the suggestiveness and intensity that the director, Jacques Tourneur, pours on. It's empty trash, but you do keep watching it. Kirk Douglas, a gangster, hires Robert Mitchum to find Jane Greer, who has run away from him. Predictably, she gets Mitchum (at his most somnolent-sexy droopy-eyed) in her clutches, and there are several killings before matters are resolved. The screenplay is by Geoffrey Homes (a pseudonym of Daniel Mainwaring), from his novel "Build My Gallows High." Cinematography by Nicholas Musuraca; with Rhonda Fleming and Dickie Moore. (Remade in 1984 as "Against All Odds," directed by Taylor Hackford, with Rachel Ward, Jeff Bridges, and James Woods.) (Metro Cinema; May 10.)

Papillon (1973)—A methodical, pointlessly gruelling movie in which Steve McQueen keeps trying to escape from Devil's Island and fellow-convict Dustin Hoffman keeps financing his attempts. There isn't a laugh in its two and a half hours. The moviemakers have approached the subject of Papillon (a French safecracker who was sentenced to prison for life for killing a pimp and who, thirty-odd years after he broke out, trumped up his adventures into a best-seller) as if they were making an important historical biography—about a pope, at the very least. The material has been treated not as if it were an escape story but as if it were *the* escape story. This is a movie Mount Rushmore, though it features only two heads. If ever there was a wrong actor for a man of great spirit, it's McQueen; as Robert Mitchum once remarked, "Steve doesn't bring too much to the party." He seems to inspire Hoffman to underplay, too. Theirs is the only emotional bond in the movie, and there's hardly any emotion in it. Directed by the immaculately literal-minded Franklin Schaffner; the script, by Dalton Trumbo and Lorenzo Semple, Jr., is based on the book by Henri Charrière. With Anthony Zerbe and George Coulouris. Cinematography by Fred Koenekamp; music by Jerry Goldsmith. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; May 6.)

Pauline at the Beach—The writer-director Eric Rohmer serves up this innocuous sex roundelay with excellent control. It's all low-key conversation, and there's a thin veneer of chic over everybody. Rohmer contrasts the belle of the beach, the voluptuous blond divorcée Marion (Arielle Dombasle), with her dark-eyed fifteen-year-old cousin Pauline (Amanda Langlet). The self-centered, self-deluding Marion flirts and babbles, and Rohmer lets us know what he thinks of her by showing her walking away from the camera in a tight, wet bathing suit that's squeezing her. Pauline is quiet and intelligent and her bathing suit fits her with nary a wrinkle or a crease. Rohmer has an amazing gift for finding (or creating) actors who embody the tiny, precise psychological observations that he wants to make, and, with the help of the cinematographer Nestor Almendros, he establishes a loose, summery atmosphere that the characters fit right into. But he offers a tedious message ("A wagging tongue bites itself"), and he can't resist setting up the little girl as our moral instructor. (She and her adolescent lover, played by Simon de la Brosse, are so "natural" they go to bed together without a stab of fear or self-consciousness; does anybody believe this?) The six characters involved in the bedroom-farce misunderstandings include a suave, fortyish stud (Féodor Atkine); a handsome young windsurfer (Pascal Greggory), who's a ninny; and a girl (Rosette) who sells candy on the beach. In French. (9/5/83) (Olympia Quad; starting May 11.)

The Postman Always Rings Twice (1946)—Entertaining, though overlong. The director, Tay Garnett, knew almost enough tricks to sustain this glossily bowdlerized version of the James M. Cain novel, and he used Lana Turner maybe better than any other director did. Cain's women are, typically, calculating, hot little animals, and his men doom-ridden victims. Here, Lana Turner's Cora—infantile in a bored, helpless, pre-moral way—is dressed in impeccable white, as if to conceal her sweaty passions and murderous impulses; John Garfield plays the drifter who becomes her lover. Cora's harmless husband (Cecil Kellaway) seems a nuisance to have around, so they decide to finish him off while he's relaxing in the bathtub. The shoddy, ironic twist signified in the title is that the killers get away with their crime but retribution comes anyway. As opposing lawyers, Hume Cronyn and Leon Ames have a showoffy courtroom clash. With Audrey Totter. The script is by Harry Ruskin and Niven Busch. (A French version, "Le Dernier Tournant," was directed by Pierre Chenal in 1939 with Fernand Gravet, Corinne Luchaire, and Michel Simon; Visconti made an Italian version, "Ossessione," in 1942; and another American version was made in 1981, directed by Bob Rafelson, with Jack Nicholson and Jessica Lange.) (Metro Cinema; May 10.)

The Quiet American (1958)—It was a commercial failure, and it's also an artistic failure,



but the theme and the principal characters are of such immediacy and interest that it's far more absorbing than many successful movies with a more conventional subject matter. Graham Greene's 1956 novel was based on his experiences as a correspondent in Indo-China, and Joseph L. Mankiewicz, who adapted the book and directed the movie, shot most of it in Saigon. It is a study of the American (Audie Murphy) as do-gooder, and of the harm that innocent and crusading idealism can do, and it is a study of the Englishman (Michael Redgrave) as cynical, convictionless neutralist. There are so many fine things in the film (especially Redgrave's portrait of a man whose cold exterior is just a thin skin over his passionate desperation) that perhaps one can put to the side the offending compromises by which Mankiewicz turned Greene's novel upside down and made the American heroic. With Claude Dauphin, Georgia Moll, Kerima, Richard Loo, and Bruce Cabot. The cinematography is by Robert Krasker (who also shot "The Third Man"), and the film has a great deal more visual richness and style than most Mankiewicz films. This one moves with an almost documentary freedom. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 10.)

Racing with the Moon—It's Christmas, 1942, and Sean Penn and Nicolas Cage are two Northern California small-town boys who are due to report to the Marines in six weeks; Penn falls in love with a new girl in town (Elizabeth McGovern), and Cage gets a girl pregnant. That's the whole movie. Penn brings to his role emotional crosscurrents and creates a young lived-in character; you see the full person, with nothing closed off. Richard Benjamin directs all three of them lovingly, so that the nuances they bring to their roles sustain our interest. But the picture isn't enough of anything; there isn't a thing in it that you can get excited about or quarrel with. The script, written by Steven Kloves (when he was twenty-two), is a reminiscence based on earlier reminiscences. (4/2/84) (Coronet, and Loews Paramount. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through May 10. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting May 11, tentative.)

Romancing the Stone—This slapstick adventure comedy is in the commercial genre of "Raiders of the Lost Ark," but it's a simpler, more likable entertainment than "Raiders;" it doesn't leave you feeling exhausted. The picture's greatest asset is its taking-off place: a woman's wanting a more exciting life. Kathleen Turner plays the timid, pleasantly slobby author of best-seller romances who is thrust into the kind of perils she has dreamed up for her books. The picture has a bravura opening and a jolly kind of movement, but it becomes too slam-bang; the score is cheesy and loud, and there are a few too many unrealized gags. Still, the director, Robert Zemeckis, sustains the carefree tone; and the wide-screen imagery, which is stunning at the start, is always good to look at. (Dean Cundey was the cinematographer.) Turner knows how to use her dimples amusingly and how to dance like a woman who didn't know she could; her star performance is exhilarating. As Zolo the knifer, Manuel Ojeda is a terrific swinish villain, and Alfonso Arau has an affable spaciness as a Colombian drug-trade chieftain who's hooked on the heroine's novels. It's too bad that when the heroine's fictional hero materializes he's Michael Douglas, the producer of the film, who isn't a comedian and tries too hard. His face exaggerates everything and registers nothing, and no matter how fast he moves he seems to slow down whatever is going on around him. Written by Diane Thomas; with Danny DeVito, Zack Norman, Holland Taylor, and Mary Ellen Trainor. (4/30/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Gotham Cinema, and Criterion Theatres.)

Sabrina (1954)—Audrey Hepburn is forced to overdo her gamine charm in this horrible concoction about a Cinderella among the Long Island rich. She's the chauffeur's daughter who's in love with the playboy son (William Holden) of her father's employer (Walter Hampden). There's also an older son—an earnest magnate—and Humphrey Bogart got trapped in the role. Billy Wilder directed, and he had a hand in adapting the Samuel Taylor play ("Sabrina Fair"), though Bogart is said to have accused Wilder's three-year-old offspring of being responsible for the script. With John Williams, Martha Hyer, Marcel Dalio, Nella Walker, and Francis X. Bushman. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 9.)

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Scarface—Directed by Brian De Palma from a script by Oliver Stone, this two-hour-and-forty-nine-minute remake of the 1932 "Scarface" has the length of an epic but not the texture of an epic. Al Pacino's Tony Montana, a Cuban who scrambles to the top of the Miami drug world, is just starting to learn the ropes and then, sated with wealth and dope, he's moldy. The picture is peddling macho primitivism and at the same time making it absurd. It's a druggy spectacle—manic yet exhausted, with De Palma entering into the derangement and trying to bring something larger than life out of Tony's debauchery. This may be the only action picture that turns into an allegory of impotence. With F. Murray Abraham, Steven Bauer, Robert Loggia, Michelle Pfeiffer, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Paul Shenar, Harris Yulin, Arnaldo Santana, Richard Belzer, and Miriam Colon. Cinematography by John A. Alonzo; the designer Ferdinando Scarfiotti served as visual consultant; the score is by Giorgio Moroder. (12/26/83) (Criterion Theatres.)

Splash—This romantic comedy-fantasy about a mermaid (Daryl Hannah) who falls in love with a New Yorker (Tom Hanks) has a friendly, tantalizing magic. Hannah has the look of a beatifically sexy Nordic goddess, yet her flashing tail and fins are like a butterfly's wings—they're her most ravishing feature. The director, Ron Howard, has a knack for bringing the sweetness out of his performers without lingering on it. He's also the first film director who has let John Candy loose. As the hero's debonair playboy brother, he's a mountainous lollipop of a man, and preposterously lovable. The picture is frequently on the verge of being more wonderful than it is—more lyrical, a little wilder. That verge isn't a bad place to be, though. With Eugene Levy as a nuthead scientist. Written by the team of Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel, along with Bruce Jay Friedman. (3/19/84) (Manhattan, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Century National Twin. . . . ¶ U. A. 85th St. East, and Olympia Quad; through May 3. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through May 10.)

The Spy Who Loved Me (1977)—A glitter sci-fi adventure fantasy that balances the indestructible James Bond with an indestructible cartoon adversary, Jaws (Richard Kiel), who is a great evil windup toy. This is the best of the Bonds starring the self-effacing Roger Moore—there's a robust perversity in the way the film gets you rooting for the bionic monster Jaws when he tears a truck apart in a childish temper. He's seven foot two and has razor-sharp steel teeth; Moore gets the chance to look scared—an emotion that suits him and makes him more likable. The film is a little long, but as the heroine—the Russian-spy counterpart of Bond—Barbara Bach is both luscious and self-parodying; there are magnificent views of Egypt; and the arch-villain Stromberg (Curt Jurgens) has a vast underwater domain and a supertanker that swallows submarines—the sets recall Fritz Lang's "Metropolis." The designer, Ken Adam, the director, Lewis Gilbert, and the cinematographer, Claude Renoir, have taken a tawdry, depleted form and made something flawed but funny and elegant out of it; they use their sets and locations choreographically, turning mayhem into a comic dance. The last forty-five minutes is a spectacular piece of sustained craftsmanship: you see the faces of imperilled men and you feel the suspense, but you're also drinking in the design of the machinery, the patterned movements, and the lavender tones, the blues and the browns. The lavishness isn't wasted—it's entertaining. For Adam, Gilbert, and Renoir the film must have been a celebration of delight in mechanical gadgetry and in moviemaking itself; the sumptuous visual style functions satirically. The script is by Christopher Wood and Richard Maibaum; Carly Simon sings the theme song by Marvin Hamlisch and Carole Bayer Sager. Produced by Albert R. Broccoli. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; May 9–10.)

Terms of Endearment—Retro-forties virtue piled on the cartoon underpinnings of TV comedy shows. The movie is a Freudian story of role reversals between mother (Shirley MacLaine) and daughter (Debra Winger), told in a slaphappy style. Adapted (from Larry McMurtry's novel) and directed by James L. Brooks, this is the kind of bogus picture that gets people to say, "I saw myself in those characters." Of course they see themselves in it; Brooks guides the actors with both his eyes on the audience. The mother is a TV-museum piece, like the characters in "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman" or "Soap;" she's warped. And so is the pie-eyed lecher who's her next-door neighbor—a former astronaut, played by Jack Nicholson. At the end, the picture says, "You can go home now—you've laughed, you've cried." What's infuriating about it is its calculated humanity. What makes it tolerable are the performers. Debra Winger is incredibly vivid; Nicholson is alert and polished. And the cast includes John Lithgow, Jeff Daniels, Troy Bishop, and Huckleberry Fox. (12/12/83) (Baronet, Embassy 1, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting May 4.)

Unfaithfully Yours—Sloshed, Dudley Moore is a star (as he proved in "Arthur," which kept him happily stewed throughout); this film takes too long getting him there. It's an uninspired remake of Preston Sturges' 1948 film, which was a great musical joke. Directed by Howard Zieff from an ingenious script by Valerie Curtin, Barry Levinson, and Robert Klane, this version isn't a total dud, but it's a coarser piece of slapstick, and not at all memorable. Moore is the symphony conductor who thinks his young wife (Nastassja Kinski) is betraying him; he fantasizes how he will handle the situation while he conducts the Tchaikovsky Violin Concerto, with his supposed betrayer (Armand Assante) as the soloist. Assante's bedroom voice and sleek, well-pleased-with-himself manner are a serviceable contrast to Moore's apoplectic (and ineffectual) rage, and Albert Brooks, who plays the conductor's manager, is really brilliant; he gives the film a crazed, hip subtext. (He came up with some of his own dialogue.) Toward the end, Moore shows his slapstick virtuosity, but he hasn't been as well protected by the director (or by the script) as he might have been; he's rather too pitiable and elfin—and at the very end he's needlessly infantilized. (The Russian Tea Room footage was shot on a Los Angeles soundstage; so were the interiors of Carnegie Hall and the Plaza Hotel.) (4/2/84) (72nd Street East . . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting May 4.)

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2. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed separately to: TANQUERAY SWEEPSTAKES, P.O. Box 3366, Syosset, NY 11775. All entries must be received by July 15, 1984. No mechanically reproduced entries will be accepted.
3. **The winner will be selected from among all correct entries received in a random drawing conducted by National Judging Institute, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final on all matters relating to this sweepstakes. The prize will be awarded and winner notified by mail. The prize is non-transferable. Winner may select either the emerald from the Harry Winston collection or its retail value of $25,000. Taxes, if any, are the responsibility of the individual winner. Winner may be asked to execute an affidavit of eligibility and release.**
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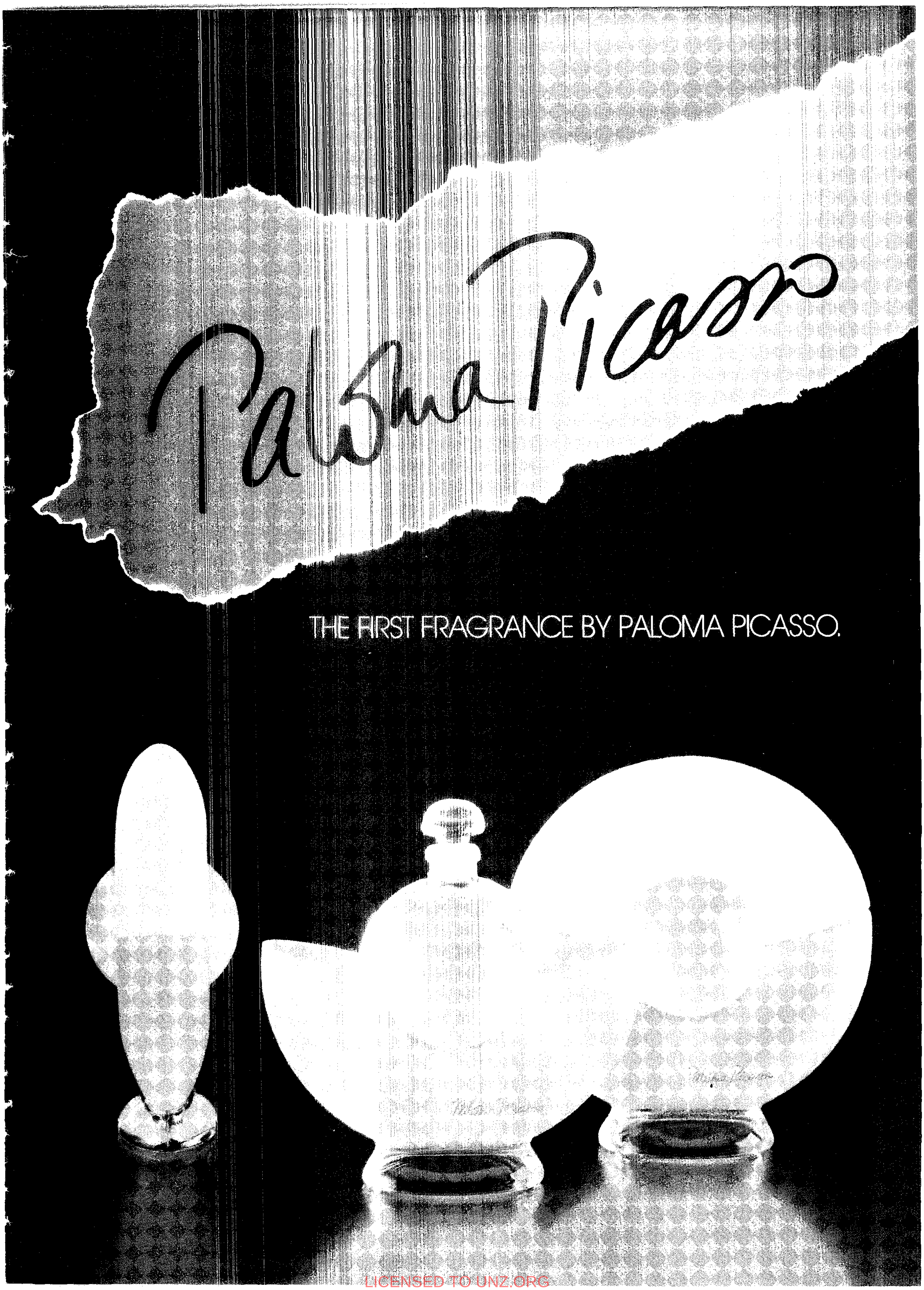
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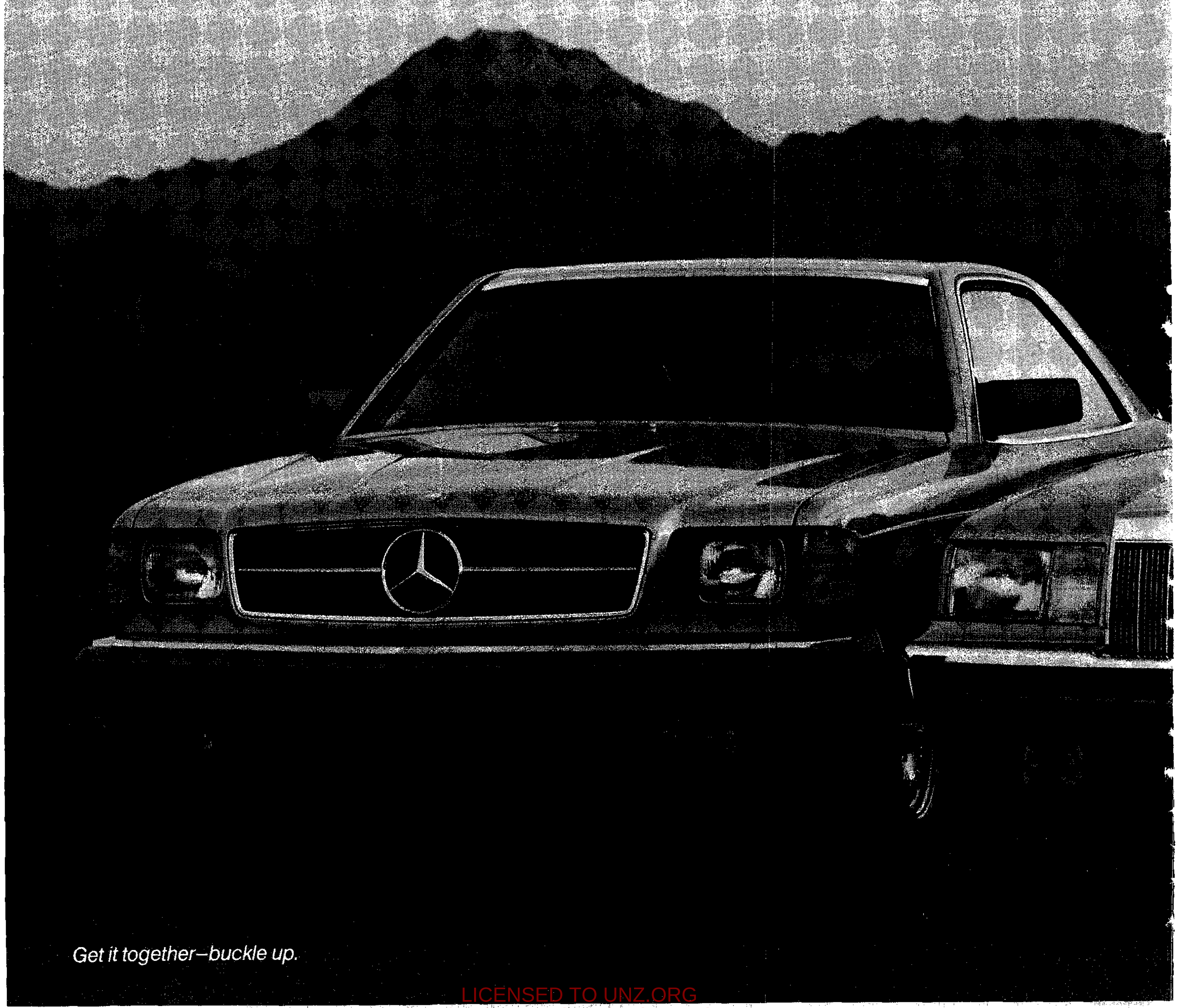

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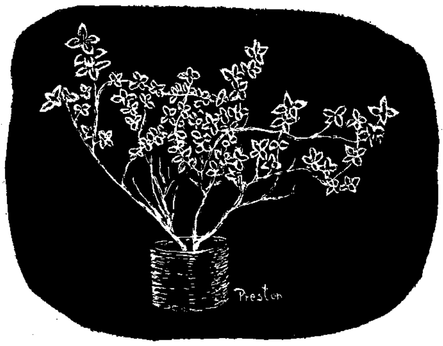
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

MABEL MERCER, who died late in April, at the age of eighty-four, didn't have much tolerance for praise. She never celebrated herself, and she ignored, politeness permitting, the praise of others. Born in Staffordshire of an English vaudeville performer and a black American musician who either died or disappeared, she was raised by a grandmother (her mother was often on the road), and attended a convent school, where, she once told Dick Cavett, she was regarded as an African princess. She joined an aunt's song-and-dance act as a teen-ager, and went out on her own in 1919. During the twenties, she was in a Lew Leslie "Black-Birds" show in London with Florence Mills, sang in a vocal trio (with two men), and toured with "The Chocolate Kiddies" in Austria and Egypt. She landed at Bricktop's in Paris in the early thirties. "The British and American élite patronized Bricktop's, and there was an elegance and beauty about it all that doesn't exist anymore," she said not long ago. "People left their gold-and-diamond cigarette cases on their tables when they danced, knowing very well they would be there when they returned. It was a champagne world." Driven by rumors of war, she came to this country in 1938, and she never went back. She first appeared at Herbert Jacoby's Ruban Bleu, here in New York, and by 1941 she was installed at Tony's, on Fifty-second Street. She worked without interruption until the early sixties, when the New York cabaret world began to shut down. It had long been clear that she was unique. She was not a jazz singer, or a popular singer, or a folksinger, or a Broadway singer, or a classical singer. She sang the best (and often the rarest) of Cole Porter and Jerome Kern and George Gershwin and Irving Berlin, using elegant, dustless diction, a pure contralto, and a sense of phrasing and conviction which made each song a private offering to each listener. Her versions of certain songs became matchless, and this continued late into her life, when she converted Stephen Sondheim's "Send In the Clowns" into a kind of unforgettable one-act play. Her old friend Alec Wilder put his finger on what Mabel Mercer was. He once wrote, "She has never made the slightest attempt to sing in the manner one expects of popular singers. As a result, those who assume that a 'swinging' style is a prerequisite of a singer of such songs are sometimes thrown off or baffled by her constant dignification (if I may risk such a word) of otherwise casual songs. It is not that she is unaware of the rhythmic looseness of an up-tempo song or of a slow blues. It is rather that her purpose is to present a musical point of view which has more to do with the intimate concert hall than with a casual night spot." Wilder was only one of her venerators. She was studied by Leontyne Price, by Billie Holiday and Bobby Short, by Eileen Farrell, and by Frank Sinatra, who told her in a letter, "Everyone who has ever raised his voice in song has learned from you."

Age did little to her: she was as beautiful in her eighties as she had been in her thirties. It was not so much an exterior beauty (she had blue-green eyes, a helmet of dark hair, a crooked smile, and cocoa skin) as a suffusion from within—a kindness and gentleness that shone in all weathers and times. She sang seated in an armchair, her chin slightly lifted, her eyes half shut, her hands either clasped in her lap or sketching parentheses in the air. She wore handsome gowns, which she made herself, and she set them off with brilliant shawls of gold or green or red. Applause embarrassed her, and she met it with a quick smile and a dip of her head. There were two Mabel Mercers. One was the regal singer, and the other was the country bumpkin. The singer eventually scraped together enough money to buy a small eighteenth-century farmhouse in East Chatham, New York, and the bumpkin passed most of her last twenty years there. Seated on its terrace in the summer of 1982, she said, "I first saw this place on a February day in the early fifties, and it immediately reminded me of Wales, where I went summers as a child." It turned her into Pan. She invited raccoons into the house, she planted trees, she stocked bird feeders, she filled the rolling fields around the house with her serene, loving regard. As a singer, she worked tirelessly at the illusion of perfection, but in the country she let everything go. She dressed in what came to hand. She puttered, cooked, weeded, and laughed a lot. She let her house grow into a masterpiece of disarray. She covered every surface—shelves, mantels, sofas, chairs, pianos, floors, stairs—with possessions, and prayed that the few navigable channels left would remain open. She also made a haven of the house, and those of her countless guests who arrived distraught left whole and at peace.



Mabel Mercer became something of a celebrity during her last ten or fifteen years, and it always amused and surprised her. She was given a sumptuous seventy-fifth-birthday party in the St. Regis Roof, and the hotel named the room she had been singing in after her. The BBC made a five-part television film about her; the Whitney Museum honored her; and in 1983 President Reagan bestowed the Presidential Medal of Freedom on her. Because she had to, she worked when there was work, even though her voice began to play tricks on her. (She resorted to an attractive parlando when it proved unmanageable.) She appeared with Eileen Farrell at Alice Tully Hall in 1982, and she did a benefit with Tony Bennett last winter. Her indefatigable friend and manager Harry Beard once said of her, "Mabel has walked alone. She has never deviated from what she knew had to be done. It has never been a question of money or vogue." Or, he might have added, of self.

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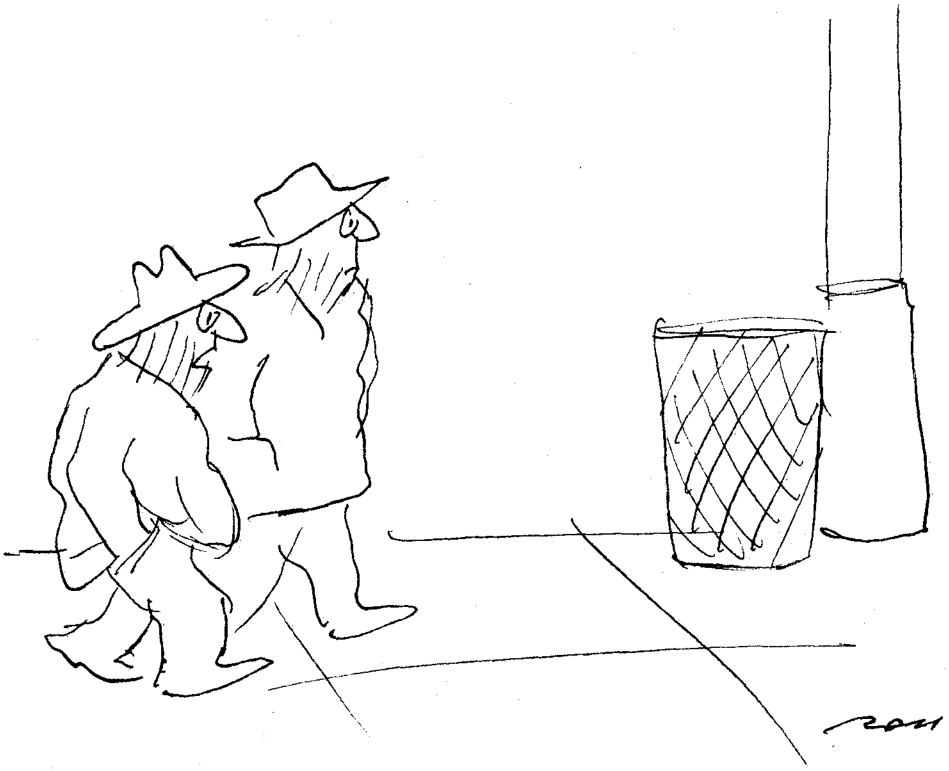
FROM time to time, people complain that the papers don't print any good news. (Presidents, especially, tend to complain about this.) First off, it isn't entirely true. If we never see another story about a man who wins a million dollars playing Lotto or Millionaire's Roulette or Lucky Bucks and is going to keep his job at the post office because he likes to work but maybe he'll buy an Oldsmobile—if we never see another story like that, we won't kick. But, anyway, good news is not a newspaper's job. We don't mean this the way it sounds, in some civics-class, watchdog-of-the-democratic-process, Fourth Estate sense. We mean that psychologically there is something reassuring about the newspaper *because* it is full of bad news—the same bad news each morning. Not precisely the same bad news, but close enough. On any given morning, the front page of the *Times* should leave people in tears. As we write this, we are looking at the top stories from last Wednesday. The Soviet Union is reported overrunning a valley in Afghanistan after using high-altitude bombing to soften up the resistance; talk continues about outer-space laser weapons; in the Dominican Republic people are dying in riots sparked by increases in food prices. We should be angry, sad, and moved to action, but we are, at worst, mildly depressed in a familiar, unfocussed way. Colonel Qaddafi says something evil, or was it Ayatollah Khomeini? There are thugs on the F train; last week, they rode the No. 6. A house burns down in Brooklyn, and another the next day, and two more the day after that. There is no sense reacting, we think; this is how the world is. Everything bad has already happened, and will happen again.



"It's not how the ball bounces that counts, Louie. It's how the cookie crumbles."

On slow news days—the days when the New York *Times* actually leads with a story about something taking place in New York—we sometimes feel a little uneasy. If not much is going wrong this morning, what could be in store for tomorrow? And occasionally, when something does give us pause, likely as not it's only because it is something freakish—something we hadn't worried about before—and we accept it into our picture of the inevitable world, and read about it from then on with detachment. Last week, Kitty Wolf was driving her grandson Robert to the airport so that he could catch a flight back to school. When they were near Exit 13-A on the New Jersey Turnpike, more than a hundred ounce-and-a-half jars of Dickinson's Pure Fancy Sweet Orange Marmalade fell from the sky, shattering the windshield of the car but not hurting anyone seriously. The jellies apparently fell from a transcontinental airliner, but no one knows just how. "It's a puzzlement trying to find out how it happened," an airline spokesman told the *Times*. If every single morning, or even twice a month, you opened the paper to find an account of grocery items falling onto passing Volkswagens, Mrs. Wolf's travail would not be so arresting. But *marmalade*—marmalade, usually marvellously inert, an inmate of its jar until you choose otherwise and reach for a knife. Here it is, though, in the exit lane of the New Jersey Turnpike, an orange bolt from the blue. It is hard to imagine a more meaningless story; yet—and this is truly sad—it made us think twice as hard as any food riot in Santo Domingo.

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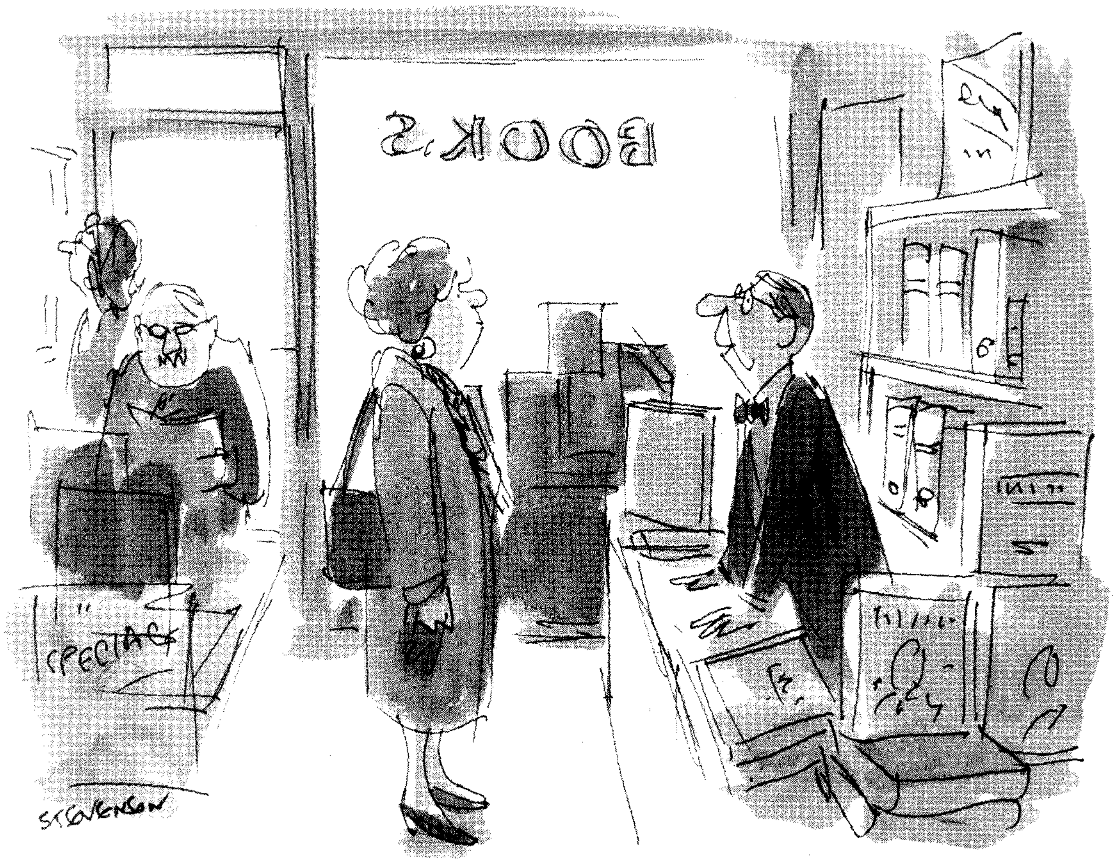
LETTER from a friend:

Over a year ago, I moved from New York to a place two thousand one hundred miles across the country, on no coast. When I sublet my apartment, I left my television set, a nineteen-inch Sony, on its parsons table in the center of my living room. In the city, I'd watched a lot of television, and now I figured I could do without it for a while. I can remember every television program I have watched since then. Aside from a couple of football games at a local bar called the Tall Pine, all my TV viewing has been at the house of my neighbors, who have a five-acre farm just down the road. My neighbors live in three trailers pushed to-



"If you like introspection and poetry, I'd say the Cuomo. If, however, you prefer something a bit more snappy—why, then I'd suggest the Koch."

gether lengthwise. They raise vegetables, chickens, turkeys, geese, rabbits, goats, and dogs. Their television set is in a console many feet long, and on top of the console they have another, smaller television set, a video recorder, two tape recorders, and speakers piled up to the ceiling. They have an antenna for the two local stations, and they also get cable, and in their yard is a satellite disc, fifteen feet in diameter, that picks up programs beamed from the sky. While visiting them, I have watched: an entire movie starring Dean Jones and Suzanne Pleshette as a husband and wife who own dogs, with her dogs, dachshunds, forever getting his dog, a Great Dane, into trouble; a movie about a St. Bernard named Barry, who was the greatest rescue dog who ever lived; a movie about an otter who gets away from people hunting him with dogs in England; the nuclear-war movie "The Day After;" and a new comedy program that I had heard a lot about. In the middle of that program, my neighbors went out to do chores, and then they brought in two newborn goats to show me. They stood the goats in front of the set, and I watched the rest of the program around their wobbling legs.

One night, I went over to my neighbors' when they were out, to keep their son company. All we did was change channels. They can get maybe ninety different stations. We changed channels for forty minutes at a time without hitting the same one twice. After we had done a circuit, we would pick up a separate control box, which ran the motor at the base of the satellite disc, and the motor would rotate the disc to a new angle, to catch the beams from another satellite. By the time I left, my neighbors' son was asleep, and the TV was tuned to a Mexican station. Spanish sports announcers were talking back and forth, and the strange, slow-motion images crossing the screen appeared to be a bullfight.

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In New York, I used to read two newspapers every morning, and I watched the seven-o'clock and eleven-o'clock news each night. Out here, I mostly get my news from the radio. The station that comes in best is a CBS affiliate from a city twenty-five miles away. CBS Radio always makes the news sound so important that a person would be a fool not to listen to it. The first day of Pope John Paul's visit to Poland, Dan Rather, in his daily five-minute news commentary, said, "And so it begins: the eight days . . . the most historic confrontation between a church and a state since Henry VIII and the Bishop of Rome, but on a much larger scale, and with the stakes so much higher." Receiving the news through only one of the five senses can be disorienting. Last year when the United States and Libya were chasing each other's planes in the Mediterranean, CBS began its broadcast with a speech from Colonel Qaddafi. No announcer's voice preceded the burst of shrill, accented English, and for a moment it seemed that a crazy man must have wrestled the microphone from the regular newscaster. On days when major events happen, the accumulation of facts with each hourly broadcast produces a layered effect in the mind. The day the Russians shot down the Korean airliner, this accumulation had barely begun when statements of condemnation from American officials took over, and it was a day or so before actual information about the attack began to reappear. The length of the newscasts—five minutes every hour and fifteen minutes at 5 P.M.—doesn't give time for more than a few sentences about each headline event. But a lot of the news concerns the stock market and business, and those items can be very detailed. One was about the reorganization of Sears stores nationwide, and in a taped interview the manager of a Sears in King of Prussia, Pennsylvania, explained that henceforth gas barbecue grills and charcoal barbecue grills would be found in the same section of the store, whereas before they had been in two different sections. The other day, I went back to the Tall Pine to see what Gary Hart looked like on television. The jukebox was loud; nobody was paying much attention to the TV. A woman sitting at the bar between me and the set was shouting, above the jukebox, "She says to me, 'You know, no two potatoes look alike.' And I says to her, 'You know, you're right!' " I wondered if I was going to be able to make it through an election year without a television set.

Recently, I read in the newspaper about a campaign in the town of Farmington, Connecticut, encouraging residents to turn off their television sets for an entire month. The campaign was sponsored by the Farmington Library Council, and it was the idea of a children's librarian, Mrs. Nancy DeSalvo. The day after I was in the Tall Pine, I called Mrs. DeSalvo on the phone. I asked her if she had a television set. She said yes. I asked her if she thought it was possible to make it through an election year without a television set. She said, "I could get through anything without television. I'm not really a watcher. I read lots of newspapers. It's really not very hard to find out what's going on—you don't need to watch hours and hours of TV news for that. In the evening, if I want to find out what happened that particular day I usually just listen to the news on the radio."

•

THAT'S not all Nancy DeSalvo said. She also said:

"We did not do this for publicity. People might not believe me when I say that—I've got a book this thick filled with clippings—but it's true. The first major story about our campaign was written by a man from the Bergen County, New Jersey, *Record*, and a lot of other newspapers picked it up from that. I guess we were in just about every major paper in the country. We were in the *Times* four times, counting the Connecticut supplement, and the *Wall Street Journal* twice. The Miami *Herald* sent a reporter up to talk to us. We were in the London *Times*, and after that newspapers in Australia and New Zealand ran stories. The *Star*, *The Economist*, a French television magazine (they flew a writer over for an interview), *American Libraries* . . . let's see . . . Boston television, three times . . . A crew came up from ABC's 'Nightline,' and we opened the library for them on the New Year's holiday, but then we weren't on. We were supposed to be in *People*, too, but we were bumped by Michael Jackson's hair catching fire. If I had to generalize about all the reporters I talked to, I'd say that newspaper writers are very kind and considerate compared with TV people. When TV crews want you, they want you right then. Of course, their deadlines are tighter, I realize.

"The TV Turnoff idea was mine, but all the members of the Farmington Library Council were in on it. Not many cities or towns have a library council—ours is currently made up of the superintendent of schools, a member of the board of education, a reading consultant, and twelve librarians. Last October, the school superintendent showed us a study that had just come out about how much TV kids watch and what it does to them. The study said that the average child nationwide watches from six to seven hours of TV a day, and that this can produce a decline in several types of mental ability. That was no news to me, because I run twenty story hours a week for kindergartners and preschoolers at the library, and I know that, for one thing, their listening skills have gone way down. And nowadays they're much more aggressive. Their heroes are all like Superman—characters with tremendous powers. This can make a kid's personality kind of one-sided. It used to be that when one of the kids in a group started crying the others would look sad. Now they don't seem to care. When we decided to sponsor the TV Turnoff campaign, we thought we'd try it for a month, and the month we chose was January. We knew we'd be struggling with the Super Bowl, but we figured that in January kids have Christmas toys to play with, and in February the Olympics would be on. We thought that the campaign wouldn't mean as much if we did it in a spring or summer month, when people are outside more.

"We definitely plan to have another TV Turnoff next January. Parents and librarians from all over the country have been asking us how they could have one in their town, and right now we're putting together kits to send out. We had a thousand and forty-seven Cold Turkeys in Farmington—people who went without TV for a week or more. And we had four thousand or so who said that they'd drastically reduced their viewing. Mostly, these were families with preschool and grade-school kids. Our goal is not for people to give up TV entirely. There were studies in Germany and Italy that showed that after several months without television families may start arguing and having problems. We realize that you can't permanently take something away that has become so much a part of daily life. Our idea is just that you should try and control it. Next year, we're going to try and reach more parents than we did this year. I'll tell them—especially the ones with preschool kids—the same thing I did this year: 'You're not doing your kids any favors by sitting them in front of the television for six and seven hours every day.' "

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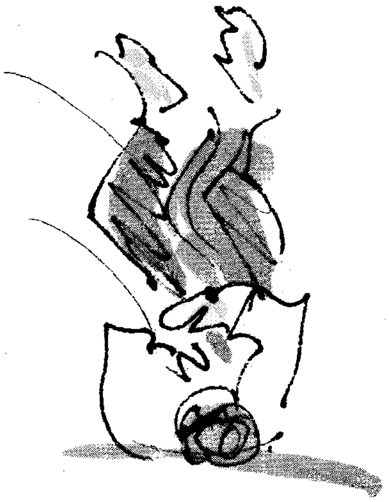
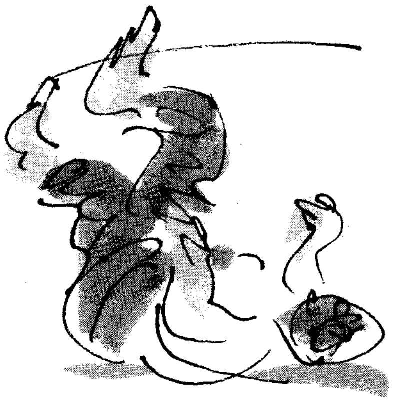
Anniversary

THE Hunter College Gymnasium, 10 A.M.: Thump! (*Illus. A*)



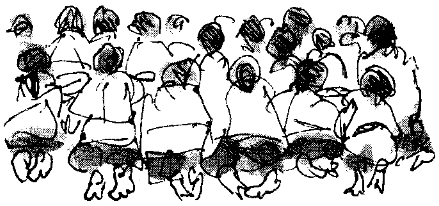
Illus. A

Thump! (*Illus. B*) Four hundred and

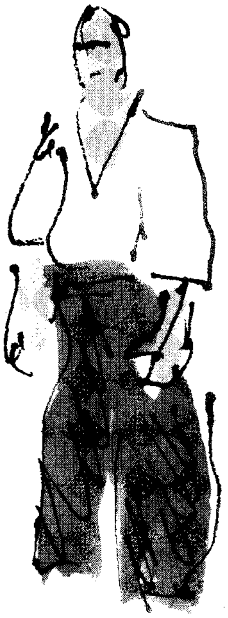


Illus. B

fifty students of aikido (gentlest, most spiritual of Japanese martial arts) are swirling, turning, twisting, depositing their partners on the shiny floor of the basketball courts. (Thump!) The students wear white tops and white bottoms, the teachers wear white tops and black bottoms. The gym looks like a foaming sea, full of tumbling white creatures. Men, women, children, working in pairs, send their opponents cartwheeling through the air, pant legs flaring. Moves begin with outstretched hands, like the start of a square dance, then evolve into something resembling a slow jitterbug, with one partner rolling over the other's back. All at once, there is a loud handclap, and all four hundred and fifty students drop to their knees, facing the same direction (*Illus. C*). A teacher (*Illus. D*), who is standing in front of a small shrine with a large photograph of the founder of aikido, summons a student for a demonstration. Total silence. Teacher and student bow to each other; then, suddenly, the teacher—hardly seeming to move—has lifted the student, turned him around, sent him flying and crashing to the floor. The teacher stands quietly, as if he were merely an onlooker. He has the air of a man who has just dropped a letter in a mailbox and is now gazing around at the day. The student gets to his feet. More bowing, more demonstrations. Then the students resume their practice.

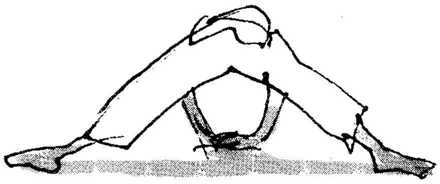


Illus. C

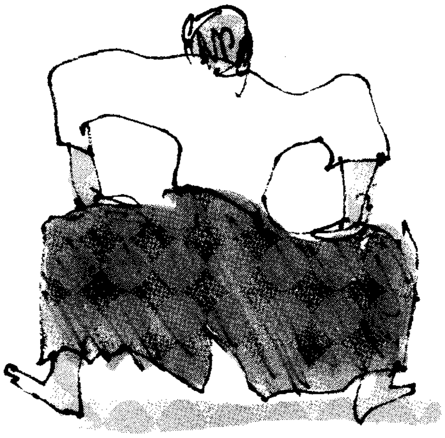


Illus. D

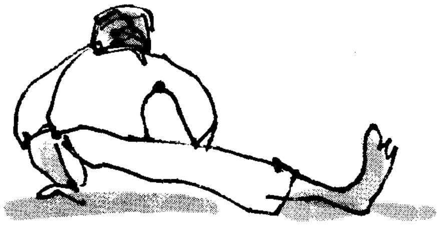
Presently, there is a break, but many of the students use the time to do more exercises (*Illus. E, F, G, H*).



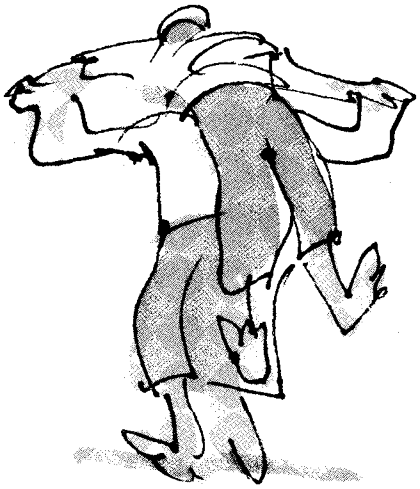
Illus. E



Illus. F



Illus. G



Illus. H

The atmosphere is very lighthearted and cheerful. Steve Pimsler, a young aikido teacher who is observing from the grandstand of the gym, says, "This is a two-day event celebrating the twentieth anniversary of our dojo—that's the place where we practice—in New York. I've taught there for seven years. It's on West Eighteenth Street. I'm a third-degree black belt. The rest of the time, I'm a copywriter for a publishing house. Seven great teachers—they're called *senseis*—have come here for this event, including Kisshomaru Ueshiba, from Tokyo. He's the head of world aikido, and he's the son of Morihei Ueshiba, who was the founder of aikido. I got into aikido when I was an actor studying in London. I was learning fencing and stunts, and my teacher based everything on aikido. For me, aikido provides a creative outlet to develop your mind, your body, your inner spirit. It's an ongoing process, constantly enriching. Your aim is to find a certain peace in yourself. You come to know yourself better. It's still a martial art, but it's always done with a partner; there's the movement of two people in harmony with each other."

Pimsler hands us a program. It says, in part:

> The word Aikido roughly translates to "the way (do) to unite (ai) all one's inner energy (ki)." . . .
>
> Aikido principles hold that the mind and the body are one. When a person acts in this concerted manner, great power is possible. Since Aikido movements are circular in nature, requiring flexibility, balance, and timing, there is no need to conflict with the force of an attack. By joining with the motion of an attack and taking control of its force, it is possible to redirect the power of the attack safely and effectively.

Nearby, a dark-haired student in his twenties has climbed into the bleachers and is talking to a friend. "The whole idea of aikido is that you become so good that you never have to hurt the other person—because the other person can't hurt you," he says. "It tends to demonstrate that there are ways in the world that the gentle can overcome the vicious." He smiles. "Look over there," he says. "See that small man standing alone by the wall? He's one of the *senseis*. You see how still he is? That's the essence of aikido. You can't be nervous or anxious or emotional. Your consciousness is supposed to be like water with the moon passing over it. You must be like water, reflecting whatever is there."

HOMEWORK

MY dog, Keds, was sitting outside of the A. & P. last Thursday when he got smashed by some kid pushing a shopping cart. At first we thought he just had a broken leg, but later we found out he was bleeding inside. Every time he opened his mouth, blood would seep out like dull red words in a bad silent dream.

Every night before my sister goes to her job she washes her hair in the kitchen sink with beer and mayonnaise and eggs. Sometimes I sit at the table and watch the mixture dribble down her white back. She boils a pot of water on the stove at the same time; when she is finished with her hair, she steams her face. She wants so badly to be beautiful.

I am trying to solve complicated algebraic problems I have set for myself. Since I started cutting school last Friday, the one thing I miss is homework. Find the value for *n*. Will it be a whole number? It is never a whole number. It is always a fraction.

"Will you get me a towel?" my sister asks. She turns her face toward me and clutches her hair to the top of her head. The sprayer hose slithers into its hole next to the faucet.

I hand her a dish towel. "No," she says. "A bath towel. Don't be stupid."

In the bathroom, my mother is watering her plants. She has arranged them in the tub and turned the shower on. She sits on the toilet lid and watches. It smells like outdoors in the bathroom.

I hand my sister the towel and watch her wrap it round her head. She takes the cover off the pot of boiling water and drops lemon slices in. Then she lowers her face into the steam.

This is the problem I have set for myself:

$$\frac{245\,(n+17)}{34} = 396\,(n-45)$$

$n =$

WEDNESDAY, I stand outside the high-school gym doors. Inside, students are lined up doing calisthenics. It's snowing, and prematurely dark, and I can watch without being seen.

"Well," my father says when I get home. He is standing in the garage testing the automatic door. Every time a plane flies overhead, the door opens or closes, so my father is trying to fix it. "Have you changed your mind about school?" he asks me.

I lock my bicycle to a pole. This infuriates my father, who doesn't believe in locking things up in his own house. He pretends not to notice. I wipe the thin stripe of snow off the fenders with my middle finger. It is hard to ride a bike in the snow. This afternoon on my way home from the high school I fell off, and I lay in the snowy road with my bike on top of me. It felt warm.

"We're going to get another dog," my father says.

"It's not that," I say. I wish everyone would stop talking about dogs. I can't tell how sad I really am about Keds versus how sad I am in general. If I don't keep these things separate, I feel as if I'm betraying Keds.

"Then what is it?" my father says.

"It's nothing," I say.

My father nods. He is very good about bringing things up and then letting them drop. A lot gets dropped. He presses the button on the automatic control. The door slides down its oiled tracks and falls shut. It's dark in the garage. My father presses the button again and the door opens, and we both look outside at the snow falling in the driveway, as if in those few seconds the world might have changed.

My mother has forgotten to call me for dinner, and when I confront her with this she tells me that she did, but that I was sleeping. She is loading the dishwasher. My sister is standing at the counter, listening, and separating eggs for her shampoo.

"What can I get you?" my mother asks. "Would you like a meat-loaf sandwich?"

"No," I say. I open the refrigerator and survey its illuminated contents. "Could I have some scrambled eggs?"

"O.K.," says my mother. She comes and stands beside me and puts her hand on top of mine on the door handle. There are no eggs in the refrigerator. "Oh," my mother says; then, "Julie?"

"What?" my sister says.

"Did you take the last eggs?"

"I guess so," my sister says. "I don't know."

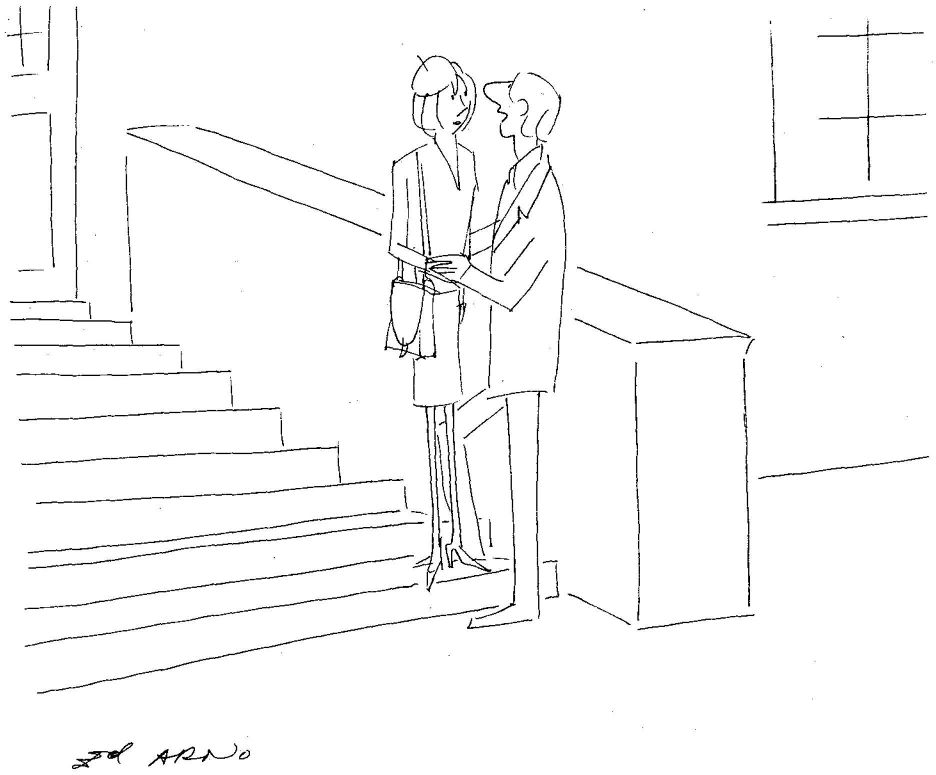
"Forget it," I say. "I won't have eggs."

"No," my mother says. "Julie doesn't need them in her shampoo. That's not what I bought them for."

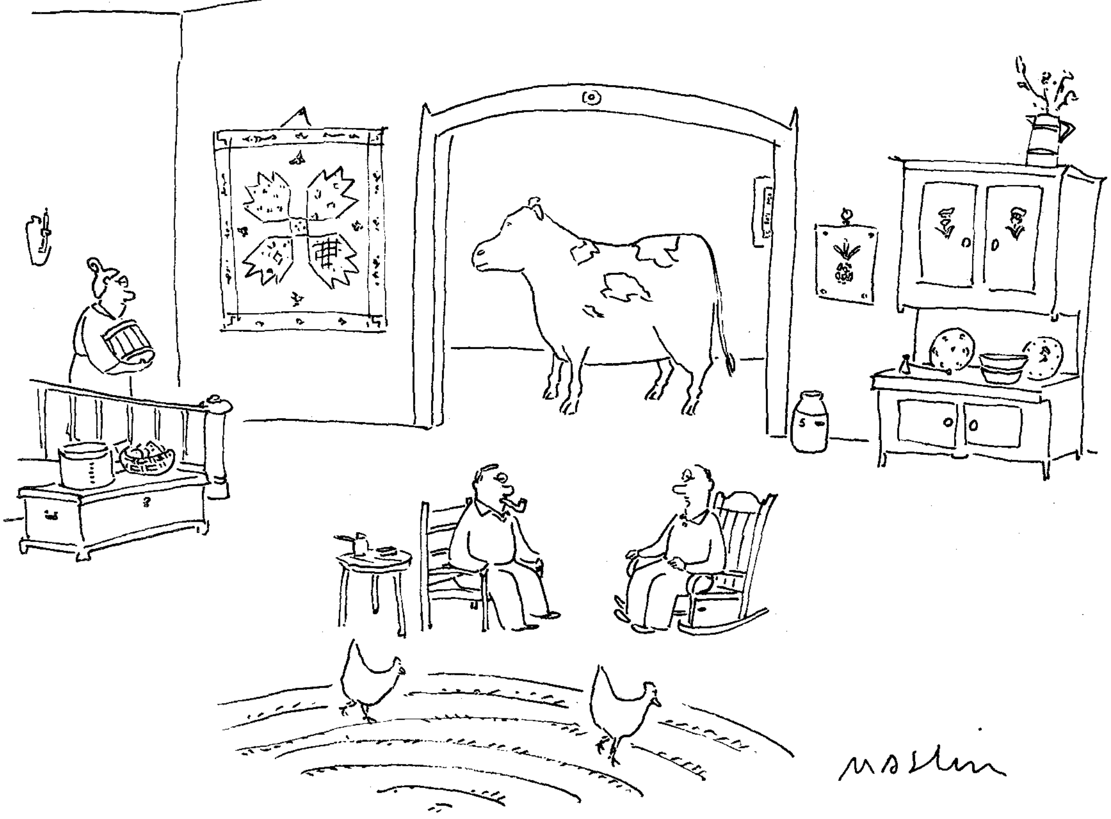
"I do," my sister says. "It's a formula. It doesn't work without the eggs. I need the protein."

"I don't want eggs," I say. "I don't want anything." I go into my bedroom.

My mother comes in and stands looking out the window. The snow



"I love you, Amelia. Will you be my running mate?"



"Nothing but French Provincial all these years, then—whammo! The Country Look."

has turned to rain. "You're not the only one who is unhappy about this," she says.

"About what?" I say. I am sitting on my unmade bed. If I pick up my room, my mother will make my bed: that's the deal. I didn't pick up my room this morning.

"About Keds," she says. "I'm unhappy too. But it doesn't stop me from going to school."

"You don't go to school," I say.

"You know what I mean," my mother says. She turns around and looks at my room, and begins to pick things off the floor.

"Don't do that," I say. "Stop."

My mother drops the dirty clothes in an exaggerated gesture of defeat. She almost—almost—throws them on the floor. The way she holds her hands accentuates their emptiness. "If you're not going to go to school," she says, "the least you can do is clean your room."

IN the algebra word problems, a boat sails down a river while a jeep drives along the bank. Which will reach the capital first? If a plane flies at a certain speed from Boulder to Oklahoma City and then at a different speed from Oklahoma City to Detroit, how many cups of coffee can the stewardess serve, assuming she is unable to serve during the first and last ten minutes of each flight? How many times can a man ride the elevator to the top of the Empire State Building while his wife climbs the stairs, given that the woman travels one stair slower each flight? And if the man jumps up while the elevator is going down, which is moving—the man, the woman, the elevator, or the snow falling outside?

THE next Monday I get up and make preparations for going to school. I can tell at the breakfast table that my mother is afraid to acknowledge them for fear it won't be true. I haven't gotten up before ten o'clock in a week. My mother makes me French toast. I sit at the table and write the note excusing me for my absence. I am eighteen, an adult, and thus able to excuse myself from school. This is what my note says:

> DEAR MR. KELLY [my homeroom teacher]:
> Please excuse my absence February 17-24. I was unhappy and did not feel able to attend school.
>
> Sincerely,
> MICHAEL PECHETTI

This is the exact format my mother used when she wrote my notes, only she always said, "Michael was home with a sore throat," or "Michael was home with a bad cold." The colds that prevented me from going to school were always bad colds.

My mother watches me write the note but doesn't ask to see it. I leave it on the kitchen table when I go to the bathroom, and when I come back to get it I know she has read it. She is washing the bowl she dipped the French toast into. Before, she would let Keds lick it clean. He liked eggs.

IN Spanish class we are seeing a film on flamenco dancers. The screen wouldn't pull down, so it is being projected on the blackboard, which is green and cloudy with erased chalk. It looks a little as if the women are sick, and dancing in Heaven. Suddenly the little phone on the wall buzzes.

Mrs. Smitts, the teacher, gets up to answer it, and then walks over to me. She puts her hand on my shoulder and leans her face close to mine. It is dark in the room. "Miguel," Mrs. Smitts whispers, "*Tienes que ir a la oficina de* guidance."

"What?" I say.

She leans closer, and her hair blocks the dancers. Despite the clicking castanets and the roomful of students, there is something intimate about this moment. "*Tienes que ir a la oficina de* guidance," she repeats slowly. Then, "You must go to the guidance office. Now. *Vaya.*"

My guidance counsellor, Mrs. Dietrich, used to be a history teacher, but she couldn't take it anymore, so she was moved into guidance. On her immaculate desk is a calendar blotter with "LUNCH" written across the middle of every box, including Saturday and Sunday. The only other things on the desk are an empty photo cube and my letter to Mr. Kelly. I sit down, and she shows me the letter as if I haven't yet read it. I reread it.

"Did you write this?" she asks.

I nod affirmatively. I can tell Mrs. Dietrich is especially nervous about this interview. Our meetings are always charged with tension. At the last one, when I was selecting my second-semester courses, she started to laugh hysterically when I said I wanted to take Boys' Home Ec. Now every time I see her in the halls she stops me and asks me how I'm doing in Boys' Home Ec. It's the only course of mine she remembers.

I hand the note back to her and say, "I wrote it this morning," as if this clarified things.

"*This* morning?"

"At breakfast," I say.

"Do you think this is an acceptable excuse?" Mrs. Dietrich asks. "For missing more than a week of school?"

"I'm sure it isn't," I say.

"Then why did you write it?"

Because it is the truth, I start to say. It is. But somehow I know that saying this will make me more unhappy. It might make me cry. "I've been doing algebra at home," I say.

"That's fine," Mrs. Dietrich says, "but it's not the point. The point is, to graduate you have to attend school for a hundred and eighty days, or have legitimate excuses for the days you've missed. *That's the point. Do you want to graduate?*"

"Yes," I say.

"Of course you do," Mrs. Dietrich says.

She crumples my note and tries to throw it into the wastepaper basket but misses. We both look for a second at the note lying on the floor, and then I get up and throw it away. The only other thing in her wastepaper basket is a banana peel. I can picture her eating a banana in her tiny office. This, too, makes me sad.

"Sit down," Mrs. Dietrich says.

I sit down.

"I understand your dog died. Do you want to talk about that?"

"No," I say.

"Is that what you're so unhappy about?" she says. "Or is there something else?"

I almost mention the banana peel in her wastebasket, but I don't. "No," I say. "It's just my dog."

Mrs. Dietrich thinks for a moment. I can tell she is embarrassed to be talking about a dead dog. She would be more comfortable if it were a parent or a sibling.

THE FIRST YEAR

When the words had all been used
for other things
we saw the first day begin

out of the calling water
and the black branches
leaves no bigger than your fingertips
were unfolding on the tree of heaven
against the old stained wall
their green sunlight
that had never shone before

waking together we were the first
to see them
and we knew them
then

all the languages were foreign and the first
year rose

—W. S. Merwin

• •

"I don't want to talk about it," I repeat.

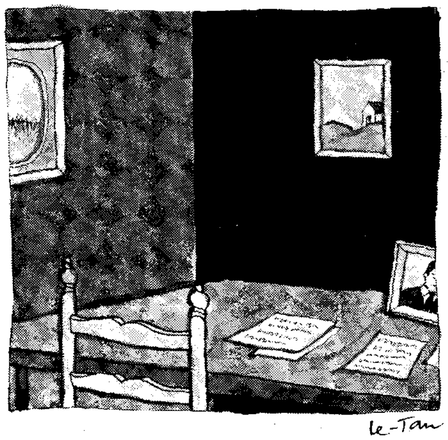
She opens her desk drawer and takes out a pad of hall passes. She begins to write one out for me. She has beautiful handwriting. I think of her learning to write beautifully as a child and then growing up to be a guidance counselor, and this makes me unhappy.

"Mr. Neuman is willing to overlook this matter," she says. Mr. Neuman is the principal. "Of course, you will have to make up all the work *you've missed. Can you do that?*"

"Yes," I say.

Mrs. Dietrich tears the pass from the pad and hands it to me. Our hands touch. "You'll get over this," she says. "Believe me, you will."

MY sister works until midnight at the Photo-Matica. It's a tiny booth in the middle of the A. & P. parking lot. People drive up and leave their film and come back the next day for the pictures. My sister wears a uniform that makes her look like a counterperson in a fast-food restaurant. Sometimes at night when I'm sick of being at home I walk downtown and sit in the booth with her.



There's a machine in the booth that looks like a printing press, only snapshots ride down a conveyor belt and fall into a bin and then disappear. The machine gives the illusion that your photographs are being developed on the spot. It's a fake. The same fifty photographs roll through over and over, and my sister says nobody notices, because *everyone* in town is taking the same pictures. She opens up the envelopes and looks at them.

Before I go into the booth, I buy cigarettes in the A. & P. It is open twenty-four hours a day, and I love it late at night. It is big and bright and empty. The checkout girl sits on her counter swinging her legs. The Muzak plays "If Ever I Would Leave You." Before I buy the cigarettes, I walk up and down the aisles. Everything looks good to eat, and the things that aren't edible look good in their own way. The detergent aisle is colorful and clean-smelling.

My sister is listening to the radio and polishing her nails when I get to the booth. It is almost time to close.

"I hear you went to school today," she says.

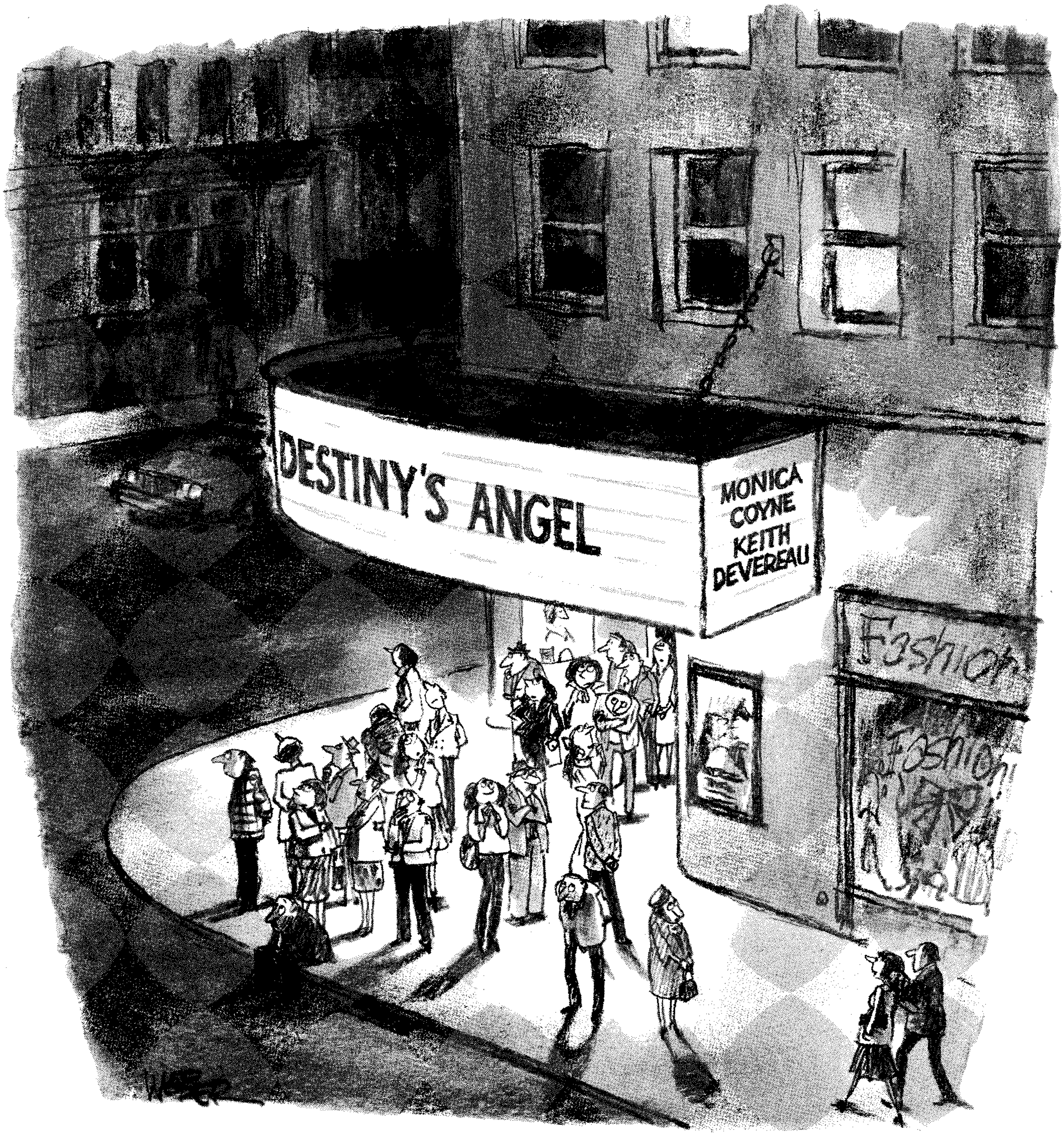
"Yeah."

"How was it?" she asks. She looks at her nails, which are so long it's frightening.

"It was O.K.," I say. "We made chili dogs in Home Ec."

"So are you over it all?"

I look at the pictures riding down the conveyor belt. I know the order



"I've heard it's one of those movies that make you stop and think."

• •

practically by heart: graduation, graduation, birthday, mountains, baby, baby, new car, bride, bride and groom, house . . . "I guess so," I say.

"Good," says my sister. "It was getting to be a little much." She puts her tiny brush back in the bottle, capping it. She shows me her nails. They're an odd brown shade. "Cinnamon," she says. "It's an earth color." She looks out at the parking lot. A boy is collecting the abandoned shopping carts, forming a long silver train, which he noses back toward the store. I can tell he is singing by the way his mouth moves.

"That's where we found Keds," my sister says, pointing to the Salvation Army bin.

When I went out to buy cigarettes, Keds would follow me. I hung out down here at night before he died. I was unhappy then, too. That's what no one understands. I named him Keds because he was all white with big black feet and it looked as if he had high-top sneakers on. My mother wanted to name him Bootie. Bootie is a cat's name. It's a dumb name for a dog.

"It's a good thing you weren't here when we found him," my sister says. "You would have gone crazy."

I'm not really listening. It's all nonsense. I'm working on a new problem: Find the value for *n* such that *n* plus everything else in your life makes you feel all right. What would *n* equal? Solve for *n*.

—PETER CAMERON

NEAR PALA

HERE the road was a soft red trough. In a Land-Rover laboring along it were four whites, the men in front, the women in back. The landscape was desolate but neat: dry plains, the grass cropped short, small and scattered thorn trees, no deadfall anywhere, late-afternoon light the color of glue.

The men had an acoustic advantage. In the front seat, especially when the Land-Rover was in first or second gear, they could, by leaning slightly forward, talk without being heard in the back. Or they could lean back and monitor or enter conversations proceeding behind them. They began discussing bonuses and leaned forward.

The woman seated behind the driver was discussing her pregnancy, wearily. "Tess, we must leave it," she said. "I'm so tired of my pregnancies as a topic. I'll tell you about Greece. I adored it, and he"—she gestured toward the driver—"loathed it." She waited for something.

She said, "Gareth, did you not loathe Greece?"

"What?" he asked, and then, before she could repeat her question, said, "Yes, Nan."

"There you have it. I adored it, he loathed it. For Gareth there is only one perfect spot: home—Sussex. So that all travel that is not Sussex is just willful. He hated things, Tess, that were so silly, like the Greeks hissing for taxis, which is simply their custom. And in Crete it was the hot-water schedule—an hour in the morning and another before supper, so we must always be poised to race back so as not to miss it. And the pillows were 'sandbags.' They *were* bad. There he had a point. I grant him that."

"We never go to Greece," Tess said.

"Well, you must. But what I truly think is, *we* should. I would rather not go with a man again, or at least not with Gareth, we are so ill-matched for that country. He agrees." Again she listened toward the front. She went on, "I irritated him no end. Item: I thought it was clever to refer to tavernas, places you eat, as though the Greek letters should just be read right off as sort of English, so I called them 'tabepnas.' I had to stop. Not amusing after all. Well. But every time we would see two women travelling together—this was Crete—he would say, 'Well, well, they must be on their way to Lesbos, where it all began.' And I said nothing—not once. Then the fortresses, or 'fortetsas.' They are on headlands, very high, walled about, beautiful, overlooking the blue sea. There were sieges lasting generations. Cooped in, but they could look at the Aegean. So beautiful. But I was saying: On the top, there are date palms, old gardens still growing, graves, mosques. All these different conquerors left different artifacts, you see, and I just wanted to wander at will. But Gareth had it that straight off we must walk all round the perimeter to get a 'sense,' as he said, and only then could one wander at will. So it was. *Placet*. Drive gently, Gareth, we are tipping."

"I adore Cape Town," Tess said. "Botswana is so dry."

"But Greece! We could organize it, Tess, and it is so much the reverse of life at the mine. I mean, the mine is all right. And Cape Town— All right, you go down there, I accept that it's beautiful, but it's far from one hundred per cent the reverse of the mine. I mean, everywhere in South Africa the whites are on compounds, too, but armed and that. One wants something totally unlike—not South Africa!"

"Greece sounds lovely. Would you take the new baby?"

"I forgot."

Gareth said sharply to the women that someone should please hand the water bottle forward to Tom. It was done.

Peace Offering

NAN said to Tess, "Truly, one comes to dislike the medical profession. Now I must deal with them again. Coming back here to Botswana from holiday, it was so strange and nice. We were in the plane, coming low over the land. I was happy to see Botswana again. It was so strange, Tess—the country seemed like a poor relation, someone nice who refuses gifts at first, someone you like. This country is so poor. We were flying low over it. And then all I could think of was our friend the peerless Dr. Hartogs, who said that from the air the country looks as if it has ringworm. He was saying that the brush fencing round the family rondavels and kraals looks like that. It spoiled it."

"We love the sea," Tess said. "Give us four days and we make straight for Durban. Durban isn't nice, but it has the sea to put your feet in."

"You'll be singing a different tune about Hartogs when your day comes," Gareth said over his shoulder.

TESS said, "Nowadays whenever I am on paved road I never take it for granted. Even in U.K. I *enjoy* it, just the being on it. Even here, when you get to the paved roads, bad as they are, I just say thank God to myself. I hate these spoors. And why do they call these tire ruts spoors, does anyone know?"

Tom said, "We put in the roads and they don't maintain them, do they? They think a road is a thing like your fingernail—chip it and it grows back. Well, they're wrong, aren't they?"

Gareth slowed. They were approaching a narrow concrete-slab bridge over a gully. There was no more than a yard of clearance on either side of the vehicle. The streambed beneath the slab was baked sand pocked with hoofmarks. They crossed safely. The bushes beside the road were plated with red dust.

THEY passed a small settlement and the men began to laugh. An imposing thorn tree overhanging a shed at the roadside was clotted with paper refuse—streamers of toilet tissue caught in the spines.

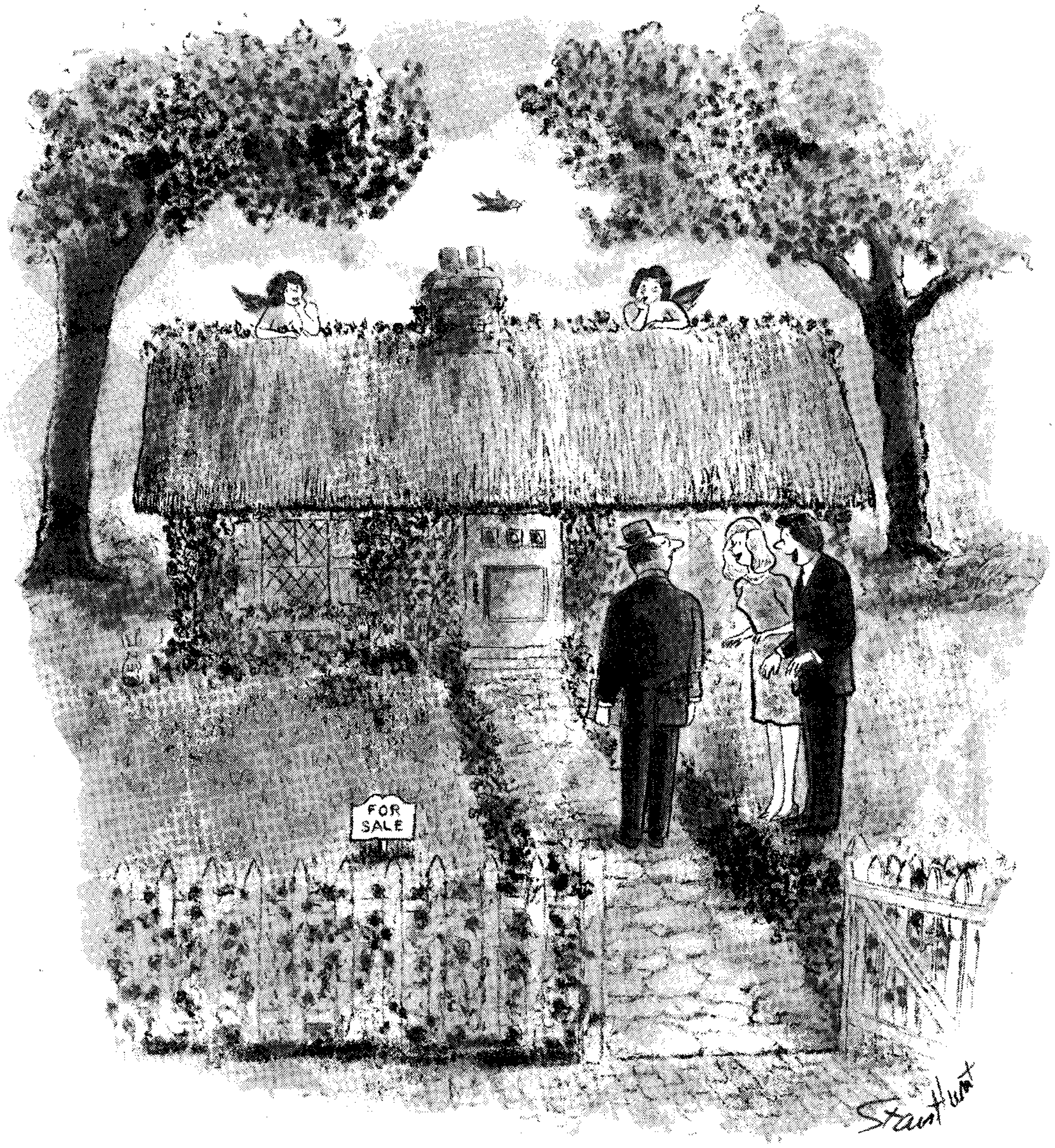
Nan said, "It's unfair. We bring in all these metal and plastic things and bottles that don't decay. In the old times, they could leave anything about and it was organic—it would decay or be eaten. Even as it is, the goats eat a lot of the plastic. Look at the courtyards, Tess. They are as neat as you like. They sweep them morning and evening."

"Yes, everything goes into the lane," Gareth said.

"THEY aren't wasteful," Nan said, in a voice made light. "Every bit of rag they can get they make something with. They make shifts out of maize sacks. They will ask you for your rags and they are so grateful—"

"Hallo! Nan, don't look on the right! Dead beast." Gareth was peremptory.

Nan did as she was told. The men looked. On the bank was the corpse of a heifer, fresh. Dogs or jackals had been at work. There was movement in the brush adjacent.



"We'll take it."

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"Third one this trip," Tom said. "This drought is red hell."

Gareth nodded. He related something that Hartogs, who was a great hunter, had told him. Animals were being driven mad with thirst and were fighting over carrion. There was some zoological protocol between vultures and jackals that was breaking down. The jackals were supposed to withdraw when the birds came, but lately they were staying and fighting. Hartogs had witnessed a magnificent fight. Gareth described it until Nan asked him to stop.

NAN said to Tess, but projecting for the benefit of the front, "Truly, are we so superior as we think? I wonder a little. When we first moved in at the mine, we did something at the house so stupid I am still in pain. There were two pawpaw trees growing side by side by the house, one thriving with nice big pawpaws on it and the other sick-looking and leafless—dead-looking. Well, we thought it was plain what we should do: take down the dead tree. So we hauled and pushed on the trunk of the poor tree and strained and pulled it over—uprooted it, Gareth and myself. It was his idea: we must just straight off do this, get it over. Then, with the crash, the servants come out. They had funny looks on. Dineo said, so quietly, 'Oh, Mma, you have killed the male.' We didn't understand. It seems the pawpaw grow in pairs, couples, male and female. The male tree looks like a phallus—no foliage to it, really. The female needs the male in order to bear. They take years to reach the height ours had. Then the female died. The staff had been eating pawpaws from our tree for years. It was a humiliation."

"Bit ancient times by now, isn't it?" Gareth said angrily.

"So sorry," Nan said.

They saw a woman standing at the edge of a strip of cultivated land, a mealie patch. A baby was bound to her back with a blanket.

Nan resumed, in the same projecting voice, "And these blankets, let me just mention. These blankets they tie their children to them with. One sees the babies in the hot season and they are sweating and drenched. And I know from the sisters that quite a lot of them get pneumonia and die of it, when they shouldn't. Why, do you think? I say because of acrylics. That's all they can get nowadays. The acrylics don't breathe. Of course, in the old times they used skins, or if they bought blankets they were wool. But we bring them marvellous cheap acrylics, make them very cheap and drive out the wool, and their children are perishing. Try to buy a wool blanket today at any price in this part of the world."

Gareth half faced the back. "Might I ask where you have the least proof of that? You don't know a bloody thing about it. We can't set a foot right if we're white, can we? Regular litany with you, Nan. You're becoming tiresome!"

"Could you possibly just carry on driving and not overturning? Let the women talk, Gareth. No, I have no proof, sorry. Now watch him start racing."

TOM and Gareth began talking about crime. They agreed that the situation was getting out of hand.

Tom said, "You know, they have some of those road-contract chaps billeted in the Shangule Hotel to this day, the housing they promised is still not ready. Well, I talked to one of them. Well, you know how the hotel is, just by the railroad station. Train comes in twelve at night and stops for five minutes. So what happens? Every night at twelve—*pum pum pum*, you have these villains bounding down the hallways, footsteps, rattling door handles one after another just to see if they're unlocked, by chance. Then comes a shout that the train is going, and *pum pum pum*, everybody pelts back and all aboard. Every night of the week without fail—set your watch to it. Life in the metropolis of Shangule."

Tess began complaining to Nan about stealing. "The stealing is getting terrible, really."

"I know they steal," Nan said. "I think I should steal, too, in their place. No, I mean this, Tess. I heard a story. Two American Peace Corps women staying in a rondavel in Serowe. Middle of the night. They hear sounds. They're locked in tight, all right, but they hear someone fooling at the door and windows. 'Go away!' they say. 'Who is it?' There is silence, and then a voice says, 'We are thieves, let us in.' That somehow is so typical. I don't think they are really cruel. Wait." She edged forward, signalling Tess to say nothing. She sat back.

"Gareth is still on about crime. It's coming up a sermon—how criminal, how worthless the Botswana are. How slow they are. 'They move like clouds,' he likes to say. They are so insanitary and so forth and so on ad nauseam world without end. It wears me right out. Not that I wasn't that way. I was worse, at first. I was just maniac when food fell on the floor and one of the children picked it up to eat, because the help are barefoot— What is it?"

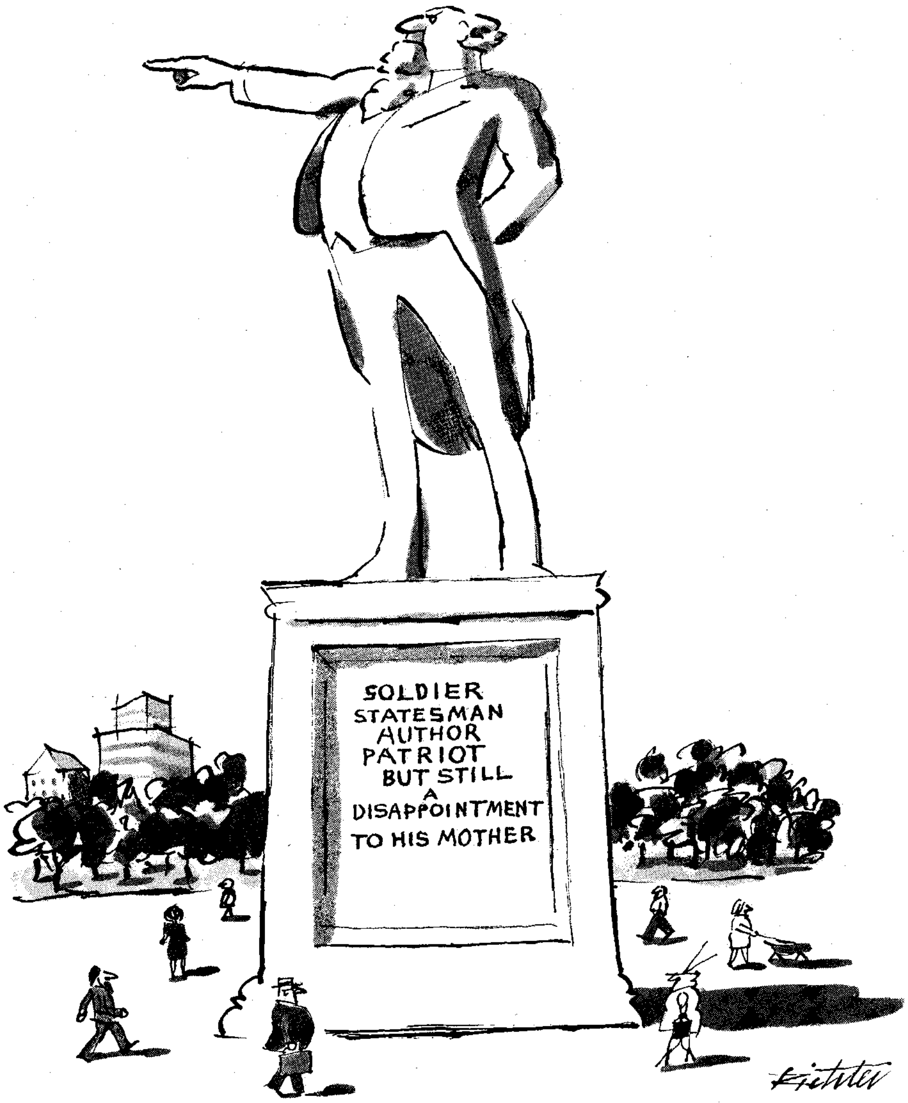
Tess was pressing a palm to her middle and frowning. She put a finger to her lips and slid closer to Nan. In a low voice, she said, "I'm ovulating. I get a stitch over here when it starts. Or on the other side."

"You mean without fail? So you always know where you are?"

"All my life."

"Aren't you lucky!" Nan said. Her eyes reddened, and she turned to look out the window on her side.

THEY had been passing through a long stretch of burned-over land. The bleakness oppressed them. The women began estimating how far it was to Lobatse, their destination. Tom



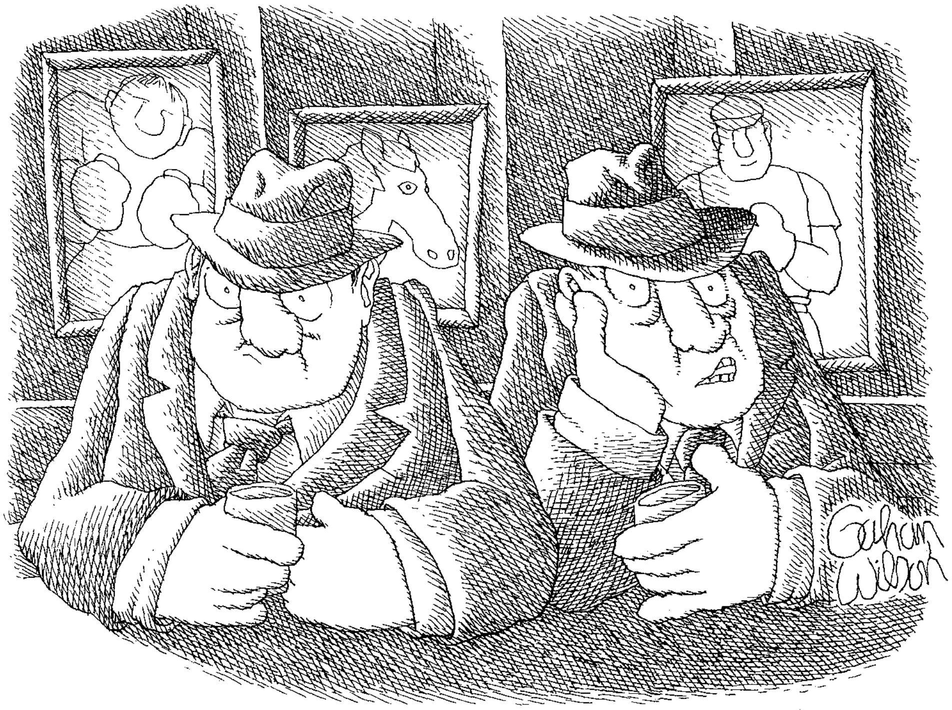
corrected them. "Ladies, you are too low by half. It's three hours from here to the pavement, with the worst driving yet to come—the deep sand near Pala, the Trench. Then on the bitumen it's an hour and a half to Lobatse, the Cumberland Hotel, a lager, fillet chasseur, a bathe, and good night all and thank you very much."

He offered the water bottle. Tess drank from it, but Nan said no. She explained to Tess, "In truth, I am parched, but I don't want to make Gareth pull up for my comfort more than I have to—especially near Pala. There we must have momentum." Tess set the bottle on the seat next to her.

"Just look at this country," Nan said. "Red rock wilderness. It makes one sad, really."

Tess made a sympathetic face.

They began tacking. Here the road was braided around dry sinks and sharp rock outcrops. The women looked commiseration at one another. The vehicle ran close to the bank on some curves. Brush scraped the windows.



"These days, I suppose it doesn't matter whether you've read Thomas Mann or not."

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THE driving eased, finally. The men were murmuring about the road mess in Botswana. They were cynical. Nan sat forward, straining to hear. Contractors were using shoddy materials. Service trenches were subsiding through lack of proper compaction. Heavy equipment was being dragged across fresh tarmac without rollers. There were too few bellmouths.

Nan interrupted. "Do I understand you to be saying that all the trouble with the new roads is *not* just the Botswana government people but, aha!, bad workmanship by outsiders—whites, isn't it?—from South Africa and from Europe?"

"Well, to an extent, yes," Gareth said.

"Well, if you know about this, why don't you inform government? I'm sure they'd be grateful."

"They don't want to hear it."

"Oh, do they not? How do you know? Have you tried?"

"One can't just go and point a finger. They don't want to hear this. We are not road engineers, are we now?"

"No, but you are *engineers*. Mine engineers, but you know something about materials, and you seem to know quite a lot about roads, too, as it seems. So why not tell government?"

Tom said, "Waste of breath. You may believe that. You listen to your husband."

"They don't want to hear it," Gareth said again, more firmly.

"But then a letter. Anonymous. Or write the *Daily News*. They print letters."

Both men laughed, then said, "Not likely," in unison, which made them laugh again.

Nan raised her voice. "Why don't you go to, oh, *anyone*, then? Go to the High Commission instead of just sitting there laughing at the sheer folly of ever, ever, ever trying seriously to help these poor wretches get something they pay for! You won't even try! Because even if there are pirates you won't do it. Tess, this is what I am ill with. Just this."

Gareth spoke in an even, ominous tone. "You are exciting yourself. We'll not have it. There is nasty driving coming and you are doing this. Tess, can you assist? We are not alone in this vehicle, Nan."

"Oh, you don't like what I say—what a surprise! You don't care for the people here, and there is an end of it. The smallest thing I propose is always senseless, madness—I must put it from me. Like the tins the workmen boil up their mealie pap in for breakfast and tea, No. 10 size. They are just boiling the lead from the seams straight into their food. Now, it *cannot* be sound. I spoke to the sisters, and they said, 'Good heavens, are they?' Tess, not even will he get a proper three-leg pot or two for his own men. That would *interfere*."

"You are making a row!" Gareth shouted.

Nan said, still loud, "Yes. Talking of rows, Tess, listen. Last week, blazing rage. For what? First, you know all the beef this country sends abroad. All right, they don't eat much beef. Certainly the poor hardly see it unless the chief has something to celebrate. No, the beef is kept to multiply, and then, when they need cash, it goes straight to the abattoir and then straightaway into tins and to Europe—England. Because grass-fed beef makes up perfectly into baby food, Tess. Now, what drove him to rage was this mad idea of mine: Why can't government just save aside some portion of the tinned baby food and provide it to mothers free through clinics—why not?"

Gareth broke in. "I'll tell you why, because the mothers would eat it, wouldn't they?"

"Oh, Gareth! You shame me! Yes, all right. Some would. But a lot would get to the babies. The mothers are hungry, too. And the babies go straight from the breast to mealie pap, starch. And it kills a lot of them—indirectly—Tess."

"Mealie has protein," Gareth said.

"Ah, but so little! And one can just look at the size of the people. The men are small. Answer me why the meat must go only to the fair babies of Europe."

"You know my answer."

"Well, state it for Tess and Tom, or just for Tess, then—by now they are fascinated."

"It is not our part! That would be the dole, and the government are dead set they will not have that, and quite right. Now enough!"

"And that's all you truly see?"

"All there is, isn't it? Ah." They had reached the last high point before the Pala stretch. The men were relieved.

"The Trench!" Tom said. "There it is."

Tess said softly to Nan, "We must be still."

Very softly, Nan said, "You know I don't hate him, Tess, do you?"

Tess patted Nan's shoulder.

THE last of the sun was in their eyes as they descended. Gareth came down into the deep sand with good speed. The long ascent began well. The trick was to stay precisely in the spoors cut by the last vehicle preceding. There were hazards to avoid, the worst being the loose meshes of brush, like nests, which had earlier been packed into soft places in the track by drivers who had gotten stuck. Gareth scanned the road far ahead. There was right-of-way for only one vehicle. If two vehicles met, one would have to climb up into the side drifts or reverse to the last spot wide enough to permit clearance. Gareth was taut.

The road was below the level of the land. The banks at this point ran even with their shoulders. Nan looked to the rear. The dust plume they were churning up extended as far back as she could see—solid, like a wall. For some time, no one spoke.

They saw something in the middle distance ahead—a figure, and then figures, on the right bank, motioning. Grim, Gareth said, "*Na lifti.*"

Nan said, "Nobody is saying give lifts, Gareth. We are quite presentably full up. No fear."

The figures grew closer.

"It's *bushies!*" Tom said.

"No, it's too far south—can't be," Gareth said.

"No, it is, it is—it's bushies," Tom said. "They must be clear over from the pan. It must be the drought. I hear the pan is dried up. God, that is a distance to come. Dear God above. It is. There's a string of them. Want us to stop."

"Well, good luck," Gareth said.

"Bushmen—Basarwa," Nan said. "But only women."

"Hard to tell," Tom said, trying to be light.

Tess said, "Oh, pity—they must want to trade ostrich shells or that beadwork. They want tobacco or salt or anything. Sugar. Too bad. They just give it away if you have what they want. Oh, too bad. I have some lovely

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MY DONKEY

Is an ancient color. He's the color
Of a prehistoric desert
Where great prehistoric suns have sunk and burned out
To a bluish powder.

He stood there through it all, head hanging.

He's the color
Of a hearth full of ashes, next morning,
Tinged with rusty pink.

Or the color of a cast-iron donkey, roasted in a bonfire,
And still standing there after it, cooling,
Pale with ashes and oxides.

He's been through a lot.
But here he is in the nettles, under the chestnut leaves,
With his surprising legs—
Such useful ready legs, so light and active—

And neat round hooves, for putting down just anywhere,
Ready to start out again this minute scrambling all over Tibet!

And his quite small body, tough and tight and useful,
Like traveller's luggage,
A thing specially made for hard use, with no trimmings,
Nearly ugly. Made to outlast its owner.

His face is what I like.
And his head, much too big for his body—a toy head,
A great, rabbit-eared, pantomime head—
And his friendly rabbit face,

His big, friendly, humorous eyes, which can turn wicked,
Long and devilish, when he lays his ears back.

But mostly he's comical—and that's what I like.
I like the joke he seems
Always just about to tell me. And the laugh,

The rusty pump-house engine that cranks up laughter
From some long-ago, far-off, laughterless desert—

The dry, hideous guffaw
That makes his great teeth nearly fall out.

—TED HUGHES

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things. Oh, pity we can't stop and see. Well, that is life."

The banks were lower here. They drew even with the Basarwa—two young girls and an older woman with an infant caught against her front in a leather sling, all gesturing urgently.

Tess said, "They look so Chinese—they are all cheekbones; look at it."

The women were close to the road. Two of them were holding out pots or cans. The girls were waving the vessels up and down, stiffly, frantically. The mother dropped into an odd posture, like kneeling prayer, but clapping her hands under her chin. They made a tableau. The Rover approached. The women were dressed in skins and rags. They were thin. Nan stared. Arms and legs were like sticks. Their hair seemed to grow in dots on their skulls. One girl appeared to be wearing a kind of cap, but it was a huge scab, Nan saw. All were smiling unnaturally at the vehicle as it passed slowly. They were calling out. Nan opened her window. It was impossible to understand anything.

"Will you *slow*, Gareth?" Nan asked. "I can't hear them."

Gareth said nothing.

The faces did look Oriental, except for the hair. The mother got up. The whole group began to trot alongside.

Nan opened the window fully and put her head out. Tess pulled at her.

"Can we not slow, Gareth?" Nan asked urgently.

"They're trading," Gareth answered.

"No," Nan said. "They're saying '*metse*.' That's it. We must stop, Gare. I have it clear."

Tess said, "What on earth is *metse*? *I* don't have any."

"*Water*, Tess. They want water. I have never heard of this. They don't do this. Look, they're keeping up. This is too desperate. We must stop. We have the outer tank. It's full of water. We must stop. Gare, I am pleading! I am faint. You must stop. Stop this. We have the external tank. You must *attend*. They are all running. One of the girls, Gare—a scab condition. They are smiling at us, begging. Gare, if you love me, *please stop!*"

"They can run for miles, they say," Tess said.

"That is the men, Tess—when they *hunt*."

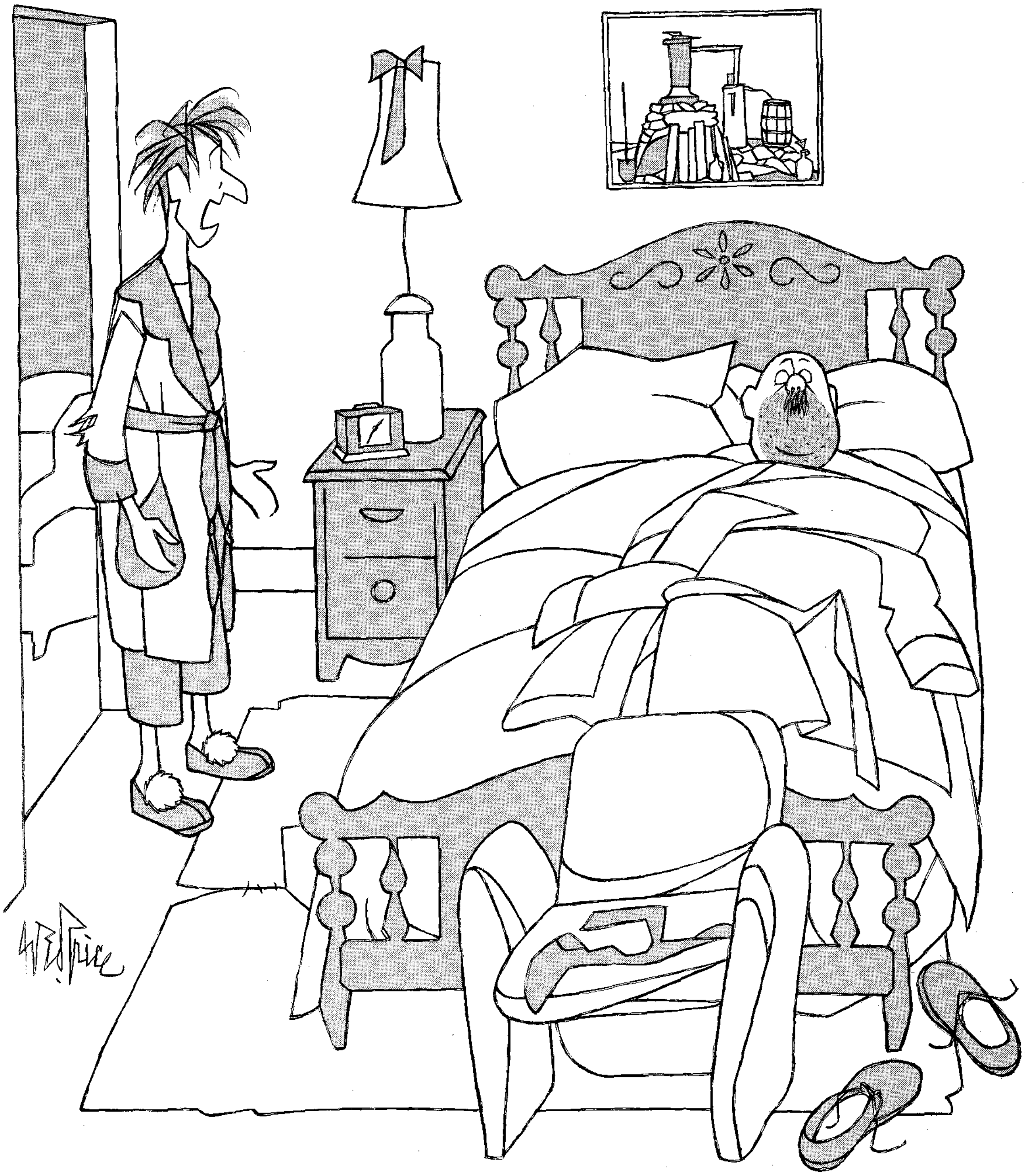
"Right. They blow poison darts, and that weakens the animal or rhino or what all, and then they just run after it until it drops. Days, sometimes, it takes. They can run."

"Tess, be still. Look at them."

The Basarwa were reaching to touch or catch hold of the vehicle.

"Gare," Nan said. "What do you say? Please, my heart, we *must* stop!" She put her hands on his shoulders. He tensed and bucked violently to reject her touch.

Gareth said, "There is no chance. We are in sand, Nan. We could be



"It's Day One of the merry month of May. You want a piece of the action?"

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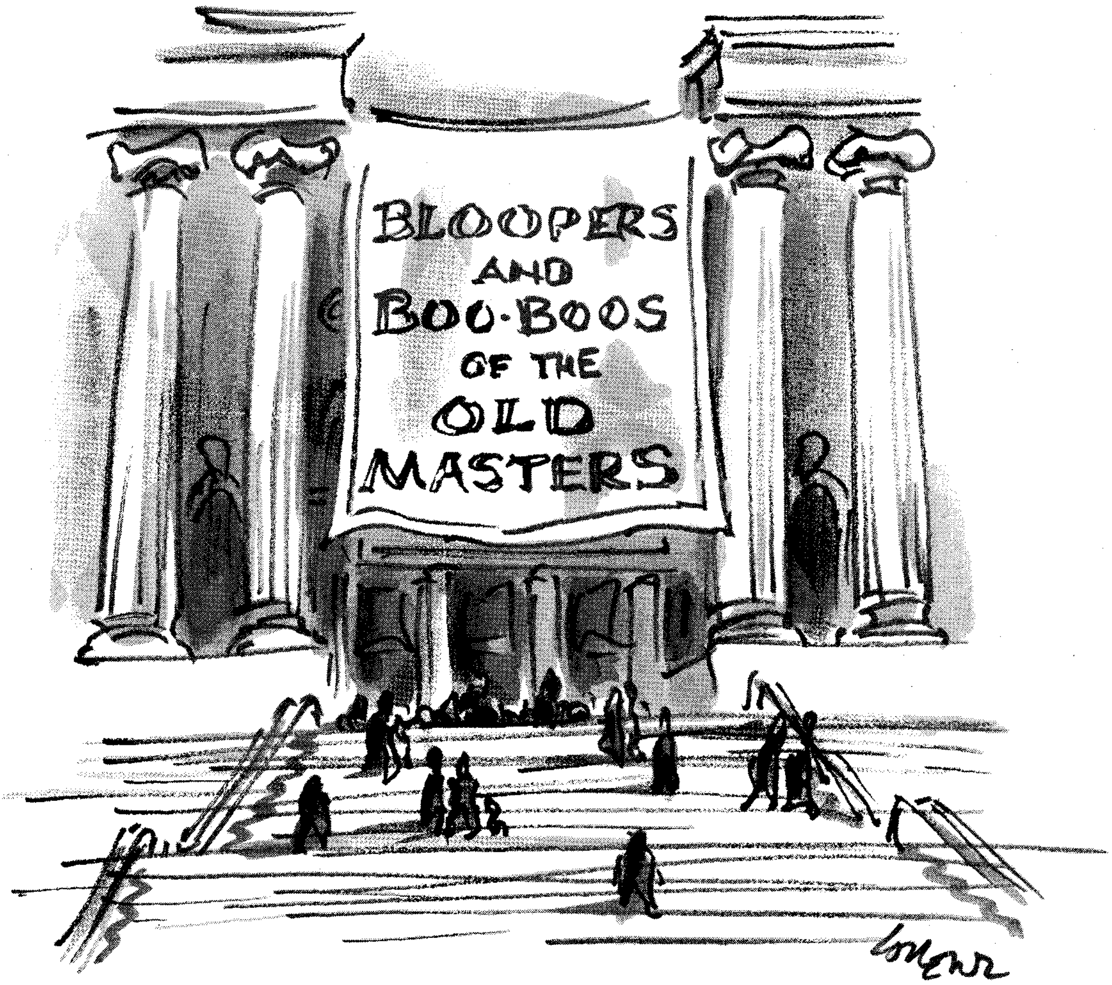
BLOOPERS AND BOO-BOOS OF THE OLD MASTERS
Lorenz

all night. *No!*" He was increasing speed.

"Then, Gare," she said, "if we stick, all right, we could put brush down—I would help. I would help. Please, Gare. The mother is running. Their mother is running. We won't stick. Help can turn up. They are skin and bone!" She appealed to Tess. "They are skin and bone. We are making them run."

Again Nan put her head out the window. The Land-Rover was drawing away. Nan could hear the dire breathing of the runners.

"No stopping, I say," Tom said.

Nan ducked back in. "Tom, this is our vehicle!" she said, shouting.

"You shall be civil to Tom," Gareth said, in his most menacing voice.

Nan saw one of the girls drop to the ground, spent.

"One of the girls has fallen."

"Nan, we are picking up dust. You will close up. Close the window."

Gareth was right. There was dust in the air. "Hear, hear!" Tess said. She had taken out a bandanna and was holding it bunched near her mouth.

Nan closed the window and sat back, making herself look forward, her face agonized.

"They are still at the side, Gareth," Nan said. "Gare, at the window you can see them, two of them. Gare, please look. Oh, *help!*"

Nan opened the window again. She looked back. The second girl had fallen. Only the mother, still carrying the baby, was still pursuing, her face wild. She would soon fall.

"The mother is still running, Gareth. She is straining, with that baby. I wish you would look. You are destroying me. *We must stop!*"

The mother was heaving with effort. It was too much. She threw her arms up and fell on her back, protecting the infant she was carrying.

The Land-Rover ground onward. Nan looked to the rear. The women were lost. She covered her face with her hands. Then she lowered her hands and seized the water bottle from Tess, who was holding it. She shoved her window open and hurled the bottle out onto the bank. She lunged toward the front, grasping for anything else she could find to throw out of the vehicle. The men shouted. Tom grappled with her. Tess shrank into her corner. Tom turned and got on his knees in his seat and seized Nan by the shoulders. He pressed her back. He held her. Gareth was trembling with fury.

"She has pitched out the water bottle, Gareth," Tom said.

With a roaring cry that frightened them all, Gareth drove his foot down on the brake. The Rover slewed and stopped. The engine died. Tom released Nan.

They sat in silence, tilted, mastering themselves. Nan was the first to speak. "Why have we stopped, Gareth?" she whispered.

Gareth was contained. "One of us must collect the bottle. Simple enough."

For a moment they were in darkness, enclosed in the dust of their passage as the wind came up sharply behind them. Nothing could be done until it was clear again. They waited.

Tom moved to get out. But Gareth caught Tom's wrist and pulled him roughly back. "One of us must collect the bottle," Gareth said again.

—NORMAN RUSH

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HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Marquette Tribune, newspaper of Marquette University*]

The Public Safety investigation to uncover the person or persons who sent the fake university-wide memo at the end of last month claiming Director J. J. McGinnis' resignation may be solved soon, McGinnis said.

"We have lots of speculation on who may have done it, but we cannot make incorrect falsehoods," he said.

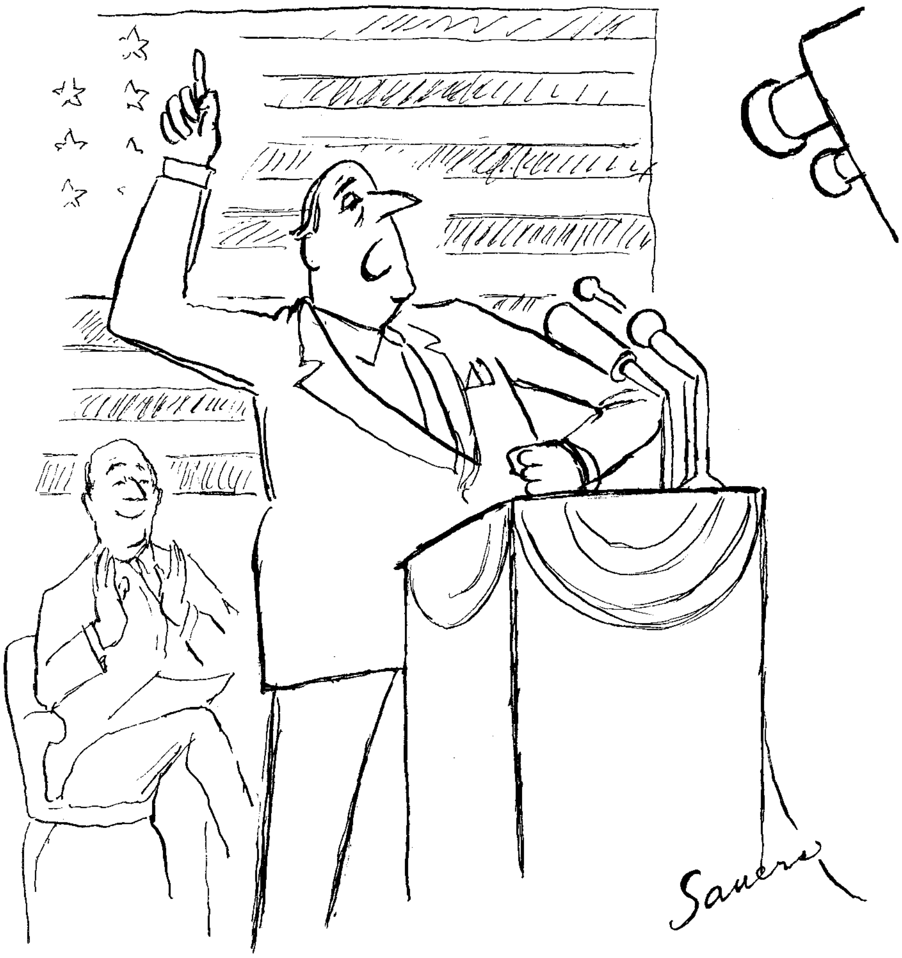
A REPORTER AT HOME

STORM

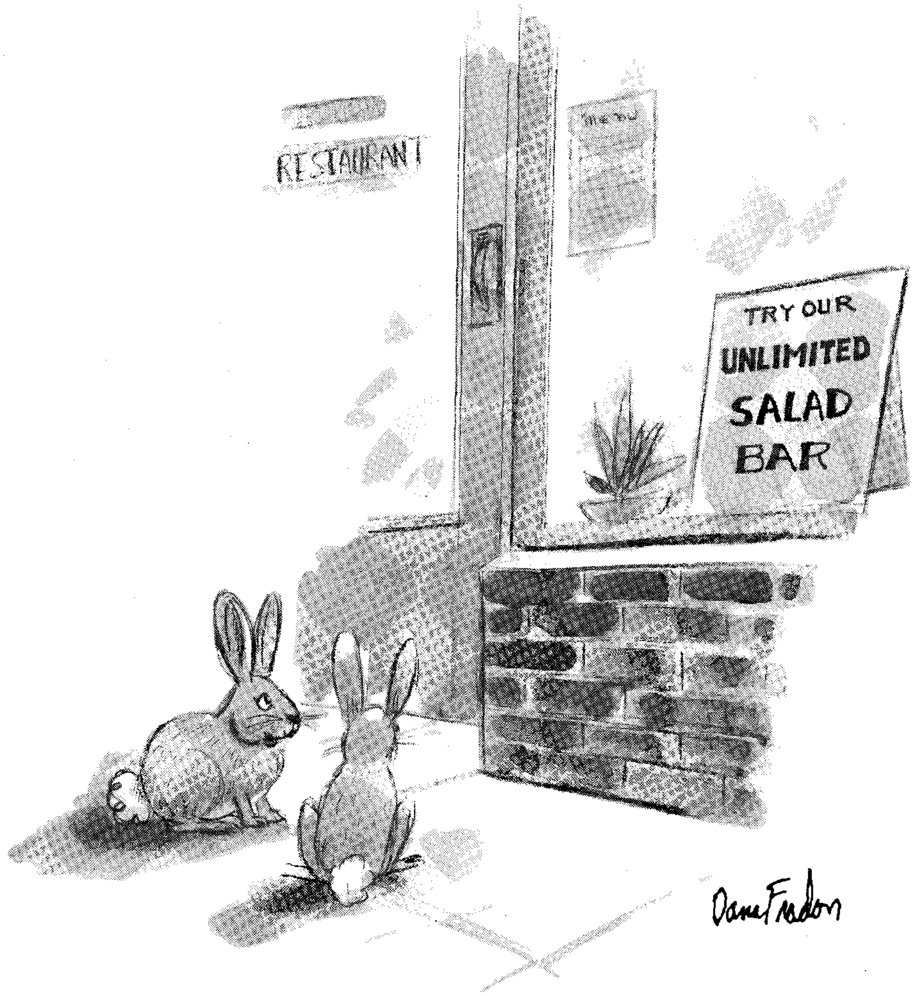
WHEN my wife and I went to bed in our house, about a mile inland from the coastal village of Amagansett, on eastern Long Island, on Wednesday night, March 28th, it was raining hard, and a wild north wind was blowing the rain against the windows. I woke up for a moment around three o'clock, and the sound at the windows had changed. The rain had turned to sleet. When we came down to breakfast on Thursday morning, it was snowing—a dense, driving snow. We live on a hilltop in a countryside of potato fields and woods, and the treetops were twisting and thrashing and bending low. It looked like a blizzard. I let our current dog, a black cocker spaniel named Sam, out the kitchen door, but he took one look and came back in.

We ate breakfast and listened to the news on the radio. A series of tornadoes in the Carolinas had killed at least fifty people, injured hundreds, and left thousands homeless. High tides and twenty-foot waves were ripping the New Jersey shore. There were maritime warnings as far north as Boston. Winds had reached gale force, and higher gusts—hurricane gusts—were predicted. Many highways were flooded, and all highways were treacherous. More than a foot of snow had fallen in the Poconos. Schools and colleges throughout the metropolitan area were closing. All metropolitan airports were— The radio went dead and the lights went out. The furnace stopped. We sat and waited. Like all people who live in the country, Kay and I had been through this before—many times before. We waited, and hoped, for the lights to flicker on again. But nothing happened. The worst of it was that we were one of the Long Island Lighting Company's up-to-the-minute all-electric homes. Everything was electric—the oil-fired furnace, the kitchen range, the hot-water heater, the pump that drew water from our well, even my razor. I finished what was left of my breakfast and went to the telephone and called 727-8400, the emergency number of the Long Island Lighting Company. I got the busy signal. So we were not alone. I put on a sweater and made a fire in the living-room fireplace. The barometer in my office registered 28.9—the lowest I could remember in recent years. The thermometer outside my office window registered 30 degrees. The three of us—Kay and Sam and I—sat by the fire and listened to the roar of the wind. Every four or five minutes, either Kay or I would go to the telephone and call 727-8400. And would get the busy signal.

Around ten o'clock, I put on boots and a down jacket and went out to the woodshed and brought in an armful of cordwood. Then, such is habit, I drove in to the village for the morning *Times* and the mail. There was an inch or two of snow on the ground, and the air was full of driving snow and flying litter. I could hear a heavy roaring, and thought of the twenty-foot waves along the New Jersey shore. But I listened again, and it wasn't the boom of the surf that I was hearing. What I heard was the wind, only the wind. I saw a big elm down—one of the last of the turn-of-the-century elms—near the fire station on Amagansett's Main Street. There were broken branches everywhere. Both the store and the post office were without lights, but the *Times* and the mail had both been delivered. The electric clock on the post-office wall read nine-forty. I could hardly get back to my car against the wind. I watched an abandoned shopping cart wobble across the parking lot and overturn. I thought of driving on to the ocean for a look at the surf, and then remembered a friend who had had the same thought several years before and had lost most of the paint on one side of his car in a blast of blowing sand. I drove directly home. I turned up my driveway and parked in the turnaround and got out and happened to glance at the verge of woods that marks our north property line—and saw the cause of our trouble. The top of a sixty-foot oak had broken off



"And if elected I will reunite the phone company!"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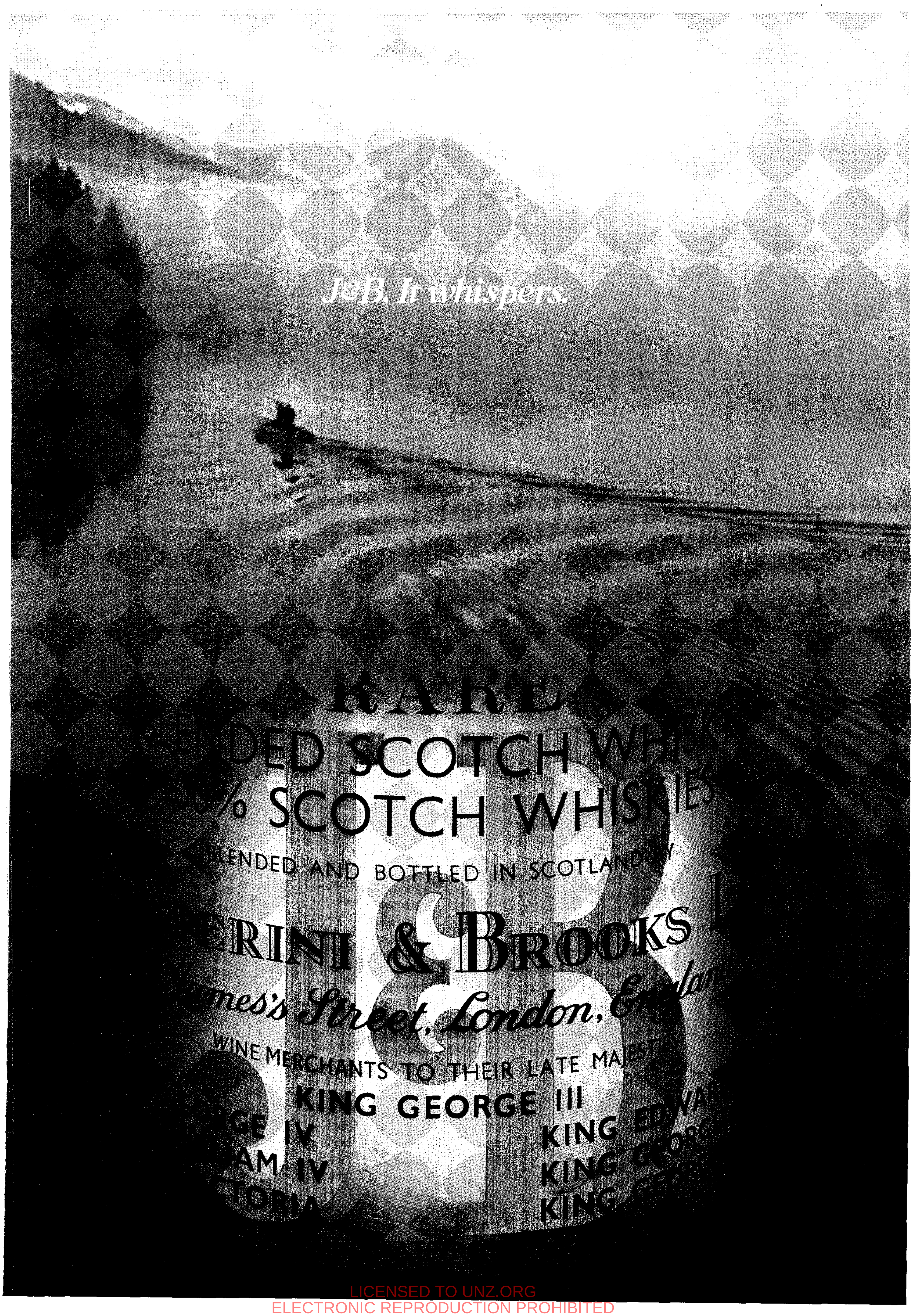
"This looks like a nice place."

and was hanging, bouncing in the wind, on what was left of our power line. I went in the house and told Kay the bad news. A general power outage, even a neighborhood power outage, was one thing; it would be attended to without an individual complaint from every affected Lilco customer. The hanging treetop meant that our outage was ours alone; it would have to be specifically reported. Kay told me her news. The Lilco emergency number was still busy.

I sat down by the fire with the *Times*. But I couldn't comfortably see to read. I got up and went over to the big front window. There wasn't much light even there. I looked at the front page and scanned a few headlines. The cold seeped through the window like a draft. The furnace had been off for a good two hours. I gave up, and went back to the fire to get warm. It was more, though, than the growing cold in the room. I felt too restless to read. There is an excitement about a big storm. It dominates the mind and trivializes everything else. I knew there was no cause for alarm. We would, however uncomfortably, endure. But there was a pressing sense of survival. I went to the telephone and called 727-8400 again. It was still busy. I came back and piled some more wood on the fire, and made an inventory of our assets. We had plenty of firewood: I'd been cutting wood all winter. There was water—warm, tepid, or cool—in the hot-water tank. There was bound to be some water in the water tank in the pump room. We had two tank toilets: two flushes. We had plenty of candles and plenty of candlesticks, including some hurricane globes. We had a flashlight. And somewhere up in the attic there was a little two-burner butane picnic stove. I went and got it. It turned out that one of the burners was broken. There were, however, two cylinders of gas. Kay said one burner was enough, at least for some kind of lunch. She could manage. The fire was getting low. It was astonishing how much wood it took to keep it going strong. I went out to the shed and brought in three big armloads. I checked the barometer. It had fallen a fraction, to 28.8. The temperature reading was 29 degrees. I hadn't noticed before, but when I came back from my office there was a thin haze of smoke along the living-room ceiling.

Lunch was canned chili, heated on the little picnic stove, and soda crackers. With it we drank, in the rationed absence of water, a bottle of beer. Sam had his usual dog biscuits. My hands were inky from the *Times* and grimy from tending the fire, and I would have liked to have a wash, but I thought I'd better save that amenity until just before dinner. There was nothing I could do about shaving. Kay cleared away the dishes and glasses and silverware, and added them to the breakfast things in the paralyzed dishwasher. I tried the Lilco number again. I went out and started the car and turned on the radio and found a local station. I listened to an endless list of cancellations—schools, meetings, club activities, sports events, exercise classes, little-theatre rehearsals, trains, buses. I had no idea we were such a busy community. The snow was expected to end this evening. Strong winds were expected to continue through tonight. A fishing boat was missing off Montauk Point. Then came the thump and screech of rock music. I took another look at the broken treetop. It was still hanging there. I went back to the woodshed and brought in another load of wood. Kay said a friend in our neighboring village of East Hampton had called. We were dining there on Saturday night. No, their power had only flickered. I would have to do something about shaving by Saturday. The telephone rang. My foolish heart leaped. Could it be Lilco? No. It could not. And it wasn't. It was our son, calling from his home in south-central Massachusetts. He was at home because of the storm. So was his little daughter. He guessed they had had almost fifteen inches of snow. Their power had gone off, but only for about twenty minutes. He wished us well. He was sure we would have power in time for dinner. A moment later, I thought he might just possibly be right. I called Lilco again—and this time it rang. It rang and rang and rang, and finally a man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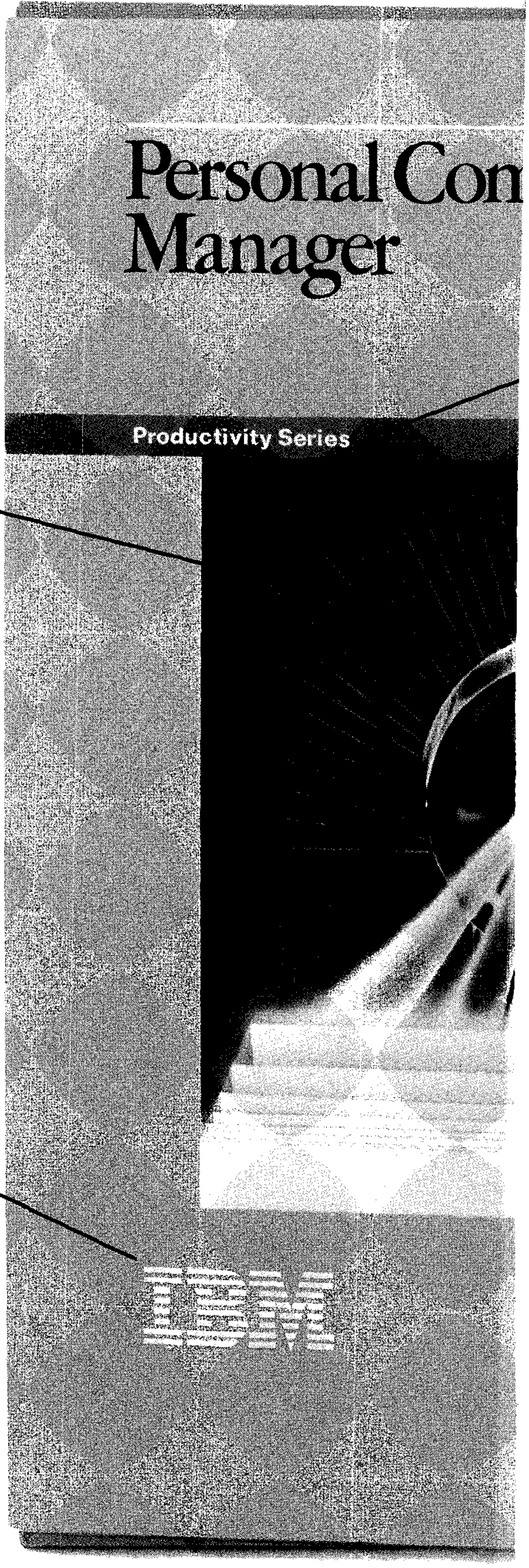

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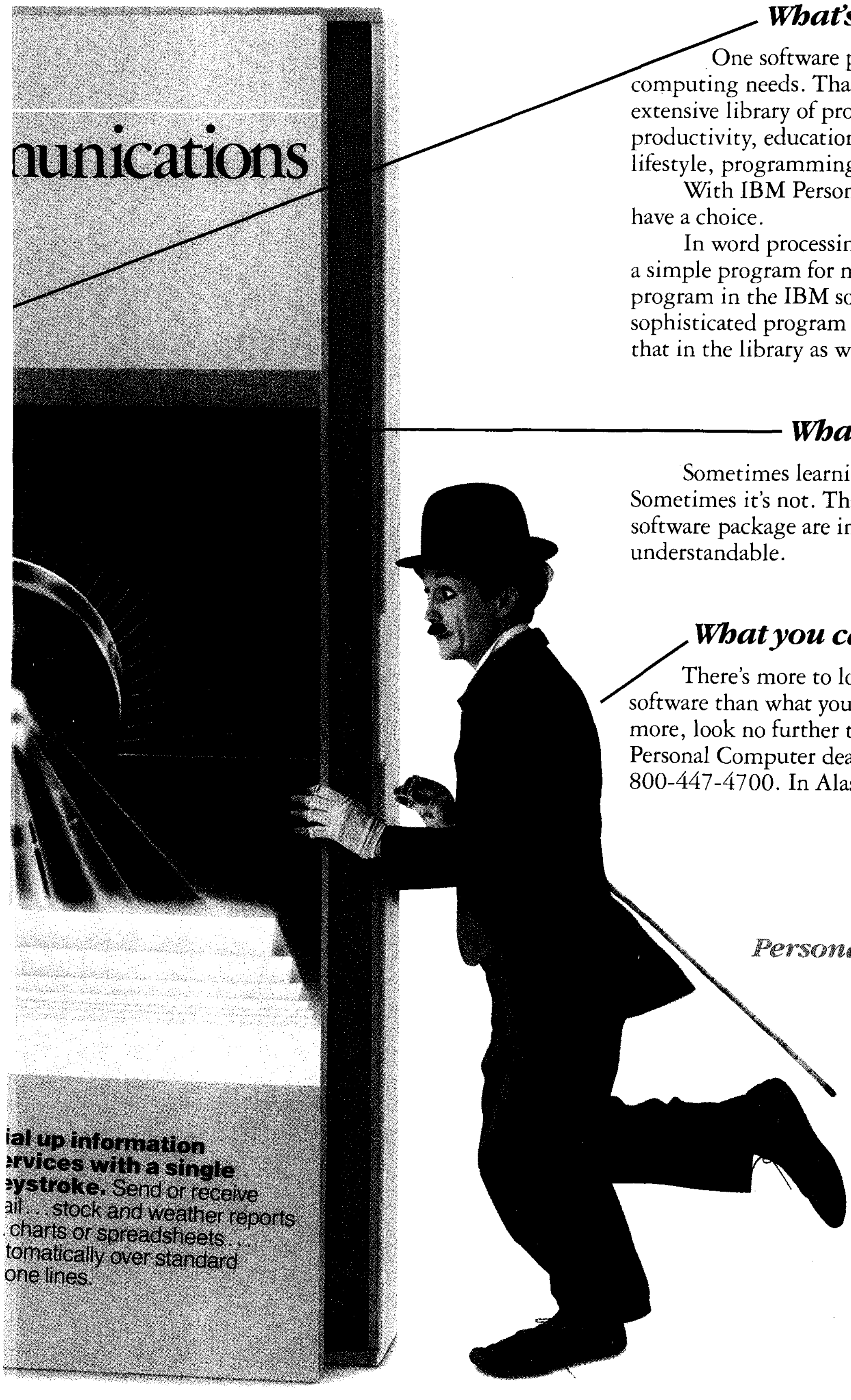

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answered. I told him my name and address and the nature of my complaint.

He said, "What street is that near?"

I told him.

"Can you give me the grid number there?"

"Grid number?"

"It's on your bill. Down near the bottom, under the red line."

Kay was standing in rapture at my side. I turned to her.

"Do we have a bill?"

"Yes—it came yesterday. Why? Is something wrong?"

"It has our grid number on it."

She came running, racing, back triumphantly with our bill. I found a red line. I found a number. I read it off. It was three digits, two digits, four digits—like a Social Security number.

"Can you give me your pole number?"

I did know that, from experience. "It's three point five. When do you think your people might be here?"

"I can't say, sir. This is a bad storm. We've got a whole lot of complaints. But I'll make a report of your call. We'll get to you as soon as we can."

I thanked him warmly and hung up. "Well!"

"I just can't believe it," Kay said. "Oh, I feel so much better. Now that they know about us, all we have to do is wait."

"I doubt if they'll get here today. It'll be tomorrow. Probably tomorrow morning."

We dined that night by candlelight on a card table in front of the fire. But first we celebrated. I opened the freezer long enough to snatch out a tray of ice, and mixed a round of Martinis. Kay put a carefully minimal pot of water—tepid water from the hot-water faucet—on the picnic stove to boil for cooking pasta for fettuccine Alfredo, and fixed some boiled shrimp (also snatched from the freezer) in Russian dressing for a first course. She made a green salad to go with the pasta. Sam had his usual dinner of dog food and table scraps. We drank our drinks and told each other that this was kind of fun, that we were really pretty comfortable, even cozy. The water had not yet boiled by the time we finished our drinks. I made another round. By the time we finished that, the water had come to a feeble boil. Kay dropped in the pasta, and I got out a bottle of wine—a bottle of Fleurie. We dined, as I say, by candlelight—by the light of a varied symphony of dinner-table candles, votive candles, plumbers' candles, candles in hurricane globes. There were more than a dozen of them in all, but the light by which we dined was a soft, romantic twilight. We finished dinner a little after seven. At eight o'clock, we went to bed.

IT was a long night, and I woke up several times. The wind was still blowing. I woke up for the last time just after seven. Sam was barking his head off in the kitchen. I listened, and between barks I could hear what sounded like a heavy truck coming up the road. I strained my ears. The sound came louder and louder—and then faded slowly away.

Kay said, "What is it?"

"I heard a truck on the road. I thought it might be Lilco. But it didn't stop."

"Maybe there's some trouble up the road. Maybe it'll stop on the way back."

"Maybe."

"I don't know what to do about breakfast. I guess I could make some oatmeal. When the power goes on, we can have a good lunch."

We jumped into our clothes—our warmest clothes. The snow had stopped—it was only raining now—but it was still cold. In the gray morning light I could see my breath. We went downstairs, Kay to the kitchen and I to the fireplace. Yesterday's daylong fire had left a mountain of ashes. I cleaned them out, and got a new fire going. The living room smelled of smoke. It was a good smell. It made me hungry: it smelled like country-cured ham or bacon cooking. We had a breakfast of oatmeal and instant coffee. Last night's euphoria had dimmed to an anxious hope. I ate with one ear cocked for the truck. I heard only the wind and the rain. Kay cleared away the breakfast things. The dishwasher was getting close to full. The barometer had risen a point, to 28.9. The temperature reading was 32 degrees. I went to the telephone and called 727-8400. I thought they might be able to give me an approximate time of relief. I got the busy signal. I went out and brought in some more wood.

I went out again at ten o'clock and got in the car and headed for the village. There were puddles, almost ponds, everywhere. A fold in a big potato field at the foot of the hill was white with gulls squatting down out of the wind. The lights were on in the store and also in the post office. The *Times* had a page-one story with a three-column headline: "STORM BATTERS EAST WITH SNOW, WIND AND WAVES." I learned that more than three hundred and thirty thousand homes were without power, from south Jersey to Boston. These included some thirty-six thousand customers of the Long Island Lighting Company. I thought that over gloomily as I drove back home. Of course, I told myself, that was yesterday's figure. Still, I wondered how many repair trucks the company had. The treetop was still in place on our power line. Kay was sitting hunched by the fire. Sam was curled at her feet, grinning in his sleep.

"I tried Lilco again," she said. "I got a recording. The man gave a number to call if your problem was gas. If your problem was electricity, he said to hold on and somebody would be with you in a minute. I held on for twelve minutes by my watch. Then I hung up. My ear was beginning to hurt."

We lunched in front of the fireplace on the reheated remains of last night's fettuccine Alfredo and what was left of last night's wine. The rain stopped and the wind dropped. We called Lilco four more times. We got the busy signal three times, and the fourth time it simply rang and rang and rang. I called a fifth time, and was answered by a live voice. I gave my name and address and my grid number and my pole number.

"Just when did your power go off?" the man asked.

I told him yesterday morning.

"Then," he said, "you should have reported it yesterday."

"I did," I said.

"Oh," he said. "Well, we're doing

the best we can. I'll see that your report goes into the file."

I hung up, and Kay said, "What did they say? Did they give you any idea when?"

I told her what the man had said. Or hadn't said. We sat by the fire. I thought, A roaring fire in the fireplace. I thought, A good fire blazing on the hearth. They were images of comfort and well-being that were beginning to lose their resonance. The weather had begun to clear. I could see patches of open sky. The storm was over. That should have made me feel better, but it didn't. It made me feel worse. The storm wasn't over for us. We were still stormbound here in the house.

Kay said, "I think we're going to have to do something. This isn't any fun anymore. It's getting impossible. I can't do anything about dinner. There isn't anything I can cook on the stove. We're practically out of water. I feel dirty. And I'm cold."

"You think we should call somebody—ask somebody to take us in?"

"No. I don't think I want to do that. I think we should go to that motel in East Hampton. That East Hampton House. I've always thought it looked very nice. And Sam could go to Crooked Pond."

"You don't think we'll be seeing Lilco today?"

"I think this could go on forever."

"Well . . . " I thought of a clean, well-lighted room. I thought of a warm room. I thought of a hot bath. "I could give them a call and see how they're fixed."

I went to the telephone and called. The East Hampton House had plenty of room (this wasn't July), and we could come in any time we liked.

We sat by the fire for another hour, listening for the sound of a heavy truck. Then we packed a bag and put Sam on his leash and put out the fire with the last of our water. We went out to the car.

"Isn't it funny?" Kay said. "I mean, that we've still got our telephone. The telephone never seems to go out."

We dropped Sam off at the Crooked Pond Kennel, where he was known and liked, and checked in at the East Hampton House around five o'clock. We had a second-floor room with a view in front of Pantigo Road, the highway link between East Hampton and Amagansett, and a view in back of the tennis courts and swimming pool of summer—and, surprisingly, of a barnyard. I turned up the heat. We had long, hot baths. I shaved. We put on clean clothes. We drove back to Amagansett to a restaurant there called Gordon's, where we were taken hospitably in and given a satisfying dinner. We went back to the East Hampton House and looked at television and went to bed. I woke up on Saturday morning to the sound of a rooster crowing.

I BOUGHT a copy of the *Times* on the way to breakfast. The storm had been retired from page 1 to page 25, and the headline had shrunk from three columns to one: "AFTER STORM, THE CLEANUP GETS STARTED." The fishing boat off Montauk Point was presumed lost with all hands. Twelve thousand homes on Long Island remained without electricity. We had breakfast at a place in East Hampton (recommended by the East Hampton House) locally called the Buttery. There were photographs on the walls of Elizabeth II, of Prince Charles and Princess Diana, and of the English countryside. The breakfast offerings included scones and sausage rolls. The Buttery was crowded with men and women of all ages and in all manner of costumes. Everybody seemed to know everybody else, and the customers all seemed to be known to the waitresses. We had lived in East Hampton Township for thirty years and had never seen any of them before. This was a different East Hampton. It gave me an odd feeling. I was a stranger among regulars. I was a stranger in what had become my home town.

We drove back to our house after breakfast. It was a cool morning, a gray morning, but the wind was only a breeze. It was hard not to feel a little hopeful, a little expectant. We turned up the driveway, and nothing had changed. The treetop still lay across the power line. But the house no longer smelled like country-cured ham. It smelled like the scene of a fire. I called the Lilco number, and after eight or ten rings a man answered. I gave him my regular report. He promised to add it to the file. I asked about our prospects.

"We're beginning to see light at the end of the tunnel," he said.

I reported that curious metaphor to Kay. She was in the kitchen cleaning perished perishables out of the refrigerator. They made an unattractive parcel—yogurt, cottage cheese, milk, cream, butter, mayonnaise. The refrigerator was warmer than the

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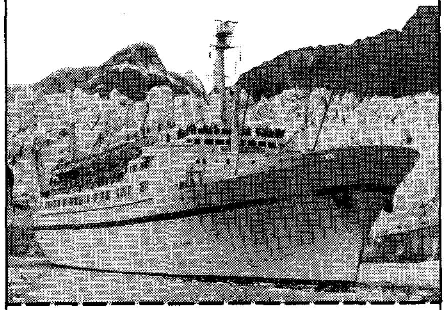

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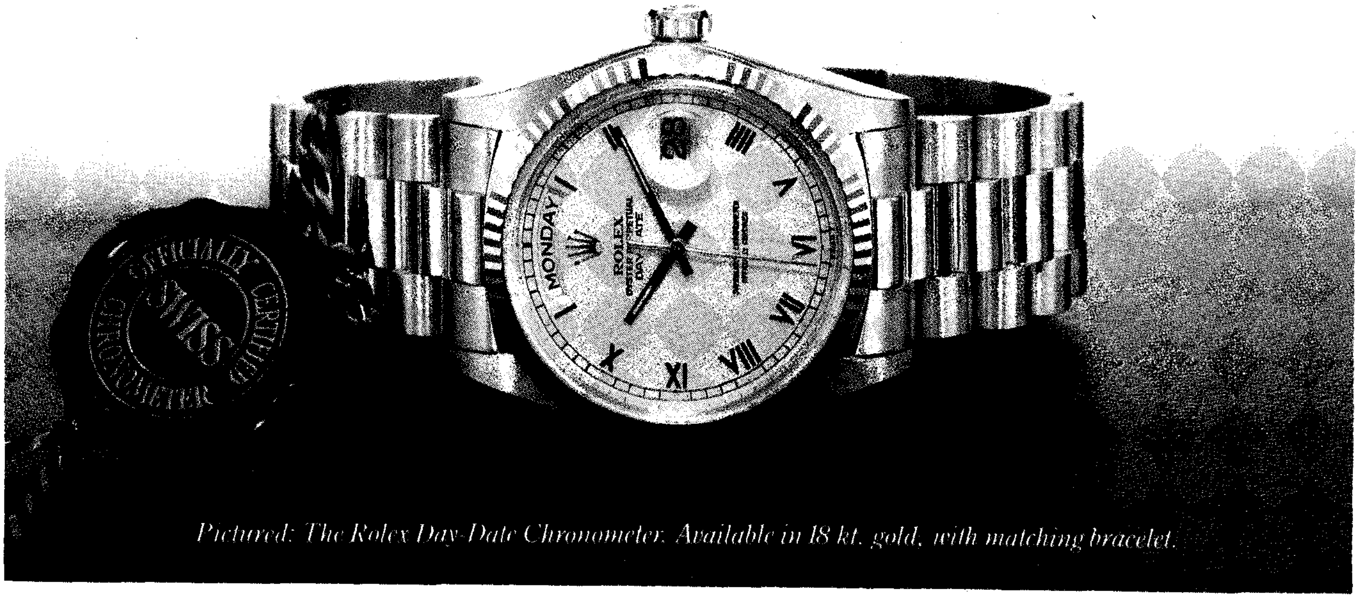
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kitchen. We decided to leave the freezer alone and hope for the best. I carried the perishables out to the garbage can, and took a walk around the place. The storm had touched only that treetop. Wispy locusts, rigid hickories, ancient beeches, tortured chokecherries, even a big dead red oak pitted with woodpecker holes had come through undamaged. I went back to the house, and Kay told me that another friend in East Hampton had called and invited us to Sunday lunch.

"I've got an idea," she said. "Let's get in the car and drive around. There's bound to be Lilco trucks working around here somewhere. We might get some satisfaction from somebody actually on the job."

So we cruised. I thought, What if we had lost the telephone? What if something had happened to the car? We cruised. Up the road, down the street, along the lane—and, sure enough, around eleven-thirty we came upon a Lilco pickup and a Lilco van and a big yellow Lilco truck with a cherry picker angled into the sky and a man in the crow's nest cutting a big oak free from an entanglement of power lines. I parked and got out and asked around among a crowd of neighbors and rubberneckers and men in work clothes, and was directed to a young man in a plum-colored windbreaker. I introduced myself and gave him my report. He looked through a sheaf of papers on a clipboard. He shook his head.

"I don't see your name on my list," he said. He got out a map and studied it. "But where you live isn't too far from here. I'll tell you what I'll do. When we get finished up here, I'll radio in to the office. If they say go, I'll go."

We lunched at Gordon's, where we had dined the night before. It was a tense and tentative occasion. But there did seem to be some light at the end of the tunnel now. We drove back to the house. I swung into the driveway—and hardly dared look. The treetop was still there, still in place.

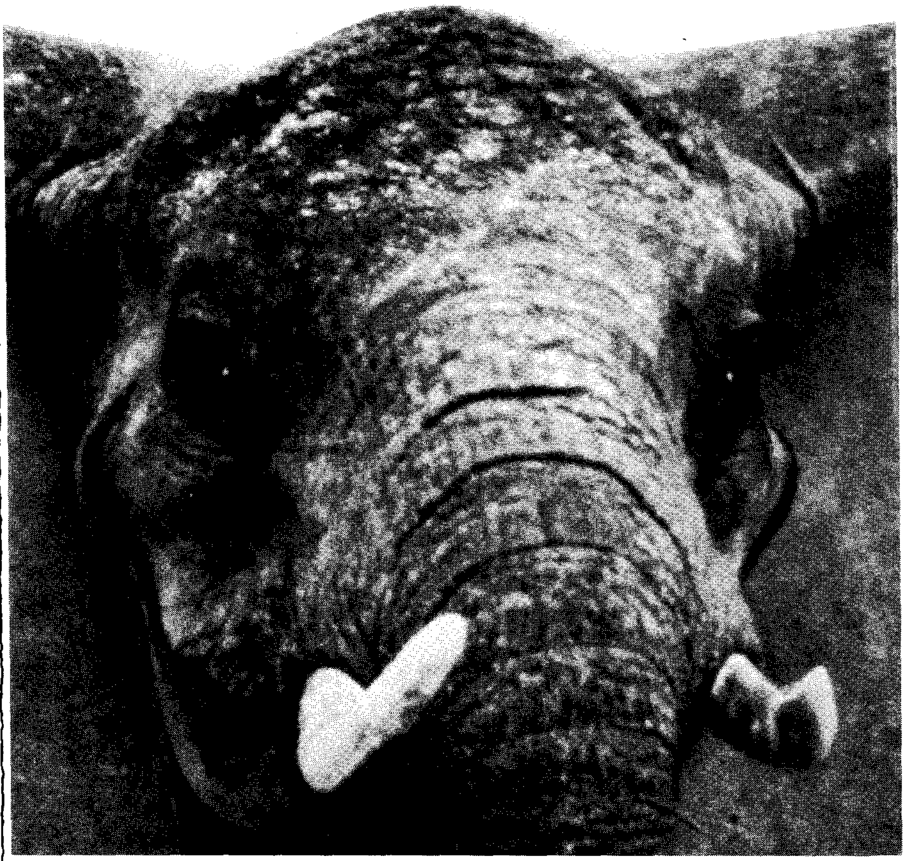
"Maybe they stopped for lunch," I said.

"Maybe."

"They've got the whole afternoon. I mean, it's only about one-thirty."

"I know."

It was too cold to wait in the house. We sat on a bench out front. There were moments of sunshine, moments of teasing faraway rumbles. We sat there until around five-thirty. Then



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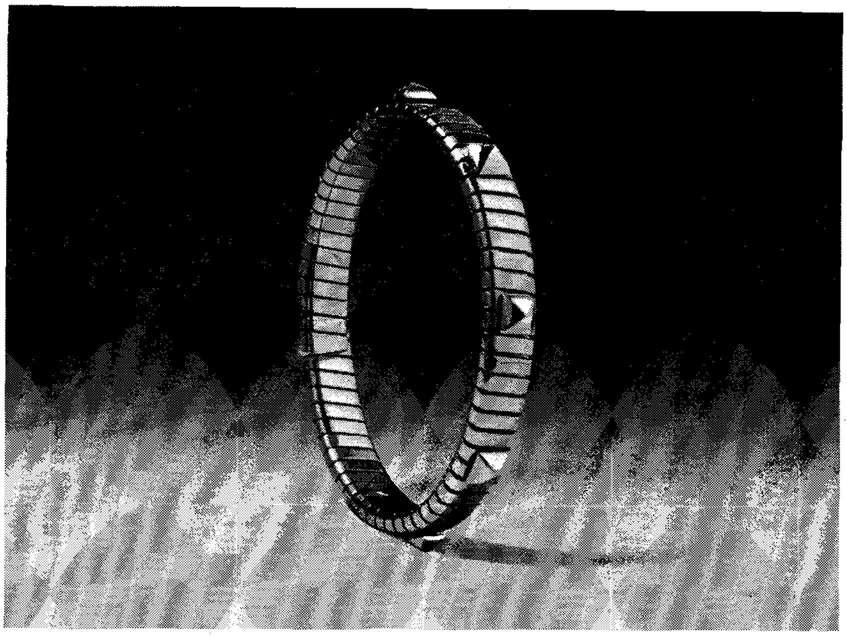

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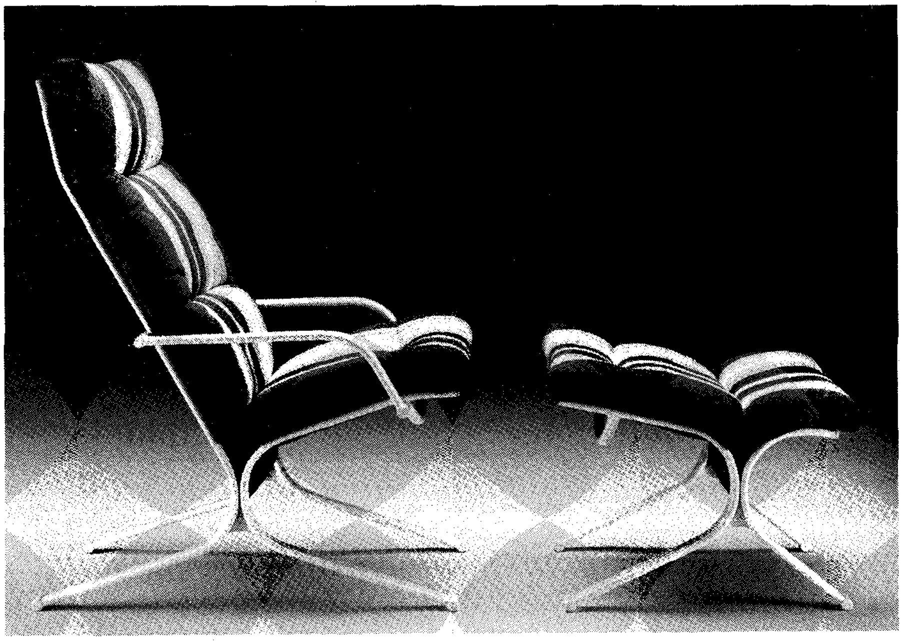

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we gave up and drove back to the East Hampton House and changed and went off to the dinner party to which we had been invited so long ago, on Thursday.

WE had breakfast at the Buttery again on Sunday. Gordon's and the Buttery—how easily habits are formed. I recognized a man and a woman from yesterday morning. The cashier gave us a nod and a smile. We were on the way to becoming regulars. By the end of next week, we would probably have our own table and the waitress would have served our orange juice by the time we had hung up our coats.

We stopped and got the Sunday *Times*, and drove on back to the house. I didn't expect an overnight miracle, and my heart sank only a little at the sight of the hanging treetop. Except for the treetop, everything looked peacefully normal. The sky was blue and cloudless. The sun was bright and warm. Kay went to the telephone and called 727-8400, and got an answer at once. I watched her make her report, I watched her listen. She hung up.

She said, "He said they were cleaning everything up today. He said we'd have power. He said that was a promise."

I said, "I hope so. But do you know what day this is?"

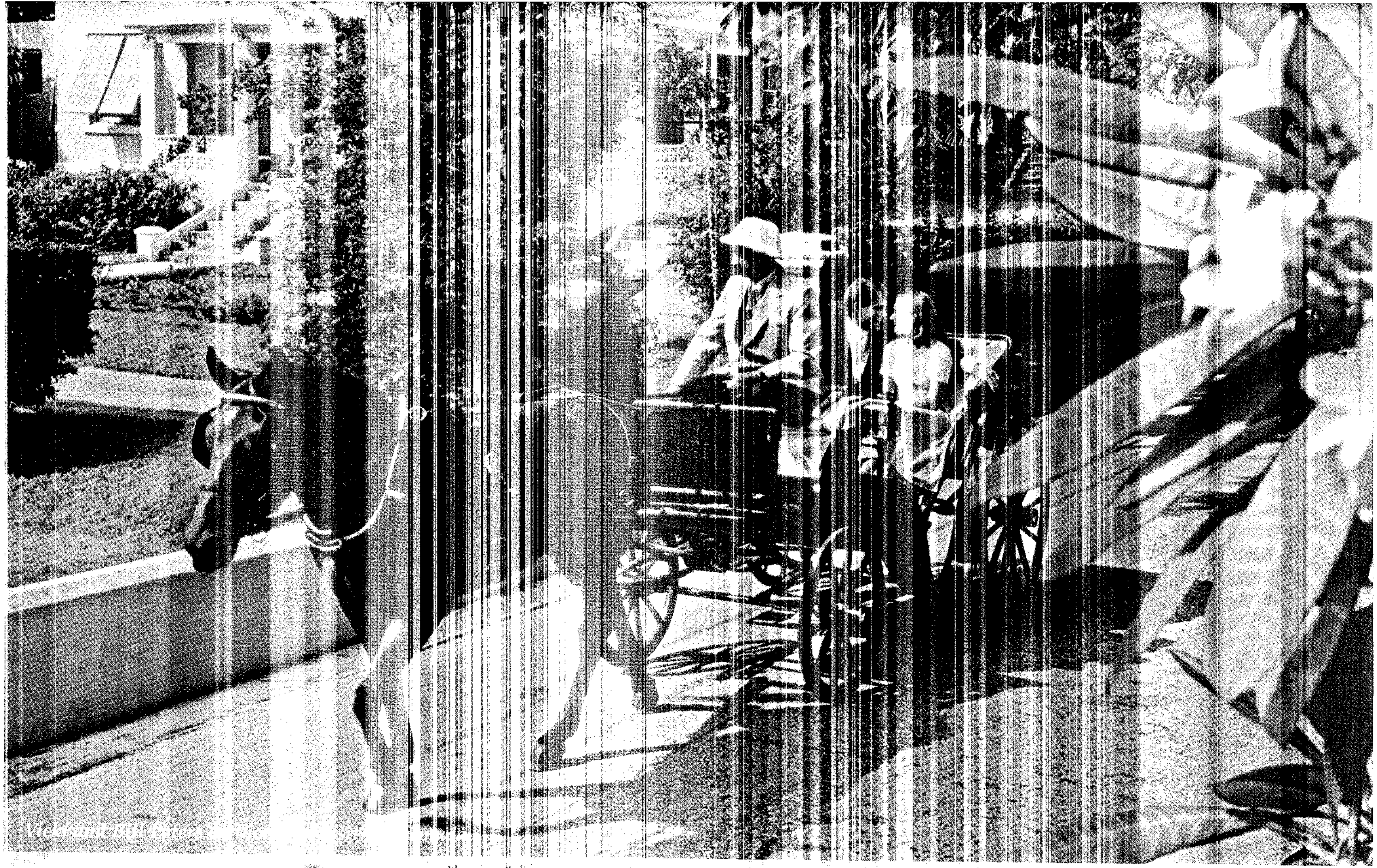
"Day?"

"It's April 1st. It's April Fool's Day."

We sat outside on the bench in the sun and read the Sunday paper. It was almost pleasant. But only almost. We were mostly waiting and listening. Time went uneventfully by. It was ten o'clock. It was eleven. It was noon. At twelve-twenty, I heard a distant murmur. It became the sound of a truck, a heavy truck. I got up and craned my neck. I caught a glimpse of yellow through the trees. It was a truck, a Lilco truck, a big service truck with a cherry picker folded down on the top.

Kay said, "I don't believe it."

We ran over to the head of the driveway. The truck came rumbling clearly into view. We waited. There was a roar of changing gears—and it went on up the road. I stood for a moment transfixed. Then I ran over to the car. I swung it around and down the driveway and up the road. I caught up with the truck. I honked the horn. I stuck an arm out the window and waved. The truck began to slow. It stopped. I pulled up alongside. There



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The Gardiners on their 2nd visit.

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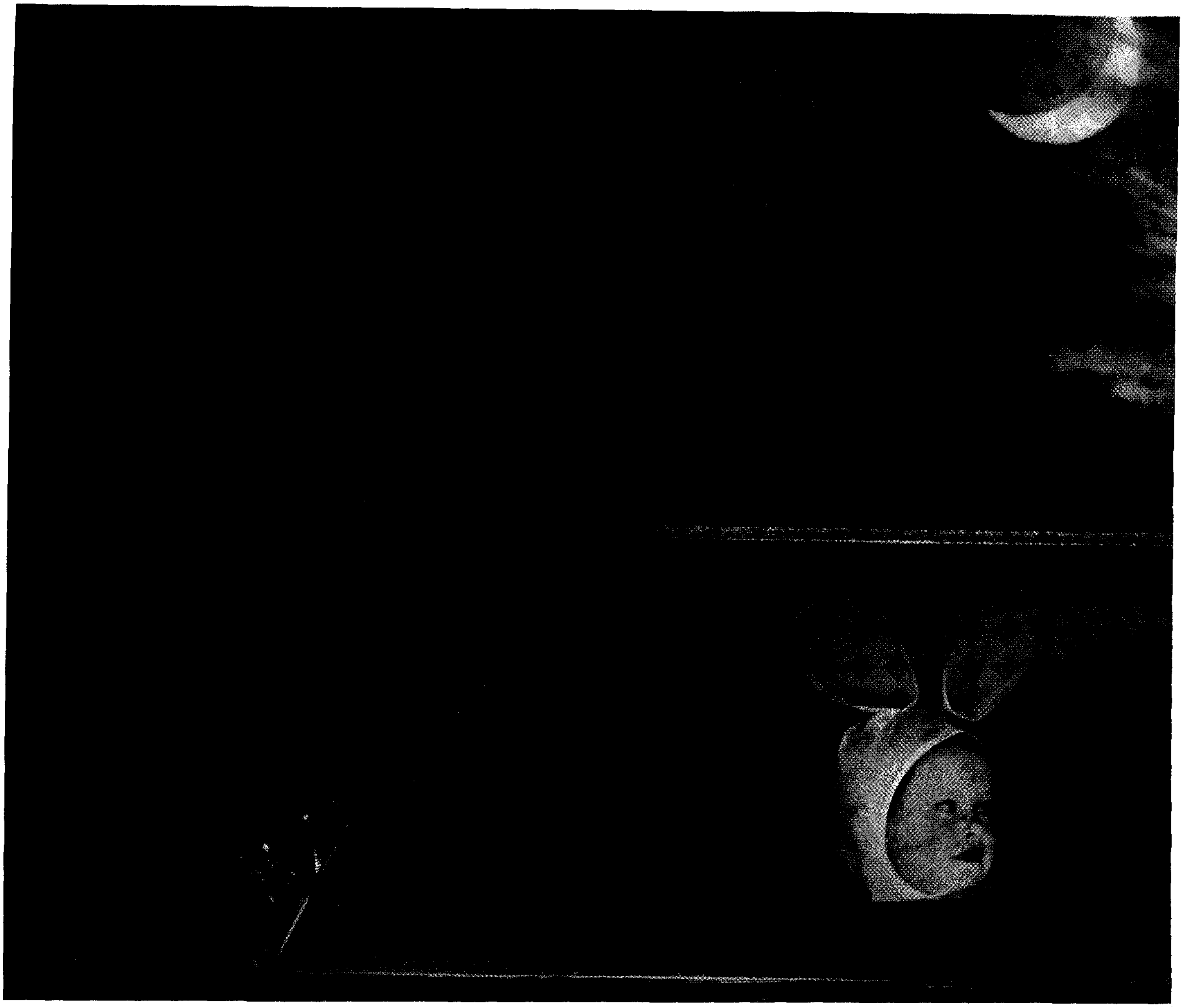

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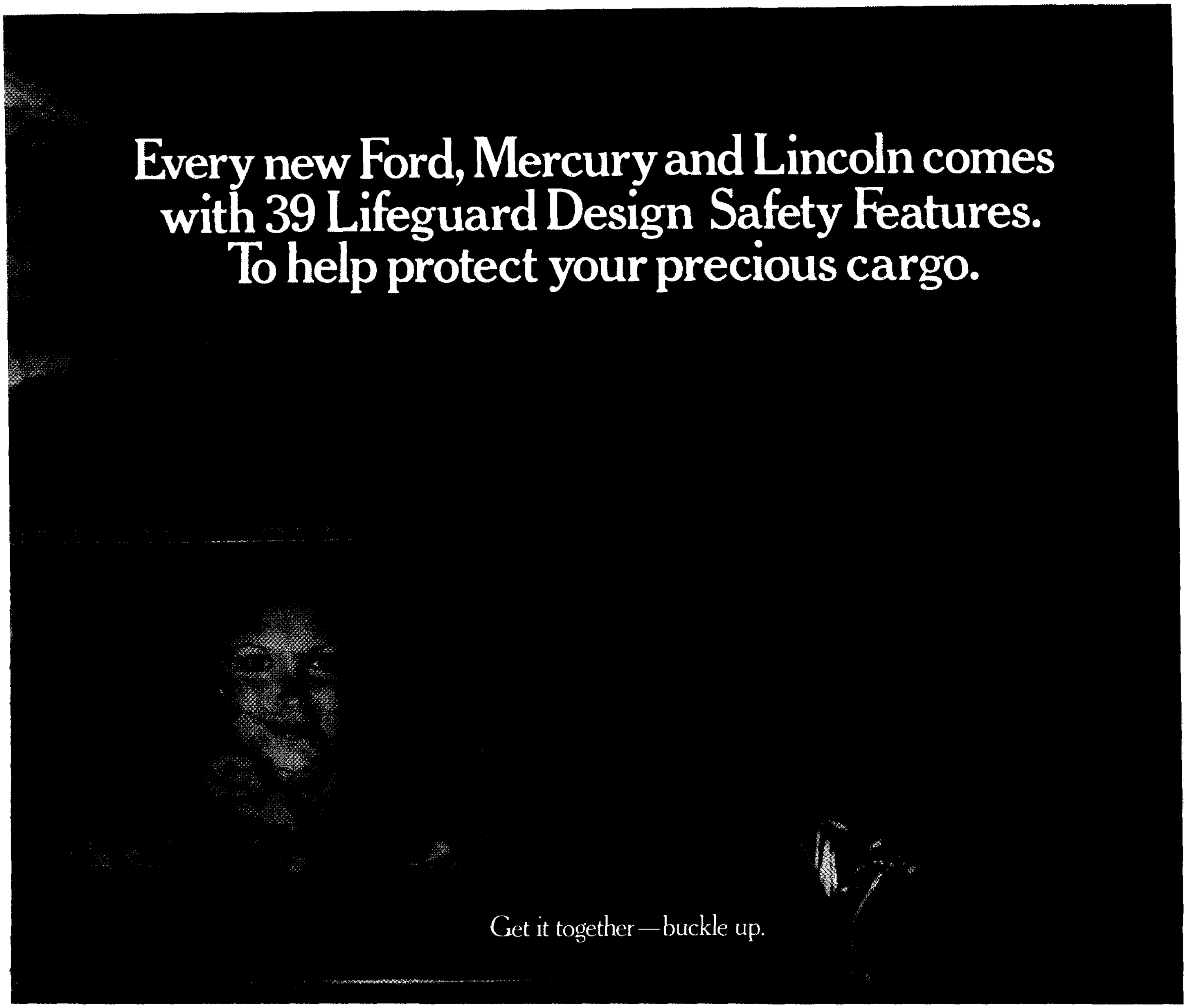
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was a bareheaded man of about forty at the wheel and an older man in a yellow hard hat on the seat beside him.

The driver said, "Yeah?"

I told him who I was, I told him my story.

"How do you spell your name?"

I told him.

He shook his head. "I'm sorry," he said. "But your name isn't on our list."

The older man said, "Look, I know how you feel." He had a white mustache and a kindly face. "There's something up the road we've got to check out. When we're done up there, we'll come back."

I said I'd be waiting for them. The truck moved on. I backed around and drove home. Raced home. I told myself it was still April Fool's Day. But when I turned up the driveway I blew a fanfare on the horn.

We went down to the foot of the drive and waited. It was agony. But it was not prolonged. We heard the truck, we saw the truck, we waved it into the drive. We trotted up behind it. I pointed out the treetop. The older man got out and studied the wreckage.

The younger man said, "What do you think? You want to do it now? Or after we eat?"

"Let's get it over with," the older man said. He got out a chain saw and climbed up on the roof of the truck. He yelled some directions, and the truck inched up to the mass of the treetop. The driver got out and worked some levers, and two big arms thrust from the sides of the truck and steadied it into position. The older man started his saw. He went to work. He worked quickly, precisely.

I joined the driver, and we watched the broken branches fall.

I said, "I've been looking at that thing for four days."

"Yeah?" he said. "I know how you feel. But this storm was a bitch. We've been working sixteen hours a day. But you know something funny? You'd think people would be glad to see us. Well, I've got news for you. A lot of people, most people, when we drive up to their place, they come over and cuss us out. They say, 'Where have you bastards been?' Some of them say worse than that."

—Berton Roueché

◆

(7) (5) (20) Today. Guest: Former Vice President George Bush's wife, Barbara Bush.—*TV listing in the Miami Herald.*

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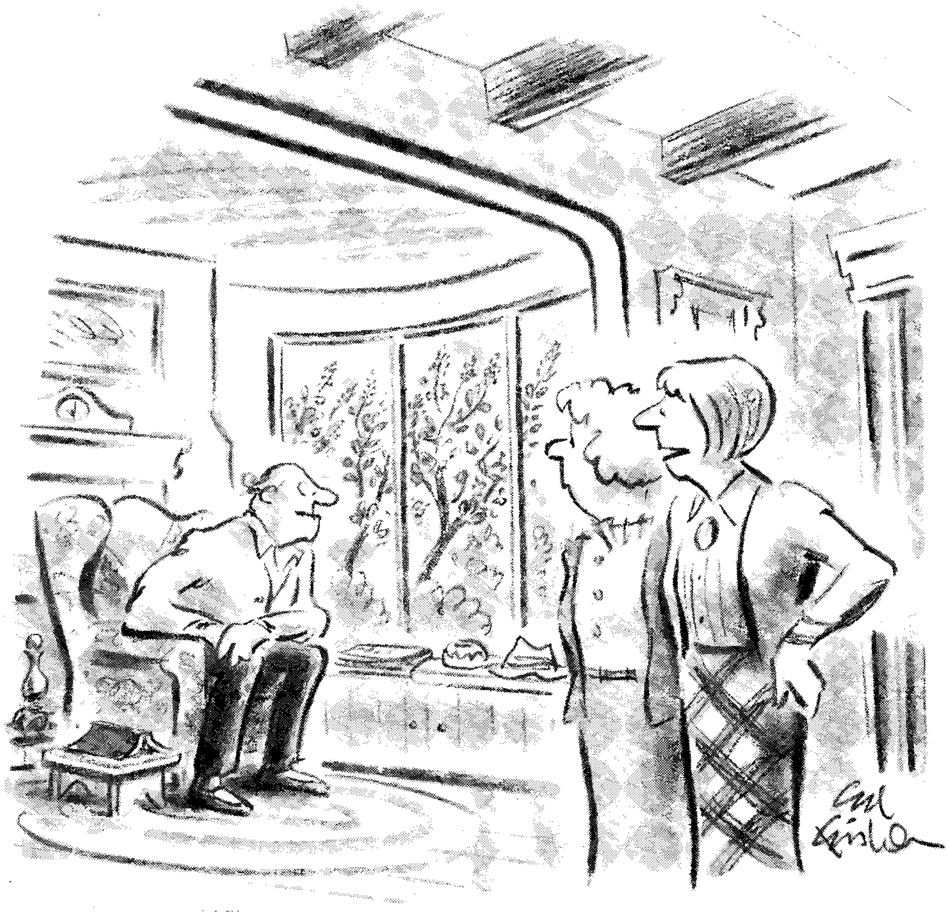
MY SUMMER VACATION

BASEBALL is here again, all fervor and import, and spring training recedes in memory, a boat gone down the bay. Bringing it back to mind, wanting to keep its special flavors and pleasures, is like trying to recall a summer vacation after one is back at the office. That windy day at the island, Sunday-morning softball in the Fairchilds' hayfield, the night cookout at the point, with the stars and the mosquitoes coming out (and the lapping sounds of night water, and the children's faces smeared with marshmallows and sleepiness)—we want to hold each minute of that, but it is too private and trivial and pleasurable to talk about now that we are back to business, and so it slips away. We fans must take baseball seriously, for there is no other way to belong to it, but perhaps we should also learn to treasure its own vacation time, which, oddly, comes first: spring training. Short weeks ago, early one afternoon at Phoenix Municipal Stadium, in Arizona, I strolled slowly away from the batting cage in dazzling desert sunlight and climbed the shallow grandstand steps behind the Oakland home dugout, on my way to grab a pre-game hamburger and a cold Coors at the little freeload picnic grounds for the media out by left field. The fans were coming in—old folks carrying seat cushions and scorecards, college kids in T-shirts and cutoff jeans, young women in sandals with serious tans and white "A's"-emblazoned painters' caps, kids balancing mammoth cups of popcorn—and unhurriedly scouting around for good seats in the unreserved rows. The flag above the center-field scoreboard stirred in warm air, and a last fly ball rose and dropped untouched behind second, where an Oakland coach and a batboy were picking up the batting-practice balls and dropping them into a green plastic laundry basket. The first visiting ballplayers, fresh off their bus, were playing catch over in front of their dugout; it was the Giants this time, and I was looking forward to seeing Al Oliver again and to watching this kid pitcher Garrelts (if he did work on this day, as promised) and a couple of others, but there was no hurry about the game's starting, of course, and nothing to worry about even if I did miss a few pitches and plays while I lingered over my lunch. A friend of mine, a beat man with the San Francisco *Chronicle*, came along and fell into step beside me. Smiling a little behind his shades, he nodded toward the field and the players and the filling-up stands, and murmured, "You know, it's a shame to have to mess all this up with the regular season."

Let's face it: spring training is a misnomer. Thanks to aerobics, racquetball, high-tech physical-fitness centers, California-chic wives, and a sensible wish to extend their very high salaries through as many years as possible, most major-league ballplayers stay in terrific shape all year round now. Back in the straw-suitcase days, it took a month to six weeks to work off winter beer bellies and firm up poolroom-pale bodies, but contemporary players have told me that a single week of batting practice and rundown drills would make them absolutely ready for Opening Day. Thanks to performance records, autumn visits to the Instructional Leagues, and almost daily reports from the winter-ball leagues in Latin America, most managers have a pretty good notion of the capabilities of the rising minor leaguers in their organizations, and are not likely to be badly startled (or much convinced) by a .485 spring average put together by some anonymous rookie outfielder during the exhibitions. The pitchers, to be sure, do require all of March and a little bit more in order to get their arms in shape, and the process—early stretching and tossing, the first three-inning stints, then harder stuff and longer outings—cannot be hurried or shortened, since there must be days of recuperation after each game or batting-practice workout. Spring training is really for the pitchers, then—and for the writers, who need this slow, sleepy time in which to sweeten their characters and enlarge their perceptions of what truly matters in our old game. I offer as example a further apothegm uttered by my friend from the *Chronicle*, a budding Solomon of the pastime. It was later in that same week of dazzling weather in Arizona, and this time we were sitting side by side in



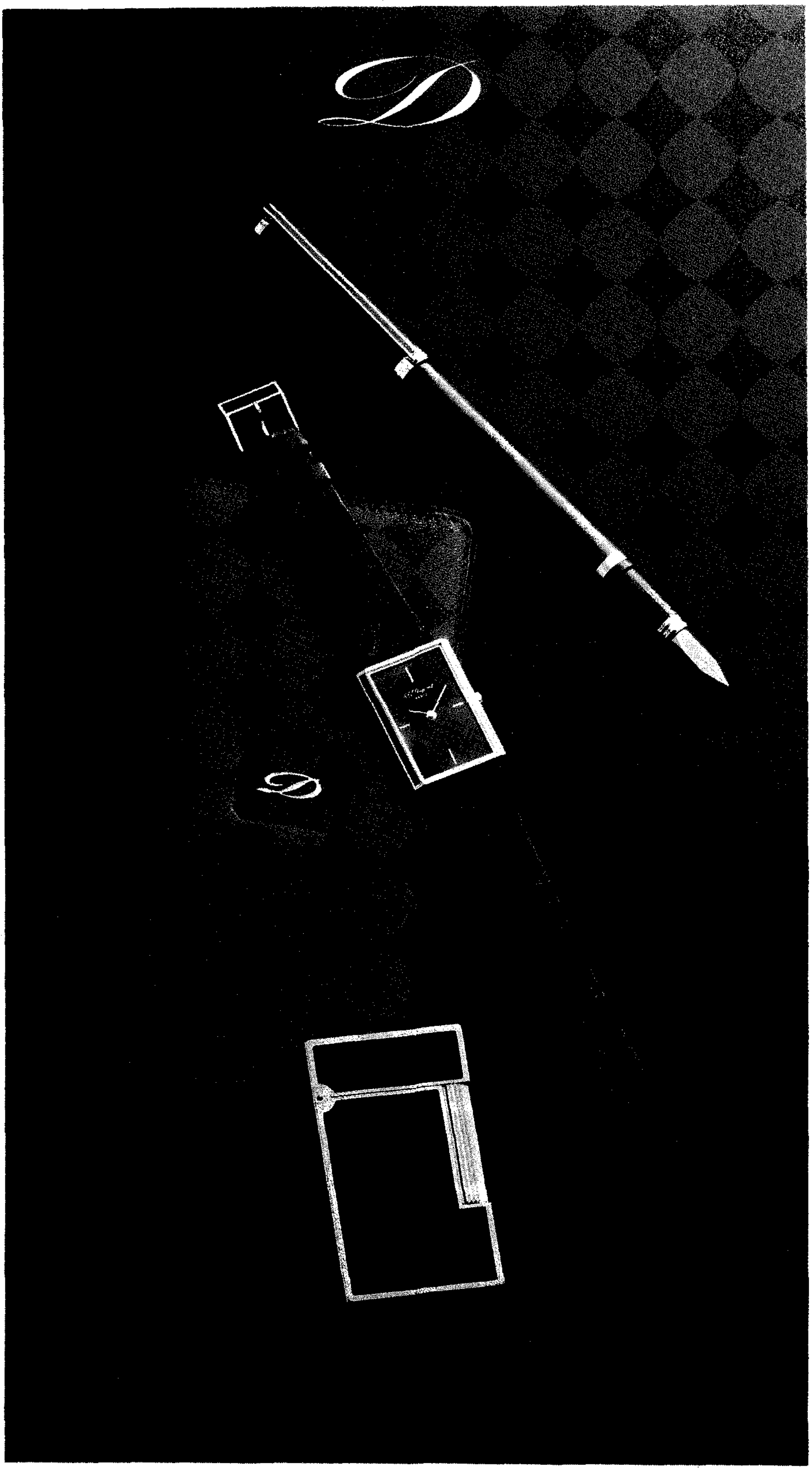
"He's getting ready for the moment to recite 'When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed.'"

the narrow press box of Scottsdale Stadium, watching the Giants vs. (I think) the Brewers. Late in the sixth inning, he looked irritably at his watch and said, "Damn. Yesterday's game was already over by this time."

"Right," said I, arising and gathering up my notebook, media guides, pencils, and scorecard. (*My* deadline was weeks away.) "And thanks, Dave. See you at the pool."

Does this playlet require elucidation? I think not, for it merely illuminates the Aristotelian moral message of spring training, which is: *Don't overdo—don't even overdo the baseball.* On some of my recent March journeyings in Arizona and Florida, I have forgotten this great precept, and have even imposed some special course of baseball study upon myself during spring training, like a man reading Proust at the beach: talking to batters and batting coaches about the mysteries of hitting, say, or trying to learn what catchers do. Not this year. This time around, I eschewed all formal duties and did my best to rid my mind of its customary winter overload of disturbing inner questions about baseball—its schlocky business side, its teetering finances, its future as a true sport, its chances of survival as an inherited national treasure. This time, in the spirit of Dave, I did what comes easily in March, which is to say that I caught the sun and the sights, but not much more. I took what came my way—innings and interviews, some wonderful weather, the flow of the games—and counted myself lucky. I relished the rookies and eavesdropped on some veterans. I hung around. I was a fan.

IN Winter Haven, on my very first day I found Ted Williams out in right-field foul ground teaching batting to Von Hayes—a curious business, since the Splendid Splinter, of course, is a spring batting instructor for the Red Sox, and Hayes is the incumbent center fielder of the Phillies. Hayes was accompanied by Deron Johnson, the Philadelphia batting coach, and the visit, I decided, was in the nature of medical referral—a courtesy second opinion extended by a great specialist to a colleague from a different hospital (or league). Von Hayes is a stringbean—six feet five, with elongated arms and legs—and his work at the plate this year will be the focus of anxious attention from the defending National League Champion Phillies, who are in the process of turning themselves from an old club into



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a young one in the shortest possible time. Since last fall, they have parted with (among others) Pete Rose, Joe Morgan, Tony Perez, and veteran reliever Ron Reed, and later this spring they traded away Gary Matthews, their established left fielder (Matthews, in fact, was intently listening in on Ted Williams' talk to his teammate Hayes), to the Cubs. Two years ago, in his first full year in the majors, Von Hayes hit fourteen homers and batted in eighty-two runs for the Cleveland Indians—sufficient promise to encourage the Phillies to give up five of their own players (including the wonderful old Manny Trillo and the wonderful young Julio Franco) for him. Last year, Hayes, troubled with injuries (and perhaps unsettled by the nickname Five-for-One, bestowed on him by Pete Rose), batted a middling-poor .265, with six homers—reason enough for a call to Dr. Ted.

"Lemme see that," Ted Williams was saying, and he took Hayes' bat and then hefted it lightly, like a man testing a new tennis racquet. "Well, all right, if you're really strong enough," he said, giving it back. "But you don't need a great big bat, you know. Stan Musial always used a little bitty drugstore model. So what *do* you want? You know what Rogers Hornsby told me forty-five years ago? It was the best batting advice I ever got. '*Get a good ball to hit!*' What does that mean? It means a ball that does not fool you, a ball that is not in a tough spot for you. So then when you are in a tough spot, concede a little to that pitcher when he's got two strikes on you. Think of trying to hit it back up the middle. Try not to pull it every time. Harry Heilmann told me that he never became a great hitter until he learned to hit inside out. I used to have a lot of trouble in here"—he showed us an awkward inside dip at the ball with his own bat—"until I moved back in the box and got a little more time for myself. Try to get the bat reasonably inside as you swing, because it's a hell of a lot harder to go from the outside in than it is to go the other way around."

Hayes, who looked pale with concentration, essayed a couple of left-handed swings, and Williams said, "Keep a little movement going. Keep your ass loose. Try to keep in a quick position to swing. When your hands get out like that, you're just making a bigger arc."

Hayes swung again—harder this time—and Williams said, "That looks down to me. You're swingin' down on the ball."

Hayes looked startled. "I thought it was straight up," he said. He swung again, and then again.

"Well, it's still down," Ted said quietly. "And see where you're looking when you swing. You're looking at the ground about out here." He touched the turf off to Hayes' left with the tip of his bat. "Look out at that pitcher—don't take your eyes off him. That and—" Williams cocked his hips and his right knee and swung at a couple of imaginary pitches, with his long, heavy body uncocking suddenly and thrillingly and then rotating with the smooth release of his hips. His hands, I saw now, were inside, close to his body, while Hayes' hands had started much higher and could not come back for a low, inside pitch with anything like Ted's ease and elegance. Nothing to it. Hayes, who has a long face, looked sepulchral now, and no wonder, for no major leaguer wants to retinker his swing—not in the springtime, not ever—and Williams, sensing something, changed his tone. "Just keep going," he said gently to the young man. "Everybody gets better if they keep at it."

Hayes kept at it, standing in and looking out at an imaginary pitcher, and then cocking and striding, while Williams stood and watched with Deron Johnson, now and then murmuring something to the other coach and touching his own hip or lifting his chin or cocking his fists by way of illustration—a sixty-five-year-old encyclopedia of hitting, in mint condition: the book.

When I left, he was in deep converse with Gary Matthews, who had asked about the best response to a pitcher's backup slider after two fastballs up and in. "Why, *take* that pitch, then!" Ted cried. "Just let it go by. Don't be so critical of yourself. Don't try to be a .600 hitter all the time. Don't you know how hard this all is?"

THERE were so many good-looking rookies this spring that I couldn't keep up with them. I was a day too late to catch Roger Clemens' early outing for the Red Sox against the Tigers, for instance, when he threw three scoreless innings and at one point struck out the middle of the Detroit order on ten pitches. Clemens, a twenty-one-year-old flamethrower, pitched the University of Texas to the N.C.A.A. college title last year; later

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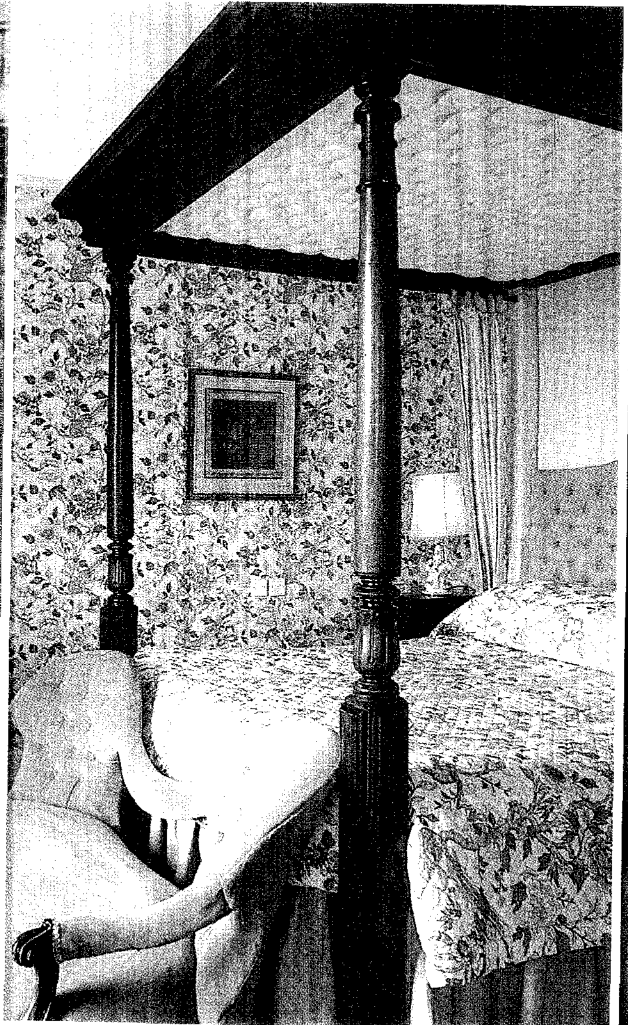

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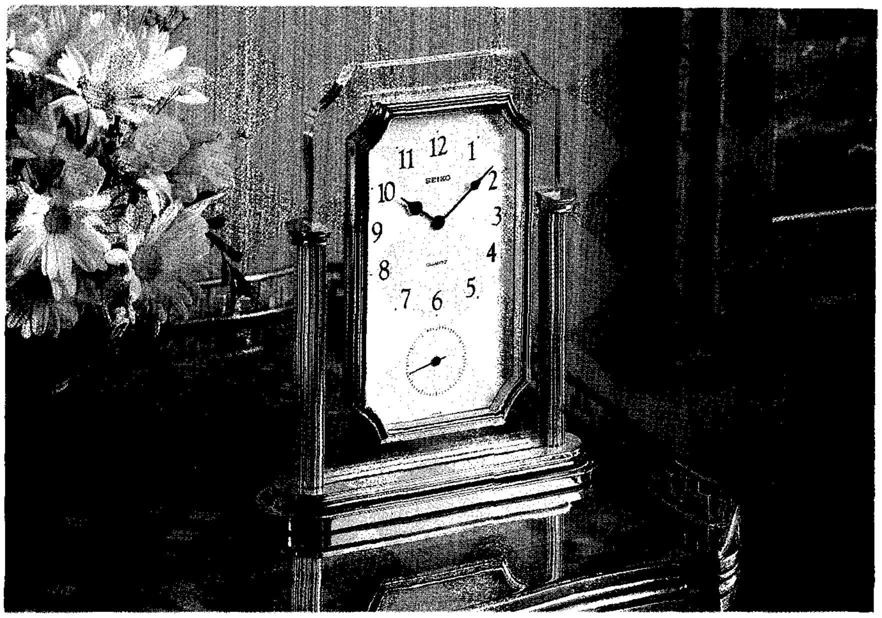
on, in the course of his first summer in pro ball, he struck out ninety-five minor-league batters in eighty-one innings—and walked *twelve*. He was touched up a bit in his later appearances this spring and didn't make the Boston team, but we'll see him at the Fens soon enough, I imagine. I missed Juan Samuel, the Phillies' rookie second baseman, whose skills explain how the team could decide to part with both Trillo and Joe Morgan in the past couple of years, and I missed the Blue Jays' rookie shortstop, Tony Fernandez, the International League's M.V.P. last year; both were out with injuries when I came by. I sort of missed Kevin McReynolds, the dangerous new slugger and regular center fielder with the Padres (he batted .377, with thirty-two homers, for Las Vegas last year), by which I mean that I saw him hit a trifling bounced single to left against the A's in Arizona one afternoon: nothing to remember, or tell me much about him. (This happens a lot in the spring: you come face to face with a phenom at last—and he pops up.) I entirely missed seeing Mike Squires play third base for the White Sox, and I feel bad about that. Squires, to be sure, isn't a rookie at all but a five-year journeyman infielder–first baseman with the Pale Hose, but this spring his manager, Tony LaRussa, played him over at third for a few innings and then boldly announced that he would play him there again from time to time, if the need arose. Squires, you see, is left-handed, and left-handers *never* play third, since the leverage is all wrong for them to make the obligatory plays to second base and first base from the port side. Well, almost never. Ten left-handed players (some baseball mole dug this out) have seen action at third base since 1900, including such celebrities as Joe Kuhel (one game), George Sisler (two games), and Wee Willie Keeler (forty-four games—but early on, perhaps before anyone knew that it wasn't done).

I *partly* missed Jeff Stone, which is to say that late in the Phillies–Red Sox game I looked up quickly from my scorecard in response to the very special sound of a two-run double and had an instantaneous simultaneous impression of the ball caroming off the wire fence in deep right-center and of a slender, blurry-quick base runner already easing into second. Stone, who is twenty-three, was first unearthed by Phillie scouts in a soybean patch in Arkansas (then and there they clocked him sprinting up and down the bean



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rows—or so goes the instant legend), and he will ripen in the Phillie outfield in the very near future. Ten days farther along in my travels, when I rejoined the Phillies in Clearwater, I was told that I'd missed Stone's fairish effort earlier in the week, when he whacked a single, two doubles, and a homer against the Mets in a morning B-game and then stroked a key pinch-hit single against the Twins in the afternoon. Philadelphia manager Paul Owens put his arm around Jeff Stone's shoulders as the team left the field that day and said, "You're the greatest." "Not yet, but maybe someday," the youngster said.

Baseball's prototypical unrookie is Cliff Johnson, the heavy-bodied, droopy-eyed, cheerful, extremely unhurried ten-year man who now d.h.'s for Toronto. Heathcliff turned up at Winter Haven with his fellow Blue Jays to work out against the Red Sox and exchanged hand-slaps and grins with the whole Red Sox varsity, it seemed. "You got yourself a real hittin'-ass team *this* year," he said to Bosox manager Ralph Houk. Johnson's hot and cold streaks at the plate are implacable, as he demonstrated again last year, when he batted .329, with seven homers, for the month of June, and then .216, with two homers, from Labor Day on—thus contributing to, or personifying, the Jays' fast start and sludgy finish in the A.L. East. Johnson is a brother-in-law of Mike Easler, the Bosox' aggressive lefty swinger (I like his moniker: the Hit Man), who came over from the Pirates during the winter in a trade for pitcher John Tudor, and I overheard him confide to Easler, "I ain't slid yet this spring. I just get up to the bag and go '*Yeah!*' "—and he threw both hands in the air. They cracked up. When Johnson came up to bat against Bobby Ojeda with a man on base in the first inning that afternoon, I badly wanted a double or an outfield error—anything for a must-slide play at second—but instead he whacked a hanger well up onto the bank beyond the left-field fence and stroll-trotted around the bases, laughing all the way.

Toronto is a young club, though, bursting with hope and just-rising stars like twenty-four-year-old center fielder Lloyd Moseby, who batted .315 last year, and twenty-year-old Fred McGriff, a rookie first baseman spirited away from the Yankees in a trade. McGriff will play in the minors this year, and so will John Cerutti, a tall, talented left-handed pitcher, who

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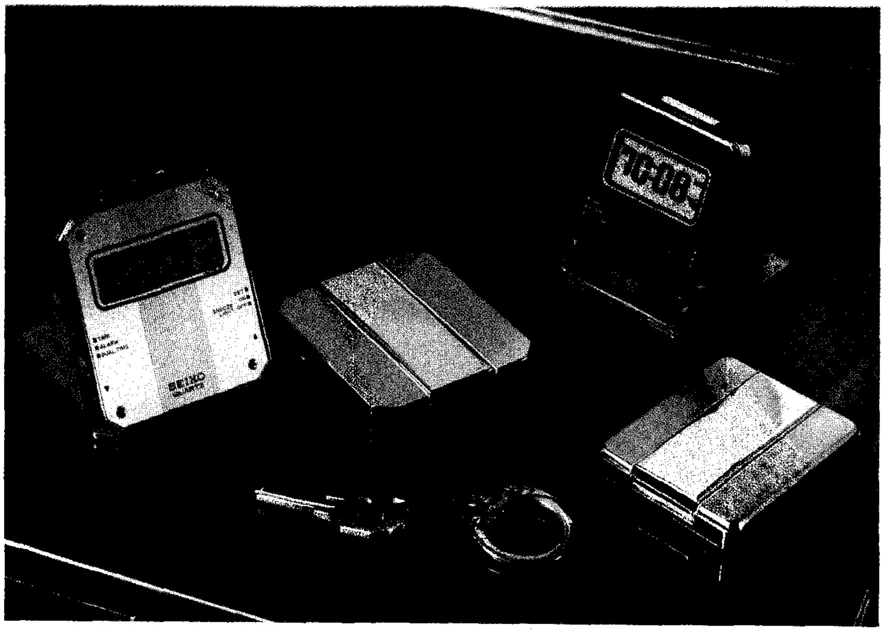
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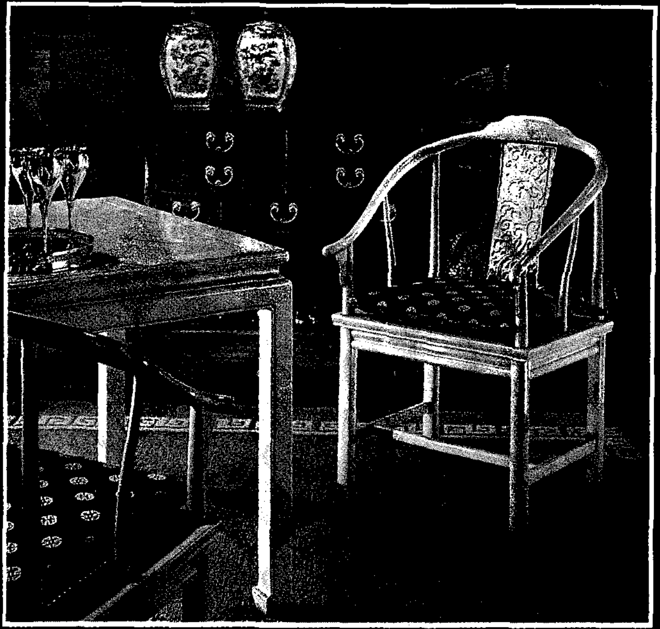

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worked the three middle innings against the Red Sox in that same game, at one point fanning Jim Rice on a dandy slider under the fists. Cerutti is four credits away from a B.A. degree in economics at Amherst, and his senior thesis will attempt to define the role of agents in the determination of major-league player salaries. I chatted with Cerutti before the game and discovered that he has a baseball hero: Ron Guidry.

"I don't have many fond memories of baseball until I was about eighteen and pitching for the Christian Brothers Academy, in Albany," he said. "Then I got the notion that I might make it in the game someday. I had a real good year that year—it was 1978—and, of course, that was the same time that Guidry had *his* great year. I was a Yankee fan—always had been—so naturally I followed him and pulled for him, and that spring I began to notice that something weird was happening to us. I mean, I won seven games in a row, and he won his first seven. Then I was nine-and-oh when he was exactly the same—we were winning together, me and *Ron Guidry!* School ended and I graduated, but I went on pitching in American Legion ball. I was thirteen-and-zip when I lost my first game, and I thought, Uh-oh, that's the end of it, but that very same night Guidry lost, too, for the first time—I was watching on TV—so we were still the same. Well, I guess you know he finished up the year with a twenty-five-and-three record, and was the Cy Young winner and all, and I ended at twenty-five-and-two. So you could say we both had pretty good years. That affinity began."

Cerutti said all this a little offhandedly—with a trace of college-cool irony, perhaps—but his face was alight with humor and good cheer.

"So do you want to know my dream now?" he went on. "My dream is that first I make this club someday, and then I end up pitching a game against Ron Guidry. It's a big, big game—a Saturday afternoon at the Stadium, one of those big crowds, with a lot riding on it—and I beat him, 1–0. It could just happen."

"I know," I said.

"Keep watching," he said.

"I'll be there," I said.

ALERT fans at Winter Haven's Chain O'Lakes Park this spring came to recognize some of the game participants by sound alone. A thin, sustained piercing whistle from on high meant that one of a celebrated pair of local ospreys was overhead, cruising the diamond, on its way to snaffle some lunch out of the adjoining Lake Lulu, while a more various selection of inspiring trills and pipings from ground level meant that Jackie Gutierrez had come into the game at shortstop for the Red Sox. Gutierrez has a good arm and great eagerness, and if Glenn Hoffman's damaged left knee doesn't come around this year (he underwent an operation on it last fall) he'll be concertizing almost every day at Fenway Park this summer. Gutierrez may be the best infield whistler in baseball since Dick Bartell. The ospreys, by the way, changed their residence over this past winter, vacating their familiar scruffy nest high on the right-center-field light pole in favor of new quarters on the pole in short right field. It is said that a great horned owl has moved into their old flat, but no one I talked to had yet made a positive identification. Last spring, one of the ospreys dropped a fish on a Channel 38 cameraman who was doing some preseason taping below. Everything in baseball is connected to everything else if you look long enough (it is one of the game's many resemblances to life itself), and the fish-beaning instantly reminded me of the afternoon back in the nineteen-forties when a passing Fenway Park gull dropped a mackerel on the mound just as Ellis Kinder was about to deliver a pitch. Ancient scribes are still trying to decipher that runic message, so I will pass or hedge once again. The Sox will be a *little* better this year.

I ACCOMPANIED the Red Sox down to Sarasota to watch Tom Seaver work against them the following afternoon—his first American League innings ever. Seaver, as most of the Northern Hemisphere must know by now, was snatched away from the Mets over the winter when that club carelessly failed to place him on its protected twenty-six-man roster prior to a "compensation draft"—a process that permits a team (in this case, the White Sox) that has lost a so-called Type A player to free agency to select as recompense a player from a pool of players with other teams that have signed up for the plan. This misshapen schema is a monster child spawned by the owners as part of the settlement of the player strike of 1981, and there is considerable evidence that its headstrong fathers may now wish

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to disinherit it. Shortly after the Mets' humiliation, the Yankees experienced a similar shock (the circumstances were a little different) when they lost a freshly signed top pitching prospect, Tim Belcher, to the Oakland A's in another compensation kidnapping. The Mets, in any case, suffered a horrendous double embarrassment: first, for the forfeit of their old hero figure—an Odin brought back to the fold last year, amid many trumpetings, to finish his days in Shea-Valhalla as the steadfast elder leader of a corps of shining young Baldurflingers—and, second, for the clear evidence that it somehow did not occur to them that the pennant-hungry and publicity-hungry White Sox might find some use for a highly motivated and splendidly conditioned veteran star pitcher (Seaver is thirty-nine) with a lifetime earned-run average of 2.73. The Mets people, to their credit, have rent asunder their blazers and strewn dust upon their razor-cut pates in public penance for their gaffe, and no further criticism of them will be put forward here.

The first glimpse of Tom in Chisox motley—neon pants-stripes, the famous No. 41 adorning his left groin—was a shock, though, and so was the sight of him in pre-game converse with his new batterymate, Carlton Fisk. I took a mental snapshot of the two famous Handsome Harrys and affixed to it the caption "Q: What's wrong with this picture?" (A: Both men are out of uniform.) Then the game started, and Seaver's pitching put an end to all such distractions. It was a prime early-spring outing—three swift, harm-free innings that included a couple of bases on balls and four strikeouts. There was a good pop to his fastballs, and he wheeled in some thoughtfully located sliders and curveballs as well, and once it was clear that he was going to be all right out there I sat back and took pleasure in all the old looks and ways of him—the thick, strong legs and droopy shoulders, the grave gaze inward for the sign, the audible "*Hunh!*" that sometimes accompanied the in-driving thrust of his big body in mid-delivery (Ted Williams had said that he doesn't hear enough grunts from the mound nowadays), and then the mitt flipped up vertically to take the catcher's return peg.

In the clubhouse after his stint, Seaver declared himself satisfied with his work—perhaps more than satisfied. There had been some small technical problems—his release point was a little flat at times—but that wasn't surprising, because he'd been nervous about this outing. "I wanted to prove to the guys that I can help this ball club," he said. "They don't care who you are. They want to know if you can still pitch—especially at the age of thirty-nine. This is a team that wants to win. They've had a taste of it, and they want more. What our game is all about is proving things to your own team."

He went over the three innings almost pitch by pitch, making sure that the writers had their stories, and they thanked him and went off. A couple of us stayed on while Tom unwrapped the big icepack from his shoulder and started to take off his uniform. I think we wanted reminiscence or philosophy from him now—something about motivation or the shocks of unexpected trades or the wearing down of an athlete's will with the years—but what we got was much better: mechanics. He talked about tempos of early throwing in the first few days of spring—a murmured "*one, two, three-four . . . one, two, three-four*" beat with the windup as his body relearned rhythm and timing. He went on to the proper breaking point of the hands—where the pitching hand comes out of the glove—which for him is just above and opposite his face. Half undressed, he was on his feet again and pitching for us in slow motion, in front of his locker.

"What you don't want is a lateral movement that will bring your elbow down and make your arm drop out, because what happens then is that your hand either goes underneath the ball or out to the side of the ball," he said. "To throw an effective pitch of any kind, your fingers have to stay on top of the ball. So you go back and make sure that this stays closed and *this* stays closed"—he touched his left shoulder and his left hip—"and this hand comes up *here*." The pitching hand was back and above his head. "It's so easy to get to here, in the middle of the windup, and then slide off horizontally with your left side. What you're trying to do instead—what's right—is to drive this lead shoulder down during the delivery of the ball. That way, the pitching shoulder comes up—it *has* to go up. You've increased the arc, and your fingers are on top of the ball, where they belong."

I said I'd heard pitching coaches urging their pupils to drive the lead

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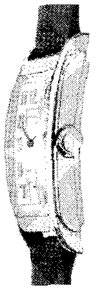

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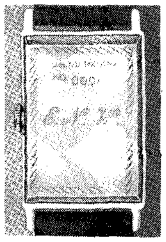

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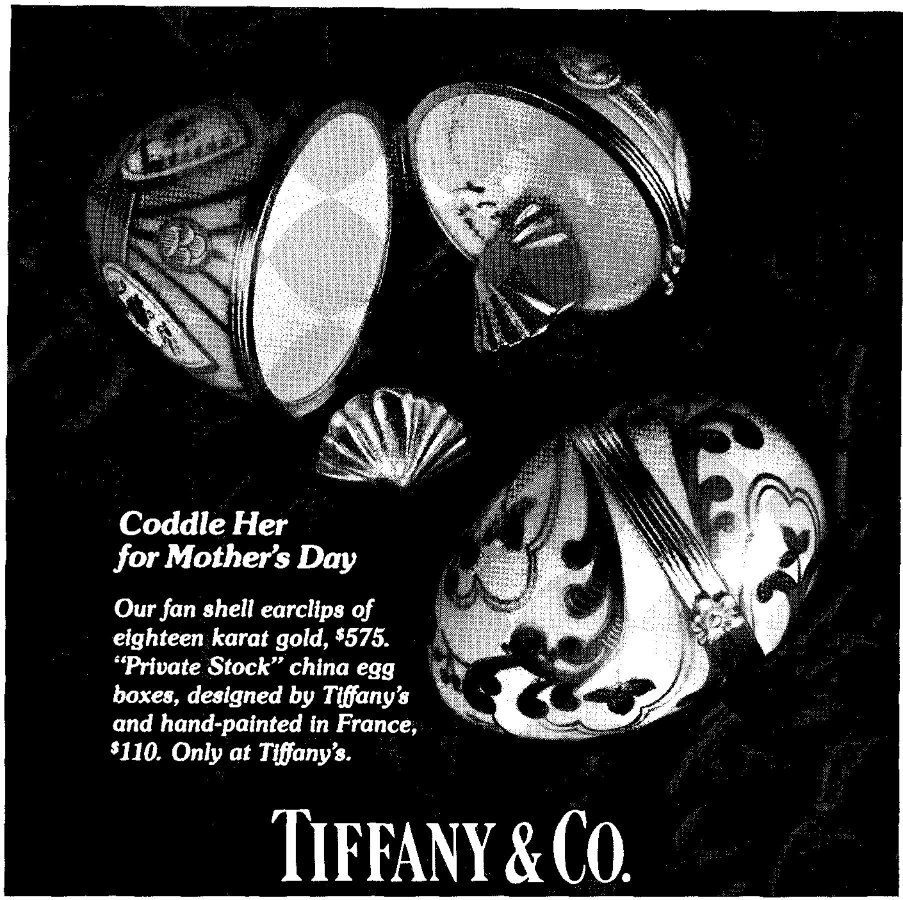

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shoulder toward the catcher during the delivery.

"Sure, but that's earlier," Tom said. He was all concentration, caught up in his craft. "That's staying closed on your forward motion, before you drive down. No—with almost every pitcher, the fundamentals are the same. Look at Steve Carlton, look at Nolan Ryan, look at me, and you'll see this closed, this closed, *this* closed. You'll see this shoulder drive down and this one come up, and you'll see the hand on top of the ball. You'll see some flexibility in the landing leg. There are some individual variables, but almost every pitcher with any longevity has all that—and we're talking now about pitchers with more than four thousand innings behind them and with virtually no arm troubles along the way."

Someone mentioned Jerry Koosman, who had gone along from the White Sox to the Phillies over the winter, and Seaver reminded us that he and Koosman and Tug McGraw and Nolan Ryan had been together on the 1969 World Champion Mets and that they were all still pitching in the majors, fifteen years later. "Nolan Ryan's still pitching *and then some*," he said. "We all had good fundamentals, and our pitching coach, Rube Walker, stressed the right things—don't overthrow, stretch out your work with a five-day rotation, and keep those sound mechanics."

There are other ways to pitch and pitch well, to be sure, Seaver said, and he mentioned Don Sutton as an example. "Sutton's exceptionally stiff-legged," he said, "but he compensates because he follows through. He doesn't do this." He snapped his right arm upward in a whiplike motion after releasing an imaginary ball. "The danger with a stiff front leg is recoiling."

He picked up the remaining pieces of his discarded uniform and underwear and tossed them into a canvas hamper. "What is the theory of pitching?" he went on. He sounded like a young college history lecturer reaching his peroration. "All you're doing is trying to throw a ball from here to here." He pointed off toward some plate behind us. "There's no energy in the ball. It's inert, and you're supplying every ounce of energy you can to it. But the energy can't all go there. You can't do that—that's physics. Where does the rest of it go? *It has to be absorbed back into your body*. So you have to decide if you want it ab-

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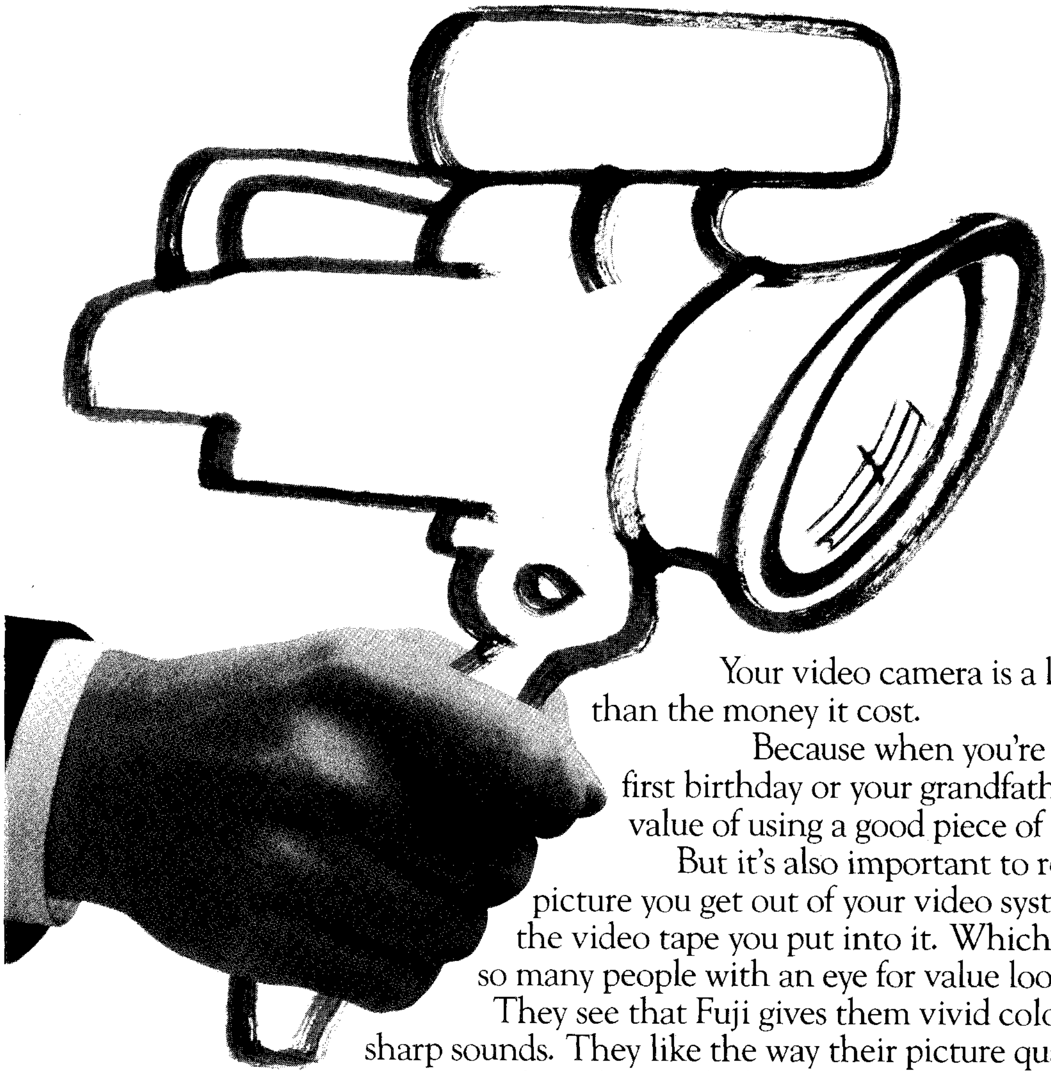

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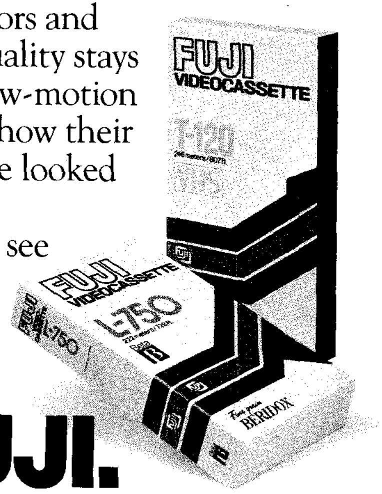

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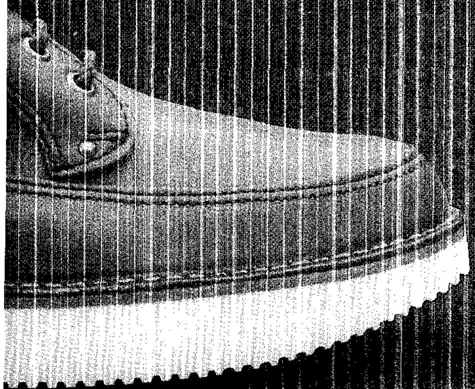

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sorbed back into the smaller muscles of the arm or into bigger muscles of the lower half of your body. The answer is simple. With a stiff front leg, everything comes back in *this* way, back up into the arm, unless you follow through and let that hand go on down after the pitch."

"But isn't that leg kick—" I began.

"The great misnomer in pitching is the 'leg kick,' " he interrupted. "That's totally wrong. Any real leg kick is incorrect. Anytime you kick out your leg you're throwing your shoulders back, and then you're way behind with everything. You've got to stay up on top of this left leg, with your weight right over it. So what is it, really? It isn't a leg kick, it's a *knee lift!* Sure, you should bend your back when you're going forward, but— " He stopped and half-shrugged, suddenly smiling at himself for so much intensity. "I give up," he said. "It's too much for any man to do. It's too much even to remember." He laughed—his famous giggle—and went off for his shower.

I GOT lucky in Arizona three days later, because here was Don Sutton working five sharp innings for the Brewers against the Giants in Scottsdale, and I could think about mechanics some more. Sutton gave up two singles and a solo home run (to Jeff Leonard), and got a passel of groundball outs with his down-breaking curve, which he throws, oddly, with his forefinger crooked up on the ball and the fingernail cutting into a seam. For a while there, I thought he *was* snapping his arm on the recoil—he comes straight over the top, right-handed, bobbing over the front leg and finishing with so little twist or drop to his body that it almost appears to be attached to a vertical wire somewhere—but when I concentrated I thought I could see his pitching arm moving so fast after the release that his hand, a blur, actually did come down past his left knee before it slowed, stopped, and rose again. I wasn't sure, though, and I checked this with him when we met in the dingy wooden visiting-team clubhouse after his outfield sprints. Sutton has fashionably cut gray curly hair and a lean, humorous face; he looks and sounds like his pitching style—slick, spare, smart. Within a couple of weeks, he would turn forty and begin his nineteenth season as a big-league starter.

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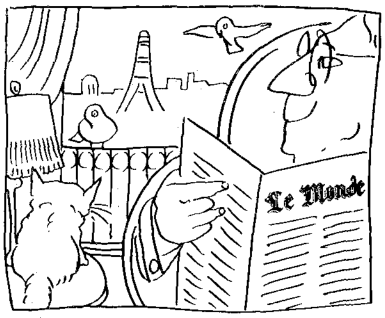

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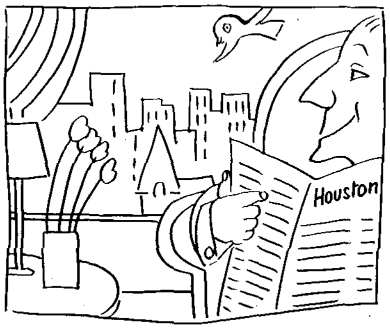

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strain. My mechanics are fundamentally sound, because I do what comes naturally to me. We're all unique. To take a guy like me and turn him into a drop-and-drive pitcher like Tom Seaver would have made for about a one-year career, and to make Tom into an over-the-top curveball pitcher would have done the same to him. Seaver has powerful legs and butt muscles and a strong upper body. All my effort in pitching comes from my upper legs and lower back, and I've worked over the years to keep them strong."

Sutton's shirt was off by now, and I could see the lean, tightly drawn shoulder muscles moving beneath his skin. His body looked tailored. He told me that Red Adams, his pitching coach with the Dodgers years ago, had worked with him to establish and refine his pitching form— "He found my slot" was the way he put it—and had given him four checkpoints to watch for during his delivery. Raising his arms, he faced me and went through a slow-motion delivery. "One: Start square," he said. "Two: Quarter-turn. Three: Pause at the top and tap. Four: Go on through and *don't stop*." He did it all again, even slower this time. "Starting square, looking directly at the plate, and making no more than a quarter turn is important, because if I do this" —he bent his body a little farther away from me on the pivot, going from nine o'clock to about ten-thirty— "if I get that far, I can't make up for all that body action by the time I turn the ball loose. The quarter turn keeps me together. The tap at the top" —he wiggled the toes of his right foot, the mound foot, while his hands were still together above his head— "allows the upper part of my body to catch up with the bottom half and then throw and follow through. It's a one-beat pause. If I *don't* tap, then I'll just rush ahead, so I'm twisted way over here, while my arm is still behind. When I do tap, it's—" And he finished his motion beautifully, with the arm going down and through and then rising again. He had looked almost nothing like Seaver during all this—he was more of a machine, less menacing—but then, near the end of it, I saw the lead shoulder drive down and the back shoulder fly up, bringing the pitching arm up high and through, exactly like Seaver's. They were the same, after all.

That was enough mechanics for the moment, and I asked Sutton how he

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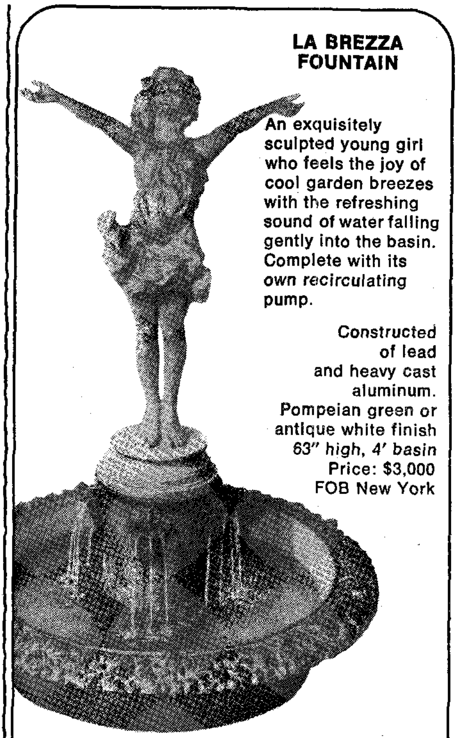

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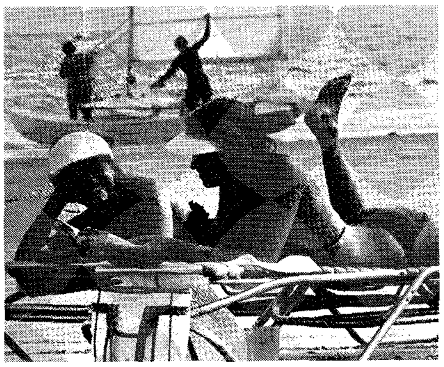
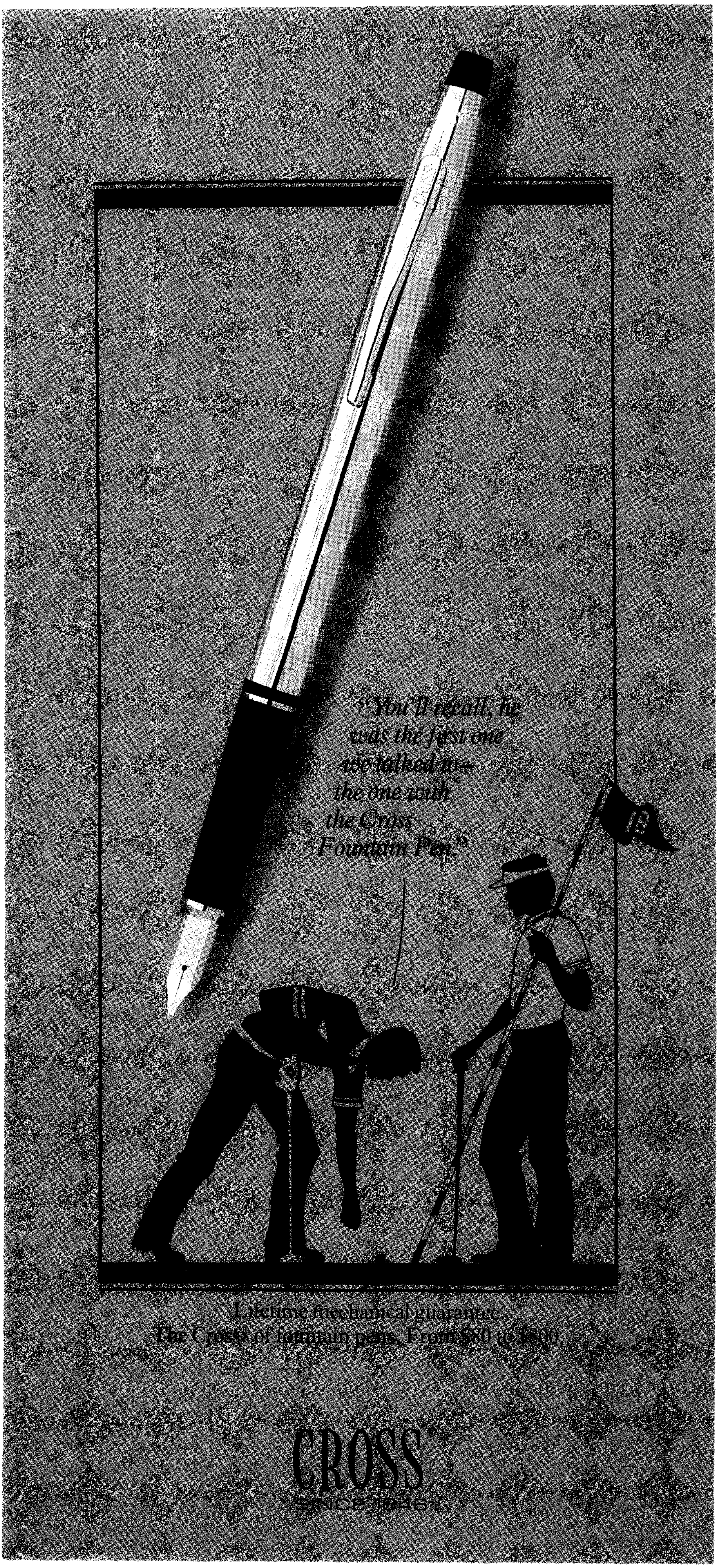


felt about baseball now, in this last, or latter, part of his career.

"I don't care any more or any less about the game than when I started," he said. "I still think it's a fabulous profession to be in. Sometimes we get a little unrealistic about the role we play in things. Being a professional athlete doesn't solve world hunger or stop crime. It's not going to cure cancer or build houses for people. It's not as important as we think it is. What I do for a living isn't that big a deal to me, then, but the fact that I can do it is a real big deal, because it was the goal I set for myself. I love the competition. It's as simple as that."

PERHAPS it was the nonpareil weather in Arizona this year—day after day of shining mornings and slow-baked afternoons—that seemed to gild the players and coaches and managers with an effulgence of good nature and optimism. Lightness lay everywhere. The Brewers, who fell fast in the late going last season, finishing fifth in their division, eleven games back, have not solved their pitching problems, which come in great part from the slow recovery from an injury of ace reliever Rollie Fingers and the continuing disablement of ace starter Pete Vuckovich, and they have had to make do in the early season without third baseman Paul Molitor, because of his ailing elbow. Harry Dalton, the Milwaukee general manager, was blithe in the face of these dolors, and talked instead about the club's future celebrities—rising rookie batsmen, all in their early twenties, who will push their way onto the big club's roster over the next year or so. Dion James, an outfielder, batted .336 with Vancouver last summer, while his teammate there, infielder Randy Ready, finished at .329; this was nothing new for the pair, who started together at Butte, in the Class A Pioneer League, in 1980, and have been .300 hitters at each ascending level since then. Ready's lifetime average in pro ball is a tidy .347. Earnest Riles, a shortstop, led the Texas League last year with a .349 average at El Paso; a teammate there, first baseman Carlos Ponce (the Milwaukee starlets come in twos, like paired ponies), was actually a few fractions of a point ahead of Riles on the last morning of the season but carelessly got himself ejected from the closing game, thereby losing his last licks at the plate. "All that talent is still down the line," Dalton said comfortably, before a B-squad game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one afternoon. "So far this spring, it's been a newsless camp for us." We were joined at this moment by a veteran sportswriter, notebook in hand, to whom Dalton gave a friendly nod. "You get the Robin Yount-to-the-Twins trade?" he asked, and for just an instant the man reacted. Joke.

I found another notable pair sitting in the dugout together at Phoenix before a Cubs-A's game there—not quite ponies, this time. They were Jim Frey, who became the new Chicago manager in the off-season—he had been a coach with the Mets for the past two years—and his new third-base coach, Don Zimmer, who was Frey's very first appointee. Baseball friends are always saying goodbye (if you watch the visiting team take over the field for batting practice before the first game of any series you can generally spot four or five social encounters between players on the opposing clubs: men who played together on some team or other, at some level of the game, and then were traded apart), but Jim and Zim were a reunion.

"We grew up together and played ball together in Cincinnati," Frey said to me. "We went to the same school together—Western Hill High. Before that, we played through knothole ball and sandlot ball and all that stuff, and then high-school ball and Legion ball and the rest. He was an infielder, and I played the outfield. He went into pro ball, and I went into pro ball, and this is the very first time we've been together, thirty-five years later. We never even played against each other—not once—but, of course, that's because he was in the big leagues most of the time, while I stayed in the minors. He was the star of the two of us."

Zimmer was seated just down the bench from us, enjoying all this, and nodding agreement. He is bald and round-faced, with crinkly eyes and a gentle, V-shaped, tobacco-wet grin: a classic baseball phiz. His hands were tucked under his plump thighs, and he was kicking his legs gently in the sunshine.

"Time came he was managing over at San Diego," Frey went on, "but I was coaching in the A.L. then. It wasn't till he got to Boston"—Zimmer managed the Red Sox from 1976 to 1980, and then took over the Rangers' helm; Frey managed the Royals in 1980 and 1981— "that we ever even saw each other in the summer."

We stared out at the field for a bit, and then Frey said, "You understand that it's not just that this is a friend-ship. There's respect, too. I mean, he may not look it, but the man's managed for nine years. Who else could I go to for that kind of experience and knowledge and information—all the things you want in a coach? I mean—hell, I got a lot of friends that live in Cincinnati, but they ain't going to be coaching for me at Wrigley Field this summer."

I FOUND Reggie Jackson playing in a B-game between the Angels and the A's the next morning. He'd been waiting out a pulled leg muscle, and these were his first at-bats of the spring. He rapped a little single to right, struck out, and whacked a double against Ray Burris which the center fielder, out by the 410-foot mark on the wall, gloved but could not hold: a real Reggieblow. He was d.h.-ing for the Angels—it's his regular position now—and between his turns on deck and at bat he came out and stood in the sun with some of the writers along the low right-field fence and took care of the day's ink. Reggie loves to talk—we all love what we're good at—but now, for the first time, he was talking about the end of his playing days, or the chance of that. He had an abysmal season in 1983—a .194 average, with fourteen home runs, the last of which came in July. In the campaign just previous, he had tied for the league lead with thirty-nine downtowners. He has four hundred and seventy-eight lifetime home runs, and Angel-watchers last summer had the impression that he was so eager to reach the five-hundred plateau (he would be the thirteenth player there, ever) that his big stroke came apart under the strain. He will be thirty-eight later this spring, and there can't be many seasons ahead. He looked the same as ever—large and friendly and anxious to please, and in great shape—and it was hard to ask him how he felt about closing down his career.

"I often think about coming to the end," he said. "It's fairly real—it's a possibility—and I can't say it doesn't bother me. It isn't a big event or anything, but what I'd like now is to leave on my terms. If I had another year like last year—and that wasn't a bad year, it was *horrible*—then I'd have to go. I'd feel defeated. It isn't just slowing down, not being able to do what you've done—that's understood and accepted. You can deal with that. But we're talking about maybe not being able to play baseball at all—the end. In

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some ways, I won't mind. The position I've been in is that of an offensive leader who is counted on to produce. If I play in a hundred and fifty games, I'm expected to put a number on the board in a hundred of those games. That's the kind of pressure you don't mind doing without, especially if you've accomplished some goals along the way. So if I can do what I think I can do this year—hit maybe twenty-five home runs and eighty-five R.B.I.s, just get back in Reggie's groove—then I don't think I'd miss the game after that. But if I didn't—if I was asked to leave—it would be a whole lot different. I'd miss baseball if it came to that. It's *how* you go."

I asked if he felt that people expected him to fail now, where once they had expected him to succeed.

"I'm always under pressure," he said. "I always feel that. Even in this game—a little B-game. I got that base hit and everybody reacted to that. I could feel it. Then I struck out—it was the first change-up I'd seen all year—and I could feel the pressure of *Uh-oh, you didn't succeed. What are people thinking?* The pressure goes on and off for me now even from one at-bat to the next."

Someone asked if most older players didn't have to bear this sort of burden, and Reggie agreed.

"If you're over thirty-five and you've done some things in this game, you develop—if I'm using the word right—you develop a certain braggadocio, a bravado about yourself, but you know you're being watched in a special way, because this is a young man's game. If you do have some bad games, people notice it and write about it and talk about it, and you begin to think, Hey, why are you knocking me now? Even when I'd had a good season, like two years ago, I'd be asked how I measured it, how I felt about it, and that brought defensive responses. You can understand that. So listen. If I get one more good year, give me a pat on the back. Give me a feather and I'll wear it in my cap."

ONE of the umpires in that morning game was Pam Postema—a quick, slim, cheerful arbiter from the Pacific Coast League, who is the only woman ump in the business. I'd seen her work some games last year. The word on her is that she is an outstanding ball-and-strike ump and that she doesn't take any guff out there. At one point in the spring, there was a rhubarb on the field, and coach Herm

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Starrette, of the Giants, told her to go back to her needle and thread, and she threw him out of the game. Here in Phoenix, she was talking to some friends after the game—she said she'd been hit on the toe with a foul the day before and was dying to get off her feet—when a fan leaned out of the stands and handed her a ball to sign. "Just give me your autograph, will ya, honey?" the man said.

Postema took the ball and the pen and said, "You want me to sign it 'Honey' or do you want my name?"

LUCKY kids get to be batboys in the spring games—mostly the sons of coaches or club executives or older players, who come and visit their fathers during the spring break at school. For a while in March, the Oakland batpersons were Kacey and Carey Schueler, the daughters of Ron Schueler, who is the pitching coach for the A's. Another A's sprout on hand was Jim Essian III, the son of the veteran backup catcher, who was the smallest batboy on view anywhere. He is four years old, and he wore a green sunsuit on the job, with manager Steve Boros' No. 14 inked on it, fore and aft. He had all the moves out there. Dave Kingman, who has caught on with the club as a designated hitter this year, bombed a moon shot up onto the left-field embankment against the Cubs' Scott Sanderson, and when Kong came around third James III was waiting about ten feet up the line from home, with Kingman's bat under his arm, and he gave him a high five—high for him, low for Dave—as he came by.

THE new baseball commissioner, Peter V. Ueberroth, was on hand for a Sunday game in Scottsdale—a slightly built, intense-looking gent in black loafers, who sat with Giants owner Bob Lurie for a few innings and then moved to the visiting-team side to chat with Oakland president Roy Eisenhardt. He will need to get in a lot of homework, for by his own admission he is not expert in the game, or even a deep-dyed fan. I do not envy him, for baseball, although at a peak of popularity and attendance, is burdened with difficulties for which no quick or easy solutions suggest themselves: a majority of the franchises operating in the red, the endemic problem of drug abuse by the players, and the upcoming (next year) renewal of the basic-agreement contract between the owners and the players, which in

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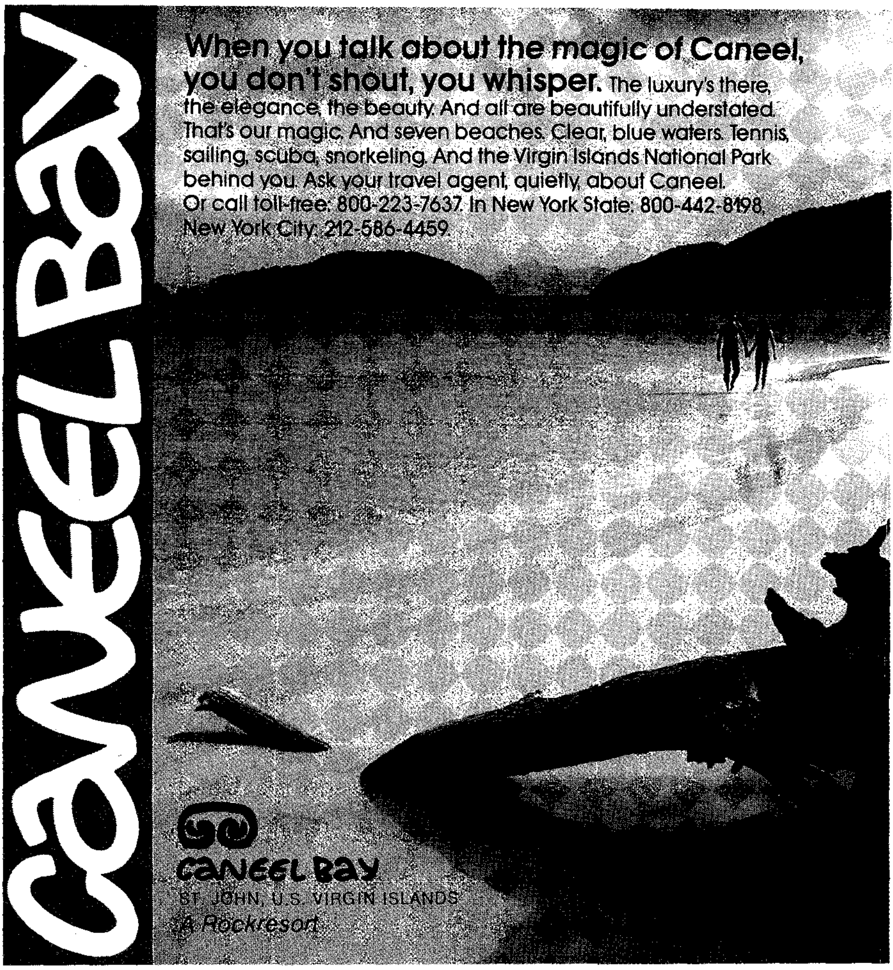
the past has been such a *casus belli* for the hardheads and dinosaurs of the game. Mr. Ueberroth, a California businessman, will not take office until next October, for he is currently engaged as president of the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee—a training ground that makes me wonder, not at all cheerfully, how soon we will become accustomed to TV commercials or jacket logos identifying, say, the Official National League Under-Arm Deodorant.

Another effendi visiting the camps was Dr. Robert W. Brown, the new American League prexy—Bobby Brown, that is, who played third base for the Yankees from 1946 to 1954, and batted .439 over seventeen World Series games. (He was Yogi Berra's roommate for a time, and, since some things must be cherished, I took care not to ask him about the truth of the ancient Berra yarn that has Brown, then a part-time medical student, laying aside his copy of Gray's "Anatomy" after a late study hour on the road, and his friendly roomie looking up to inquire "How'd it come out?") I sat with Brown and Eisenhardt during a B-game one morning, and some of the scouts who were clocking pitches from behind the screen came over between innings to say hello to their old baseball buddy. Dr. Brown is a heart specialist who had been part of a six-man cardiology group connected with two hospitals in Fort Worth. "I'd been at it since 1958," he told us, "and the emergency-room work and the blood pressures below eighty and all had really begun to bother me. I'd had my fill, and I was just trying to figure out what to do next. I wanted a change, but I had no wish to run a rehabilitation center, or anything like that. Then this came along."

"You got to run a rehabilitation center," Eisenhardt said.

THE Oakland team, which finished twenty-five games behind the White Sox in the A.L. West last year, helped itself immeasurably in the off-season, acquiring veterans Joe Morgan and Bruce Bochte to play second and first, respectively, and—even better, perhaps—trading for Bill Caudill, an obdurate righty bullpen stopper who saved fifty-two games for the Seattle Mariners over the past two seasons. Bochte, by the way, dropped out of baseball last year and worked instead at an ecology-centered experimental community, the Chinook Learning Center, on an island in Pu-



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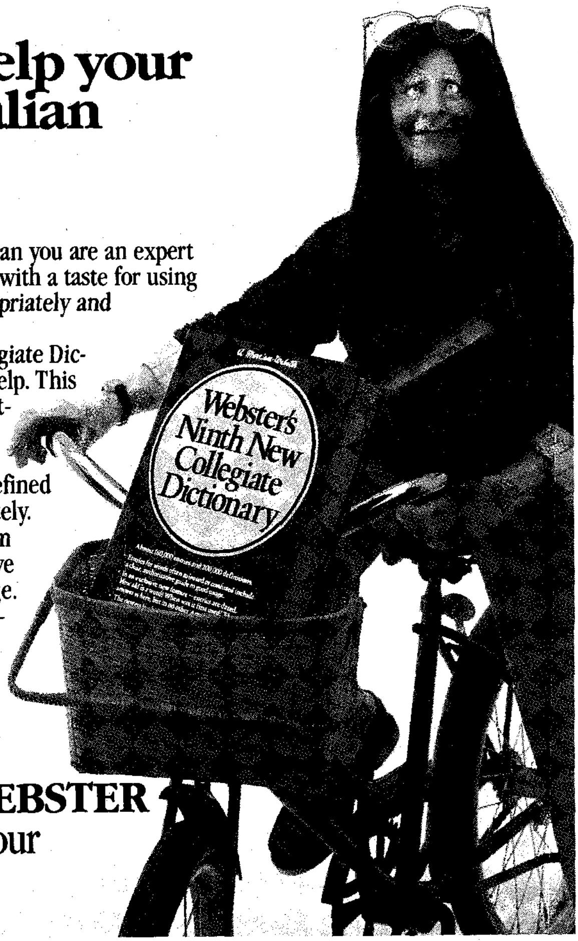

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get Sound. The biggest alteration for the A's, however, may be a new outlook on things by manager Steve Boros. I came to know Boros last year, during his first campaign as a major-league skipper, and was impressed by his intellectual capacities (he is a graduate of the University of Michigan, where he was an English major, and is a part-time, or sometime, writer, of all things) and by his low-key ways and his sensitivity to the feelings of his young players. It was a longish summer for the Oaklands, however, who committed a hundred and fifty-seven errors and finished last in both leagues in assists.

"It's amazing how a disappointing season eats at you," Boros told me in Arizona. "I find myself saying things and doing things now that I didn't think I was capable of, simply because last year was so painful. I don't want to see these things again. We kept blowing bunt defenses last year, and now I'm talking about that with my pitchers and infielders almost every day. 'Here's the same situation—first and second and none out,' I say. 'Now, *never mind* if they move up the runner. We've got to get an out. *Goddam it, we've got to get an out!* And don't ever throw the goddam ball away trying to get that lead runner. Don't let me see that again.' There were so many times when I saw us try to get smart and do something that was stupid and risky. 'Get the man at first,' I say. 'If they've got men at second and third now, fine—that gives us an open base. We can pitch around the next man. We're not in trouble. We've got an out, and now chances are we can get the D.P. But if we miss the front man, then they've got the bases loaded and none out, and we've probably lost the game. That's why they're bunting—because the game is on the line. If we blow that, or miss the double play right after that, we've given them one or two extra outs.' We're not going to do much of *that* this year, believe me."

He went on to describe, almost pitch by pitch, how his team had thrown away a 7–2 lead over the White Sox in a game at Comiskey Park. It was like hearing a veteran describe how he was wounded at Guadalcanal—he knew it all by heart. ". . . So I went out to the mound and told my pitcher and catcher to waste a pitch inside to Carlton Fisk and then get him with a breaking ball, and I walk back to the dugout, and the first pitch and *then the next pitch* were inside fastballs, and

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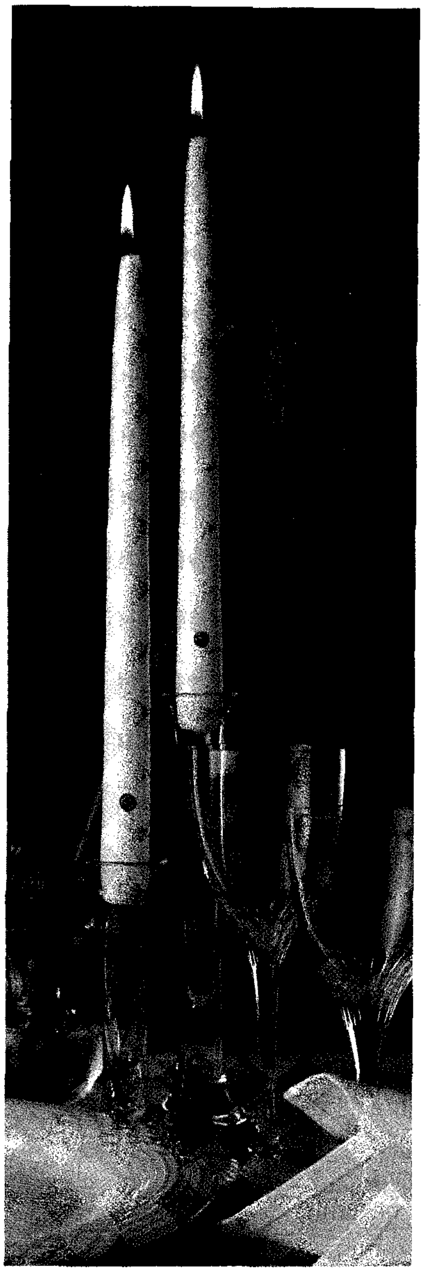

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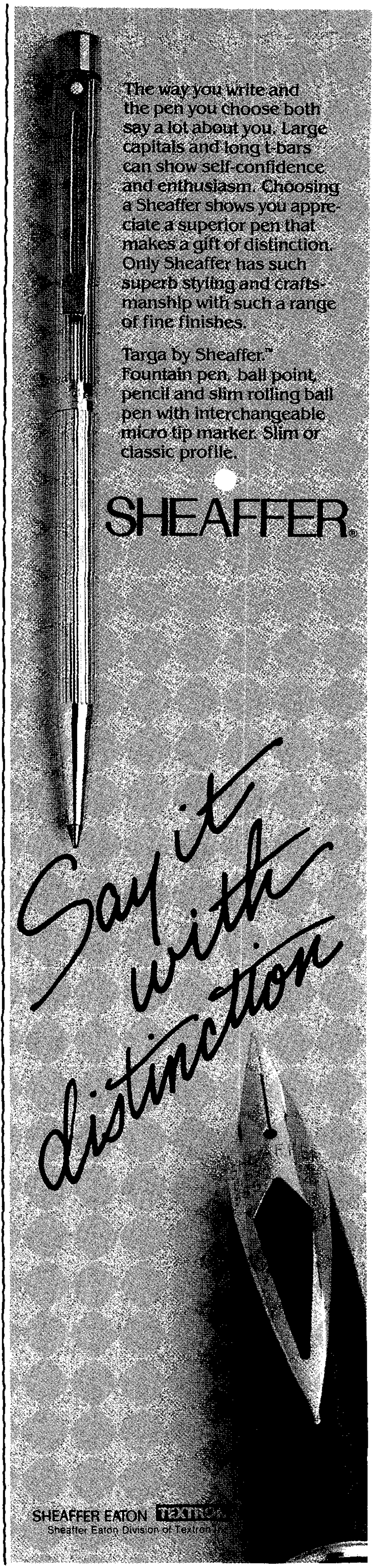
Fisk hit the ball off the top of the left-field façade, and it was 7–6. Then Luzinski hit one in the ninth to tie it, and we lose in ten. When my catcher came in after the Fisk shot, I asked him what was going on out there, and he said, 'Oh, I thought we should go inside one more time, because he wouldn't be expecting that.' Well, you work for a family magazine, so I won't tell you what I said to that, but it was that kind of year. It won't happen again, believe me."

Bill Caudill will make a difference, too—not just because of his good cut fastball and his stubbornness on the mound in late innings but because he is a dedicated clubhouse pantaloon. While he was with the Mariners, he was a prime suspect two years ago in an interminably extended practical joke played on the incumbent manager, Rene Lachemann, who, by one means or another, was followed by cherry jello throughout the season, repeatedly finding the stuff in his hotel bathtub and toilet and sink on road trips, and once—a miracle of modern science—in a freshly opened post-game can of beer in his dugout office. Steve Boros often eats a hard-boiled egg in *his* office after a game, and early this spring at Phoenix he reached into his refrigerator, extracted an egg from the shelf, and was about to tap it open on his desk but then paused and shook the egg and carefully put it aside. "Caudill," he said.

When I asked Caudill about this—he is lanky and informal, with a scraggly mustache and a slanty grin—he professed innocence but then paid tribute to Steve Boros. "That's why he's the manager," he said. "He knows what's raw and what's cooked."

Joe Morgan is five feet seven, but you forget that when he's in a game—he has seen to that. He has more than nineteen years of major-league service, with back-to-back Most Valuable Player awards in 1975 and 1976, when he held down the middle of the diamond for Cincinnati's champion Big Red Machine; he has hit two hundred and sixty (of his two hundred and sixty-two) home runs while playing second base, and four more will put him even with the great Rogers Hornsby for the most down-towners at that position. He is forty years old, and he has played for four different teams in the past five years, but anyone who is tempted to see those last figures as negatives should think twice, for he has seen to *that* as



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well. "Every team I've gone to was a better one once I got there," he says, and you can look it up. Leaving the Reds after 1979 (they had won their division but lost the playoffs), he joined the Houston Astros, whereupon that team won *its* division, for the first time ever. He joined the fifth-place Giants for the strike-shortened 1981 season, and helped them move up to third the following year, just two games out of first. (His home run in his last at-bat of the year knocked the Dodgers out of the upcoming playoffs.) Last year, he went to the Phillies, who won the National League championship but lost to the Orioles in the World Series. He batted .230 for the season—a poor year for him—but hit .337 in the month of September, while the Phils ran away from their division with eleven straight wins and a twenty-two-and-seven record over all. On September 19th, Morgan's fortieth birthday, he went four for five against the Cubs, with two homers; he was four for five again the next night, and then three for four (three doubles) the game after that: a .786 kickoff for his fifth decade. He hit two solo home runs in the World Series, but the Phillies drooped and died before the good Baltimore pitching, and Joe Morgan came home (he lives in Oakland) and told his wife that that was it—time to call it a career. "It was a great feeling," he said to me in Arizona. "I had no regrets whatsoever." Morgan goes through life with his head tipped back and his chin thrusting into the air—it's the same if he's stepping into the batter's box or sitting in the dugout in the spring with a reporter—and there are no pauses or hesitancies in his conversation. He is a man who has made up his mind. What changed his mind over the past winter, he said, was playing a lot of tennis with Roy Eisenhardt, who told him repeatedly that the Oakland A's and the city of Oakland needed him back for one more year of baseball.

"Well, I listened to that," Morgan said, "because the Oakland A's are one of very few teams around that can really say they speak for a city, and because I knew how many people there were in Oakland who'd helped me become the person that I am—and not just in a baseball way. So how could I do anything less? Here was a chance to end my career just a few blocks away from where it started, on the playgrounds of Oakland. My wife and my kids wanted me to do it, and, let's face it, I still love to play the game. Now

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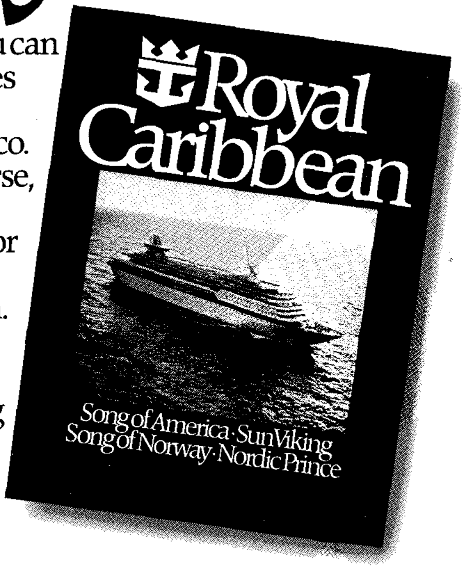

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maybe my playing will help some kids to come along and think the way I did—to grow up in Oakland and *be* somebody. So this season is me rewarding myself for all the stuff I've gone through and worked so hard to do. I spent seventeen years away from my family, playing baseball in the big leagues—all but those two years I was over with the Giants. My father never got a real chance to watch me play—he could only read about me in the papers or maybe see me on TV once in a while. Now he and all the rest of my folks can just walk on into the park every day and see me play my final year."

BACKTRACKING, I came east to catch some Mets innings in and around St. Petersburg, where I was joined by my thirteen-year-old son, John Henry, who is a confirmed front-runner by temperament; I think he relishes the deep insignificance of spring baseball, since it does away with the anxiety that burdens him in midseason if any of his teams (the Mets, the Orioles, the Red Sox sometimes) are not seven runs ahead by the fourth inning. We watched the Mets fall before the Phillies, 3–1, in a game during which seventeen consecutive Gothamites came up to bat at one stretch (against Phillie pitchers Charles Hudson, Tug McGraw, and Al Holland) without setting foot on first base. The next day, before a noisy sellout crowd at Al Lang Stadium, the selfsame crew batted around in the third against the Yankees and whipped them almost breezily, 9–4, while receiving impressive work from pitchers Ron Darling and Doug Sisk. I try to beware of March microcosms, but these games did seem to offer a gemlike précis of the Mets' prospects in the new season—good and sometimes brilliant pitching from their rising, much-publicized firm of young arms (Darling, Terrell, Gooden, Leary & Sisk), coupled with frequent dry-watergulch spells around the plate, as the club writhes and pants for runs. Darryl Strawberry looks bigger each time I see him, which is attributable either to his greater poise at the plate (he strikes out less, and no longer appears anesthetized by an unexpected pitch up there) or else to the fact that at twenty-two (and six feet six and two hundred pounds) he is still growing. Elsewhere, there are too many inexperienced hands around second base and behind the plate (two catchers, Mike Fitzgerald and John Gibbons,

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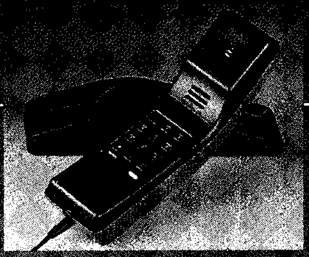

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6950 SOUTH TUCSON WAY, ENGLEWOOD, COLORADO 80112 have less than a month in the majors between them), and too much reliance, perforce, on the endurance of skinny Jesse Orosco, who went 13–7, with seventeen saves and a 1.47 E.R.A., while working out of the bullpen last year. (Orosco was maligned in original fashion this spring by a sportswriter who said, "He isn't *interesting* enough to be a great relief pitcher.")

The Mets manager this year, Davey Johnson, is also a newcomer, but that circumstance may be an asset of sorts, since he came to know many of the newly matriculated Metsies while managing them at different levels in the minors. Johnson, who has a dark, direct gaze and a Wyatt Earp mustache, is wry and quick-witted; he seems to enjoy jousting with reporters. He was a major-league infielder for more than a decade, mostly with the Orioles and the Braves, and also played a couple of seasons in Japan. He has a college degree in mathematics and is at home with computers, but he will not be pinned down about how much reliance he places on statistical analysis in his tactical planning. "You have to be aware of all the factors and elements to get a lineup, but how I weight our data is classified information," he said one morning. "I've been in baseball for twenty-two years and into computer programming for sixteen years, so I'm a combination of Bill James"—the author of the riveting, stat-laden *Baseball Abstract* annual—"and Earl Weaver. They each know one thing, but I know both things. Earl kept those charts of how all his batters did against each pitcher in the league, but I always thought he abused stats, because he didn't take the hot hand into account. When I was with Earl one year—I was only about twenty-five years old at the time—I worked up a study called 'The Optimization of the Oriole Lineup' that I thought might help him. It took me about twenty hours to get it ready, and it took him about five seconds to throw it in the wastebasket. But he never held it against me—I'll say that. The trouble with most baseball figures is that the sample isn't big enough. Standard-deviation charts call for a minimum of a thousand chances, so you can't just chart ten at-bats and have it mean anything. Bill James gives weights to a lot of things that I wouldn't always agree with. What weight would you give to the enthusiasm we put forward when we're on the field?"

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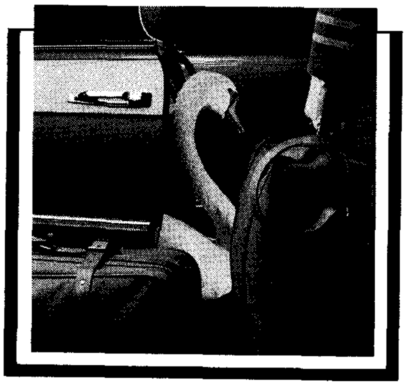

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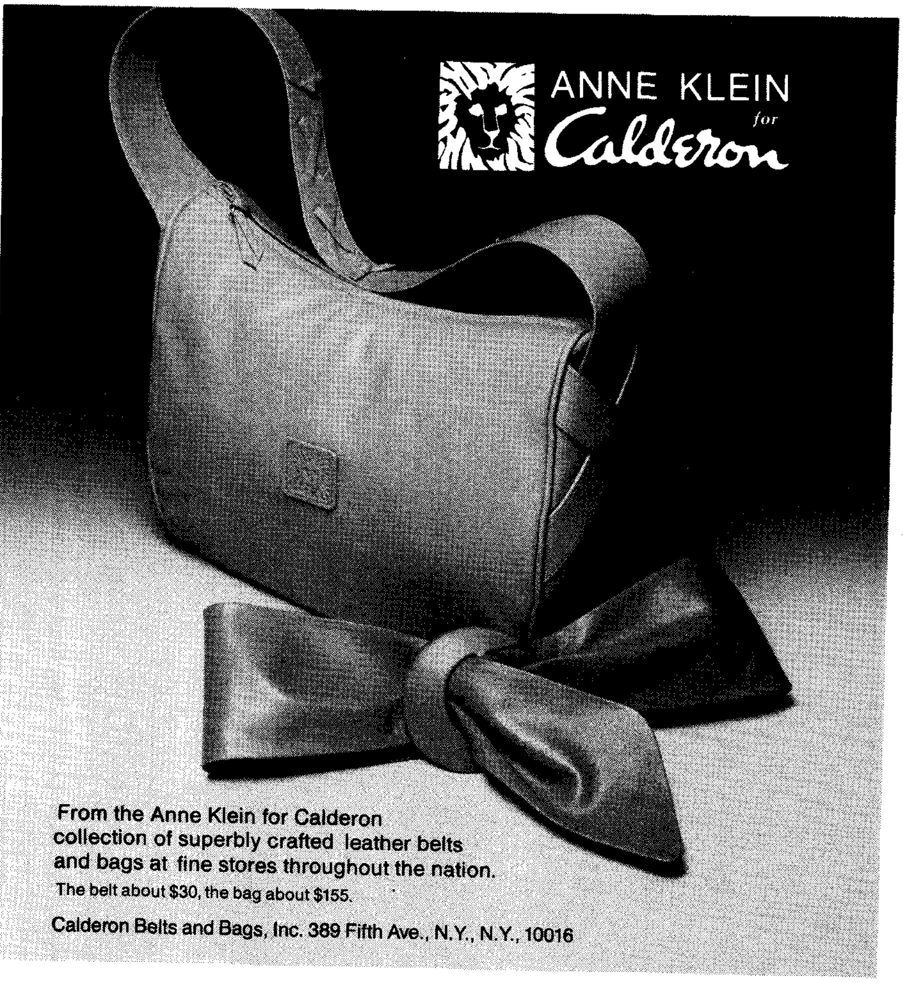

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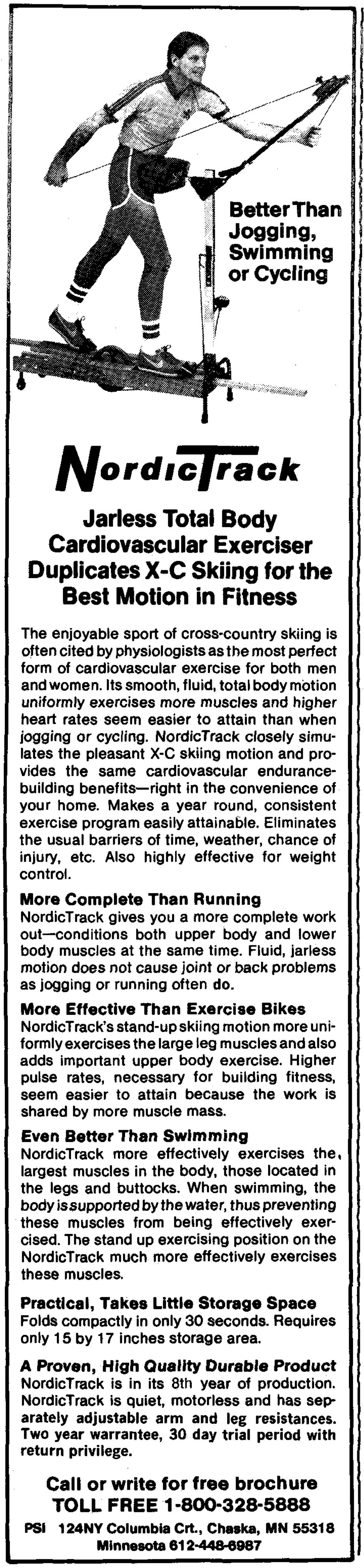
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field against the Yankees that day lit up the crowd, but perhaps not as much as did the torpor and slovenliness of the famous visitors, whose malfeasances (three errors, a wild pitch) were greeted with delighted groans and hootings. This was self-entertainment rather than partisanship, I think, and the biggest hand of the day was reserved for Yogi Berra, the newly incumbent Yankee manager, when he clumped out onto the field in the seventh—all ears and feet and fame—to give some lineup changes to the home-plate umpire. Some of the Yankee-directed derision may also have been for the benefit of George Steinbrenner, who was sitting in the stands behind the Yankee dugout, where he was visited throughout the game by persistent crowds of autograph seekers and Instamatic-snappers. A couple of old gents down a couple of rows from us couldn't seem to take their eyes off the Yankee owner once they had spotted him nearby. "Yep, there he *is*," one of them said with an appreciative chuckle. "Old George Steinbrenner!"

The Yankees have been a distracted sort of team so far this year, and old George, of course, is once again the prime distracter. The sudden alterations and experiments, repositionings and reassignments (Gossage gone west, Righetti to the pen, Griffey to center field, Griffey *out of* center field, Nettles grumbling, Nettles gone, a young shortstop sent to the minors in reprisal for an early-season error, and so on) are too well documented to require reëxamination here, but if this mode of frantic, almost panicky daily appraisal is to continue we can write off the Pinstripes as serious contenders in their extremely tough division this year. I think it may stop, however, mostly because of the very recent appointment of Clyde King as Yankee general manager. He is fifty-eight years old—a calm, profoundly experienced baseball thinker, with particular expertise as a pitching coach, who has worked at almost every level of the Yankee organization. One of his first statements on taking office suggests that he already has the club's priorities absolutely sorted out: "I'd like to help George enjoy the game again."

The Yankees' fame and wealth and the presence in their lineup of expensive old and new stars like Winfield, Guidry, Baylor, Kemp, Griffey, Piniella, and Phil Niekro are distractions to us, in turn, and have probably kept most of us from quite noticing how many splendid youngsters—some

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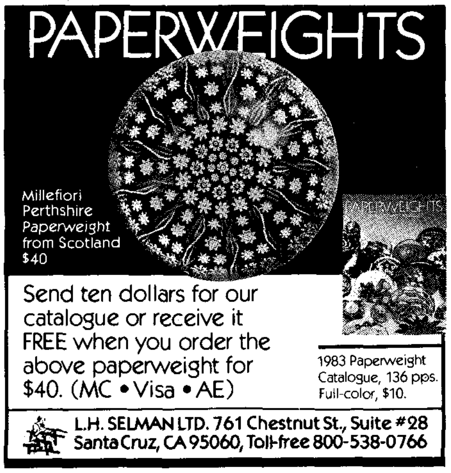
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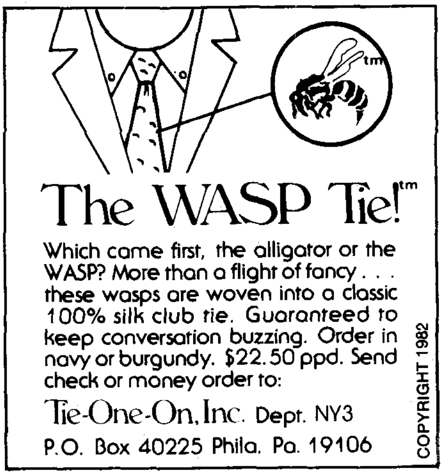
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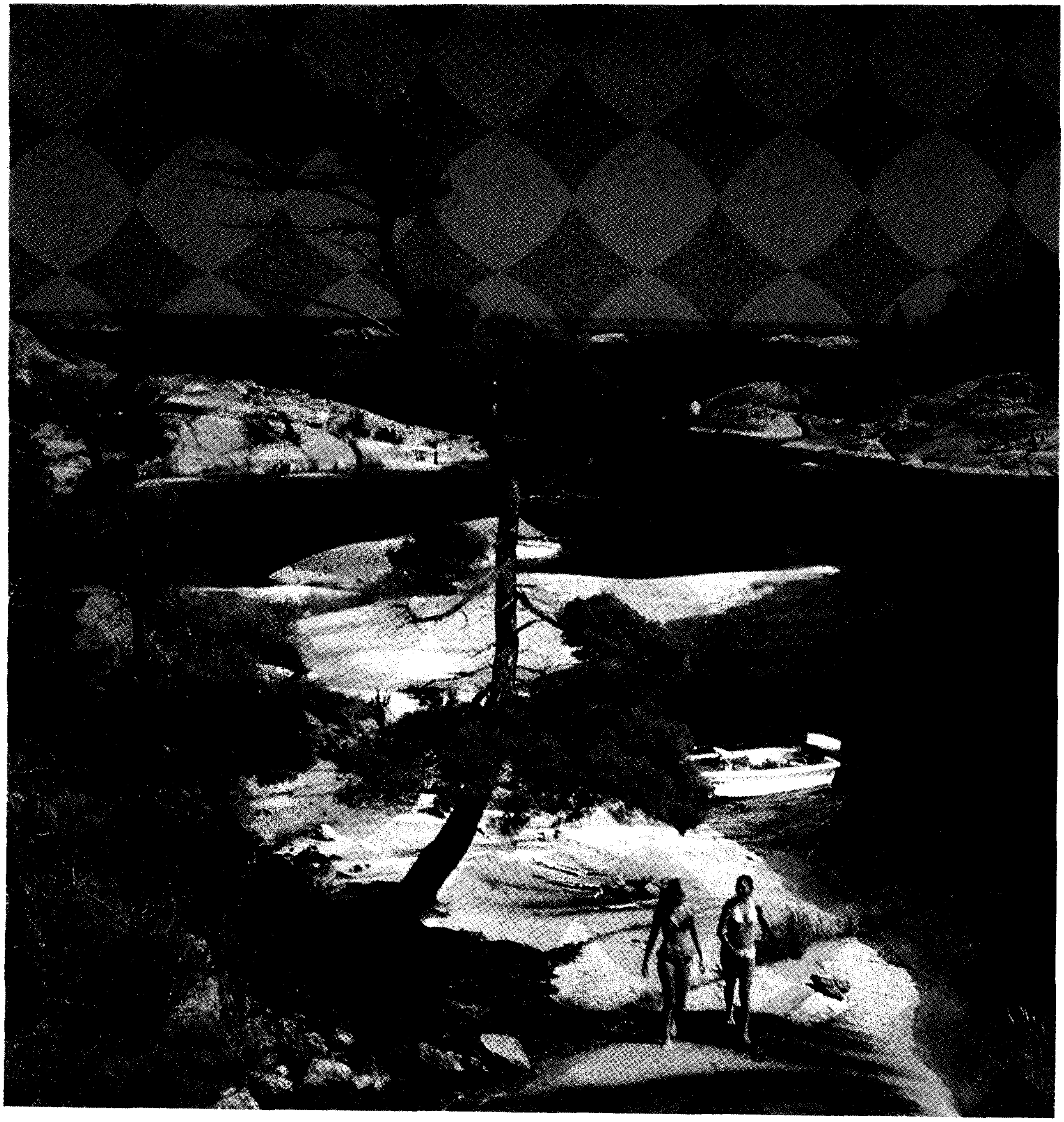

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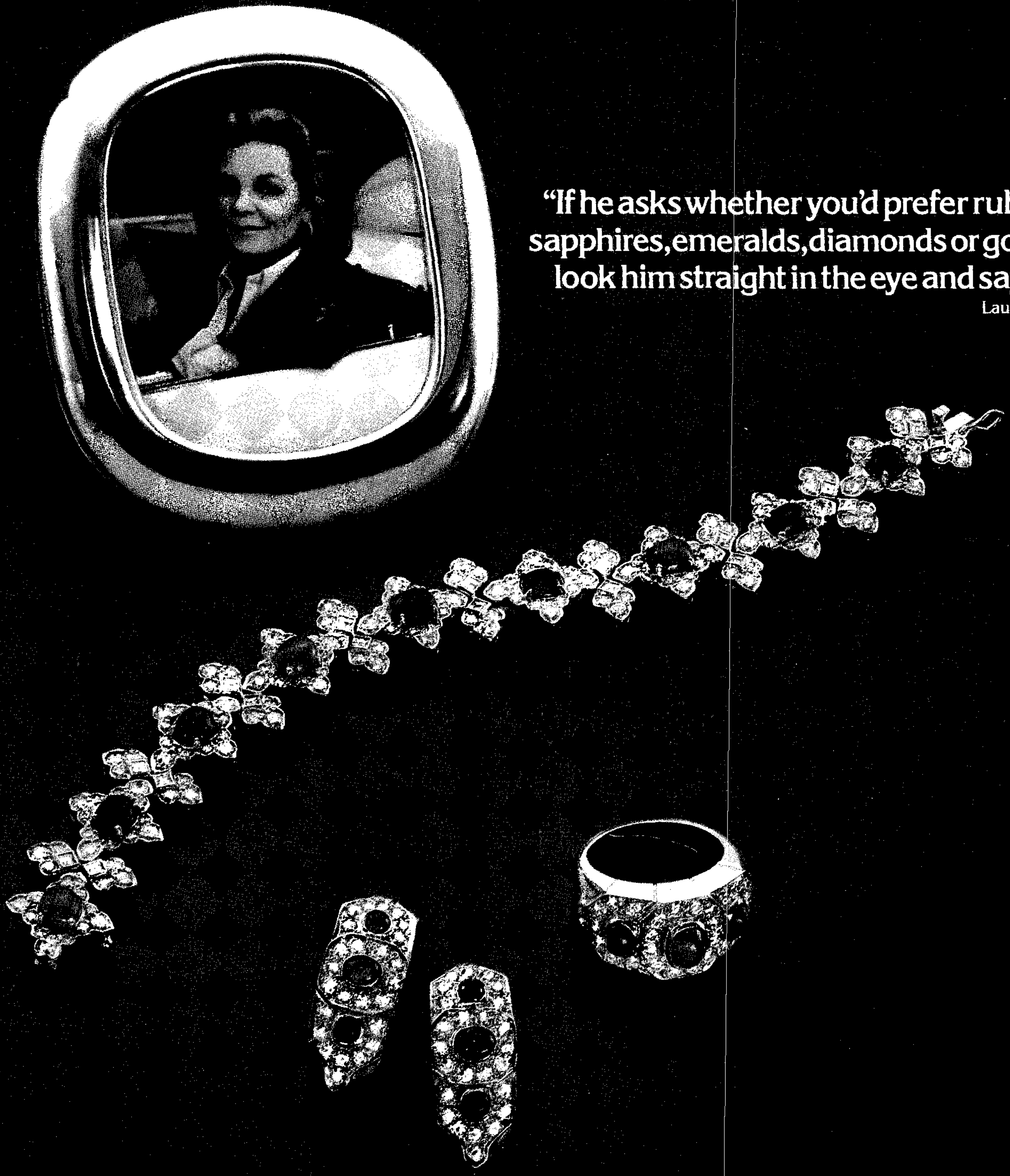

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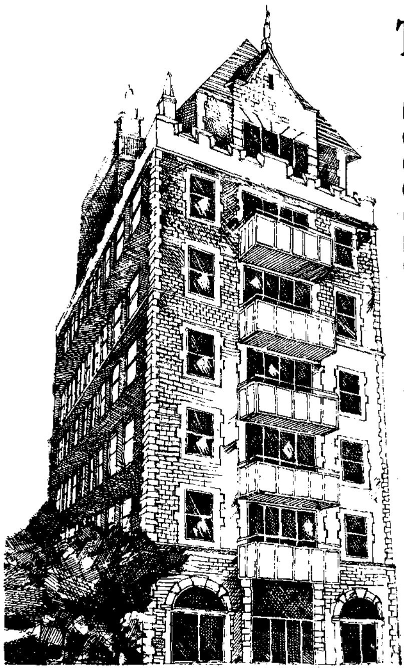
of them homegrown—have lately been finding their way onto the Bronx roster: outfielder Don Mattingly, infielders Andre Robertson (who is playing, but still recovering from the aftereffects of an automobile accident last summer) and Bobby Meacham, outfielder Stan Javier (he is the nineteen-year-old son of Julian Javier, the Cardinals' outstanding second baseman throughout the nineteen-sixties), and pitcher Jose Rijo, who is eighteen. Rijo pitched a strong two innings against the Mets when I was there—a slim, skinny-armed right-hander with a lively, in-leaning drive off the mound. In the sixth, he fanned Hubie Brooks with as good a breaking ball as I saw all spring.

As it turned out, I did have a scheme of study this spring, and that was to listen to older ballplayers talk about their trade. I didn't plan it that way, but once it began to happen I was ready to go back for more. Tom Seaver, Don Sutton, Reggie Jackson, and Joe Morgan don't have much in common at first glance except their age and their long success, but what I picked up from them all was an absorbed pride in work that accompanies, and sometimes even exceeds, the self-pride and love of challenge that lie somewhere near the center of every professional athlete. We envy and admire ballplayers because they get to do brilliant things under contrived but excruciatingly difficult circumstances; if they like themselves in the end, we can forgive them, I think, for it is much clearer to them than to anyone else how truly hard it was, every day, to play this game well, or at all.

Rusty Staub, the old man of the young Mets, had an amazing season in 1983. Employed almost exclusively as a pinch-hitter, he batted .296 over a hundred and four games, and rapped twenty-four pinch hits—one short of the all-time record. His eight consecutive pinch hits, in June, tied another record, and so did his twenty-five pinch runs-batted-in for the season. All this came to pass in his twenty-first season; he started as an outfielder with Houston in 1963, when he played a full season, with more than five hundred at-bats, at the age of nineteen. Along the way, he became the first people's favorite—*le Grand Orange*—with the newborn Montreal Expos; then held down right field for the Mets in the early seventies (I can still see him catching a drive by the Reds' Dan Driessen and crashing heavily



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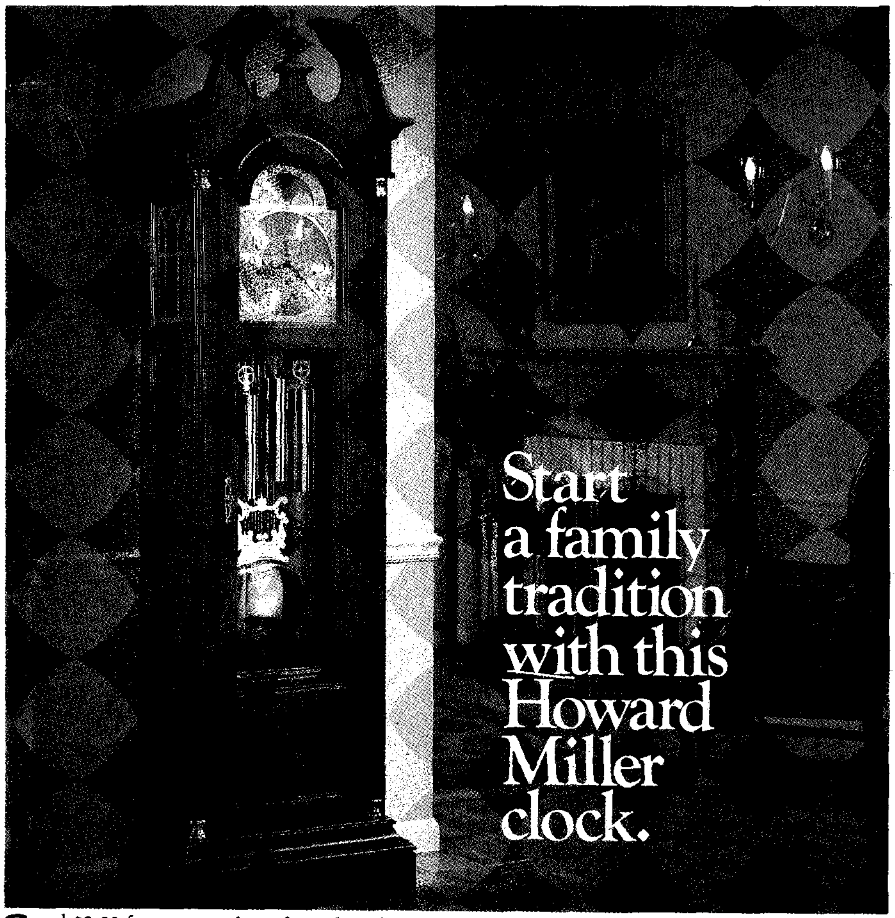

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into the wall out there—and holding the ball), batting .423 in their second World Series, in 1973; then played for the Tigers, the Expos again, and the Rangers; and came back to the Mets in 1981. I talked with Staub one bright, breezy morning while we sat on a little green bench outside the clubhouse at Huggins-Stengel Field, where the Mets train. He is a large, thickly built man, with pink eyelashes and oddly pale skin and a self-contained, polite way of speaking. He was a few days short of his fortieth birthday.

"Most of the men who have played into their forties have been pitchers," he said. "The players who have made it that long are a group that's had talent and a tremendous dedication to staying in shape. People like Yastrzemski, Pete Rose, Joe Morgan, and myself took pride in how they played every day. They didn't give. They never said the hell with today, we'll get 'em tomorrow. Every game mattered. As my career went along, I saw a lot of players with great ability who didn't stay in the game as long as they could have, because they seemed to lose their desire. Even way back when I was with Houston, people were saying I only had a couple of years left, but I knew better. I'm pleased and proud I've been able to stay in this game and still play with the young guys."

Staub said that he had found it much easier to accept his role as a pinch-hitter once Keith Hernandez came over to the Mets from the Cardinals last June. Before that, Dave Kingman had been playing first, although Staub was convinced that he himself could have helped the club more at that position. Hernandez deserved the job, in Staub's estimation, and that made a difference in his own mental adjustment to his limited duties. "You've really got to have a positive attitude about yourself to be a pinch-hitter," he said. "As frustrating as hitting is, there's just no comparison between it and pinch-hitting. You're going to come up to bat in a great many situations where the game is on the line, and no matter what sort of streak you're on you're going to make some outs, and they'll be outs that hurt. You're going to let down your teammates. It's wonderful when you do get up there and put your team back in the game, or get the hit that ties it up, or the hit that wins it, but when you make the out, that's *tough.* You have to be mentally strong about it, because you can't redeem yourself until the next opportunity, and that

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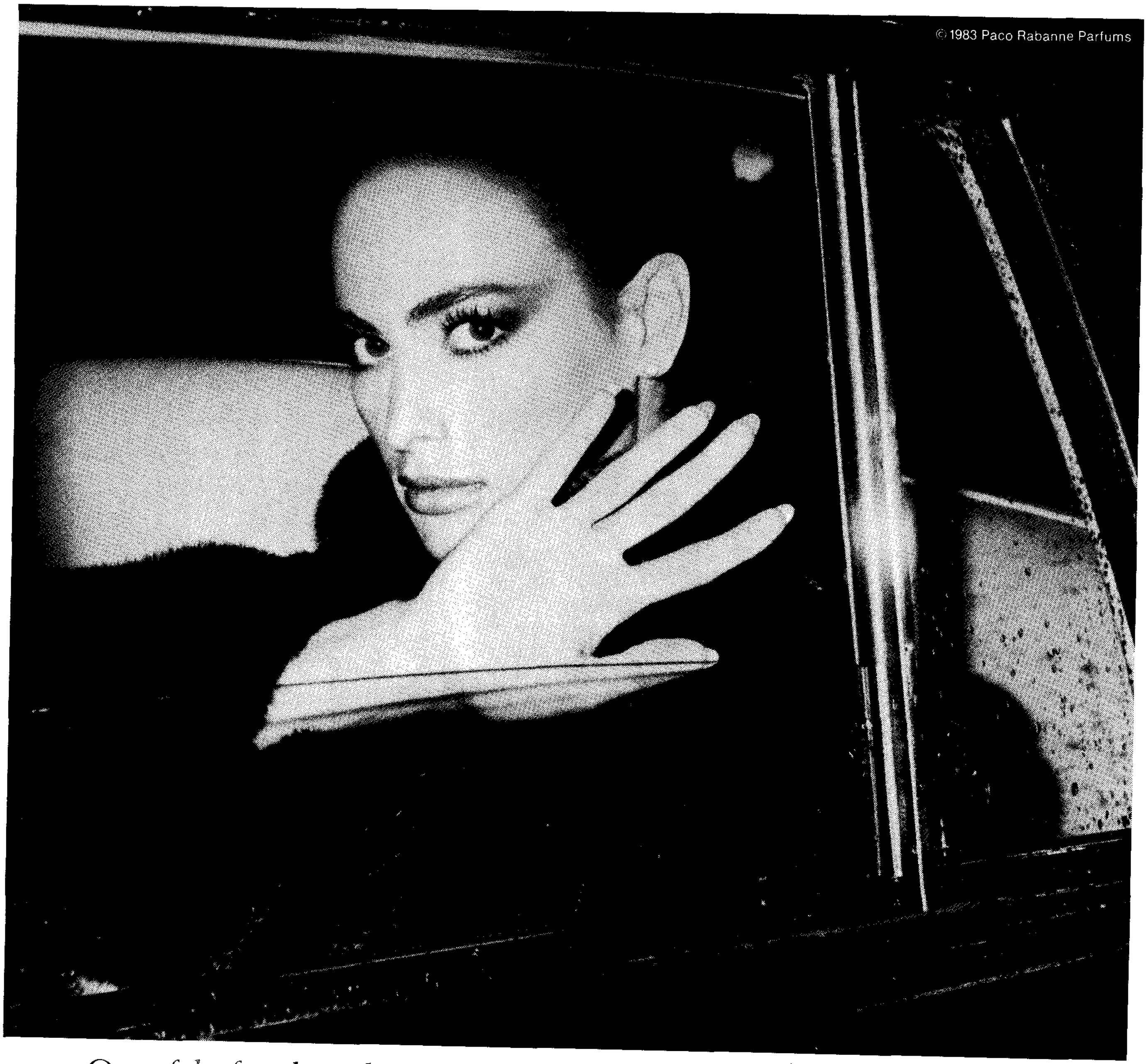
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may not be until a week from now. You have to have a great belief in your own abilities and worth to go through that and not get down."

He talked a little about the more technical side of the work—staying loose in the clubhouse during the game with exercises and a skip rope, so as to be in gear when called upon, and keeping his short stroke (a thing of beauty; how well I can see it!) at the plate. "If there's anything I've worked at, it's to be intelligent about the pitchers," he said. "I try to give the outstanding pitchers full credit and not do too much with the ball. Take what's there. If there's a really good left-hander with a breaking ball"—Staub is a left-handed batter—"you can't be up there wheeling for the fences. Most of the time when I'm up, I'm only after a base hit. Going after an extra-base hit is a little different, and sometimes you can have that in mind and succeed. Not a *lot*, though." He shook his head.

"I don't get to play in the field much now," he went on, "but I used to work on that part of the game as much as I did on my hitting. It's strange, but quite a few people who are known as hitters do the same thing. That's why I spent so many hours thinking about the other aspects of the game. One of the greatest compliments I ever got was when Ron LeFlore called me one of his top ten base stealers in the game, not because of my record"—Staub has forty-seven lifetime stolen bases—"but because I'd studied it so much. I knew the pitchers and their moves, and I think I was able to help him become such an outstanding man on the base paths."

I told Rusty that I'd always had the impression, watching him, that no part of the game had come naturally to him. Every aspect of it—running, hitting, picking up the ball and throwing it—looked to me as if it had been studied and practiced endlessly and somehow mastered.

"What you saw is right," he said. "I discovered at a very early age that nothing was going to come easy for me, that I'd have to work to have any success. I compliment my dad and my mom and my kid coaches and high-school coaches, who all made me want to do things the right way—and to know myself. *That's* the biggest challenge for any player: to know in what situation you might have a tendency to back off a little and not do very well—from an injury, say, or for any reason—and then to learn to overcome

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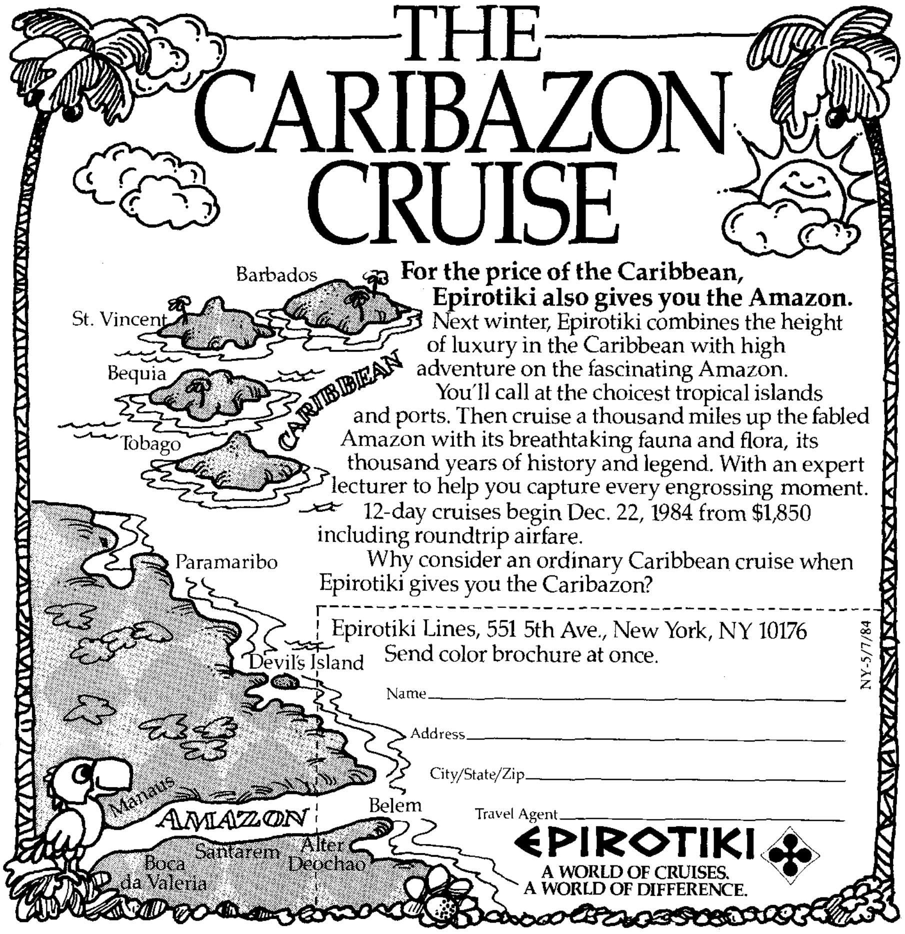

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He was the kind of man whose life was lived in a never ending attempt to make each succeeding day more beautiful than the last. He seldom failed. It was obvious he knew how to live.

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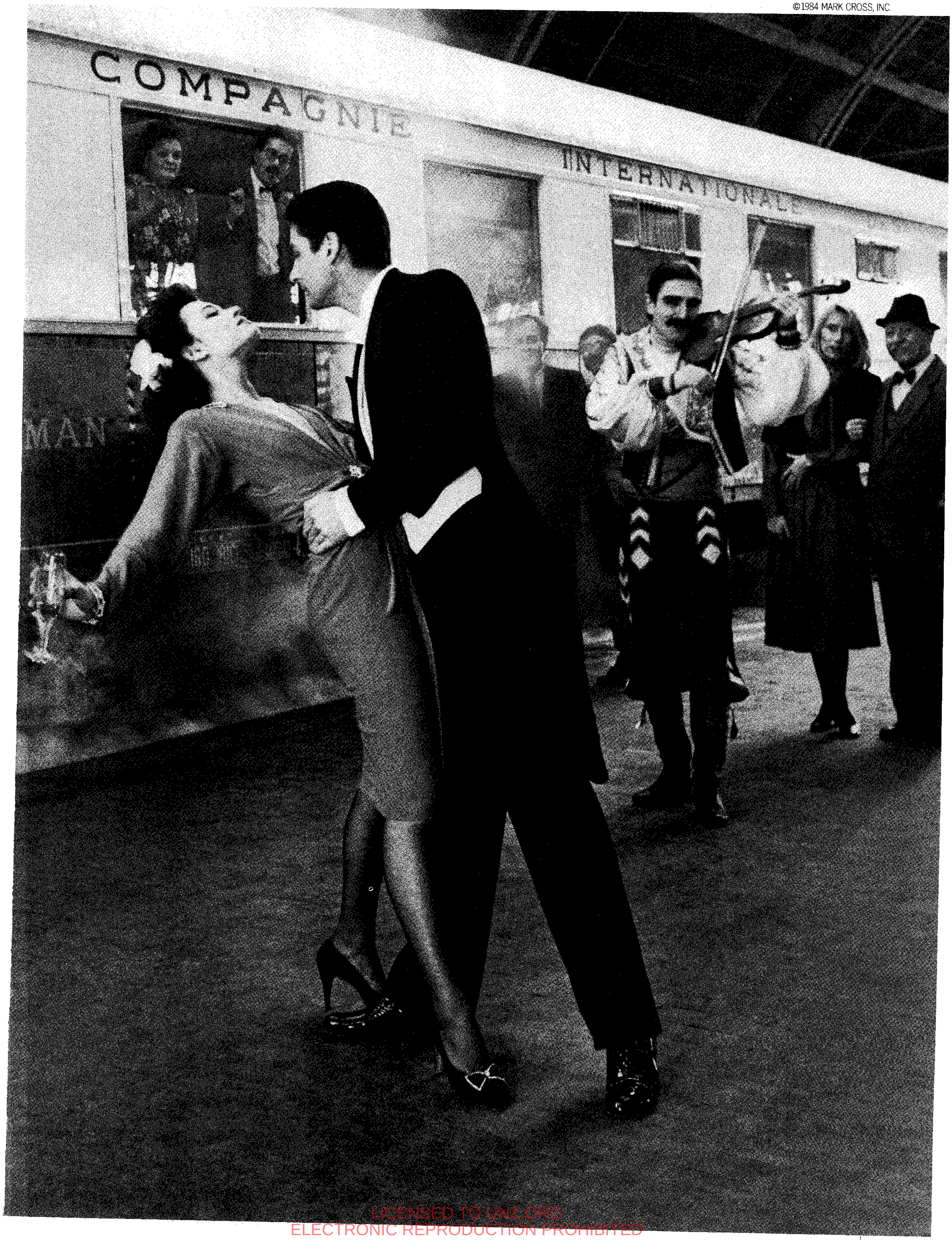
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that. Learning to face the people you have to face and how to do things then. It's— Well, I don't think I want to get into that. It's rough."

What he did want to get into, it turned out, was the part of the game from which he is now exiled—playing outfield, that is. "I probably got as much pleasure from playing defense as anyone who ever played this game," he said. He was smiling a little now. "I took great pride in being able to throw the ball hard and with real accuracy. For ten or twelve years there, I probably threw the ball from the outfield as well as anybody in my league, and I definitely threw as accurately as anyone. I know I made myself into an outstanding outfielder, and when I slowed down a little I found that I loved playing first base well. When I made an outstanding defensive play, that was as good as a base hit any day. As good or better."

MY vacation ran out suddenly at the end, or so it seemed, but what came last was best of all—a lightning-fast, eloquently pitched and played contest at St. Pete between the Orioles and the Cardinals, the last two world champions, which was won by the O's, 2–1. It was the Orioles' fifth straight victory of the spring, and over that span of forty-five innings the Baltimore pitchers held the opposition to eight runs. As I have been saying here, nothing counts in the spring, but when I came home I broke my own rule about pre-season predictions and told my friends to stick with the Orioles again. The American League East is a demanding division, I said, but with their pitching the O's could not lose many games in a row, and so . . . And so the season has started, and Baltimore, at this writing, is at four and twelve, and dead last in the East. I am embarrassed but secretly pleased, for baseball is still beyond all figuring, stuffed with difficulty and surprise, and, just as usual, we will need every day of the next five months to make sense out of the season, as the standings shift and stir and at last yield up their October certainties. What seems *almost* certain to me now, however, is that in that span I will not see a better game—of its own particular, austere mold—than that last exhibition. The starting pitchers—young Mike Boddicker for the O's, the veteran Bob Forsch for the home-team Cards—were clearly coming up to opening-day form, with Boddicker, I thought, holding a minute edge. His

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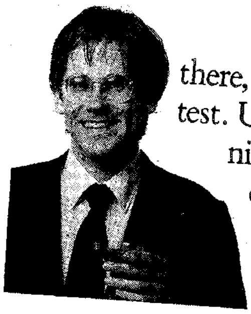

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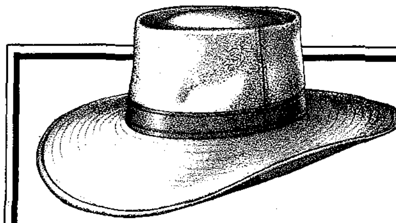

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pitching coach, Ray Miller, describes Boddicker as "fully armed," which is to say that he has control over all four standard pitches—fastball, slider, curveball, and change. He also has something his teammates call the "foshball"—a dead-fish change-up he pitches with a fork-ball grip. He showed one to Darrell Porter, under the hands, in the second inning, transforming him for an instant into a weekend golfer flubbing a wedge shot in the sand. But Forsch, who pitched a no-hitter last year, was equally resolute, and the innings poured away without damage or much danger, and with each side producing a sudden superior infield play, a certified dazzler, that told us what sort of game it was going to be—a dive to his left by Cardinal second baseman Tommy Herr in the third that turned Lowenstein's hard bouncer from hit to out, and, in the bottom half, a crosshand grab and a tremendous sailing peg from deep short by Cal Ripken to nail the flying Ozzie Smith at first. Ripken enjoys the game, I think. He had taken the afternoon off the previous day, skipping the Orioles' meeting with the Royals down at Fort Myers, but it was the first exhibition game he had not started in two spring seasons; in between, in his M.V.P. summer of 1983, he played every inning of every game of the regular season, the playoffs, and the World Series.

John Henry and I sat in the stands behind home at Al Lang Stadium, not talking much but keeping score and keeping cheerful as we took in the sun and the fun—the breeze-blown palms; the ancient baritone vender/bore (a local celeb) working the rows behind us with his unstoppable repertoire of frightful favorites ("Zip-a-Dee-Do-Dah" and "He's Got the Whole World in His Hands" and then "Hot Dawwwwwwgs! Hot diggity-dawgs!"); the wheeling pelicans; and a stubby prop plane dipping low over the airfield beyond left field to drop one of its fluttering towed advertisements on the runway and snatch up a fresh one ("HAPPY BIRTHDAY, SALLY!" one of them said). All that and the baseball, too. The Cardinals scored in the fifth (a double by David Green and a little single poked to right by Porter, who courageously fouled off several assorted Boddicker deliveries beforehand), and the Orioles tied it at once on Ripken's homer over the left-field wall. The Cardinals, persisting, put a pinch-hitter aboard to start the sixth, inserted a pinch-runner (the speedy

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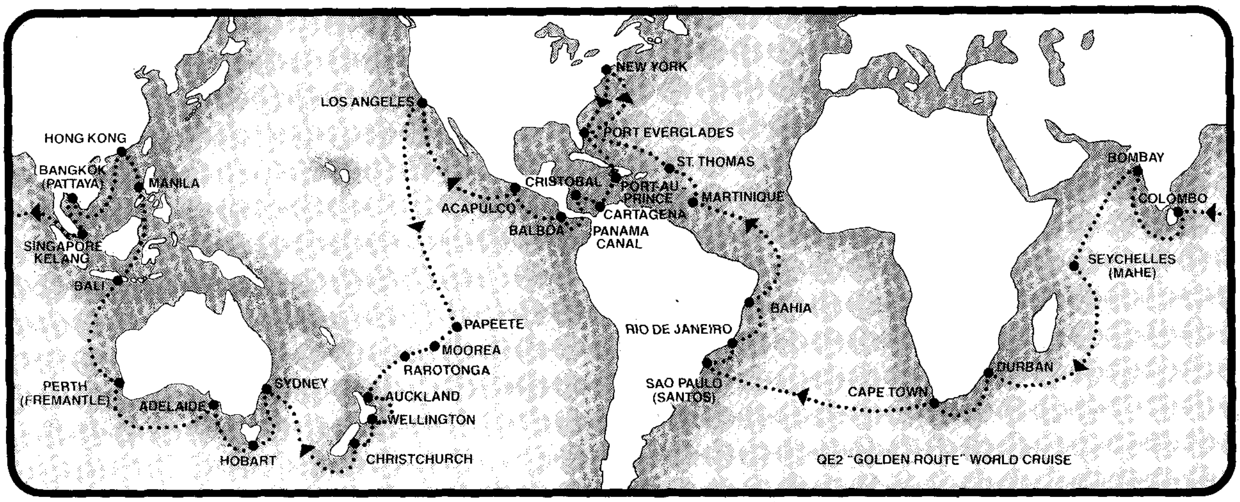
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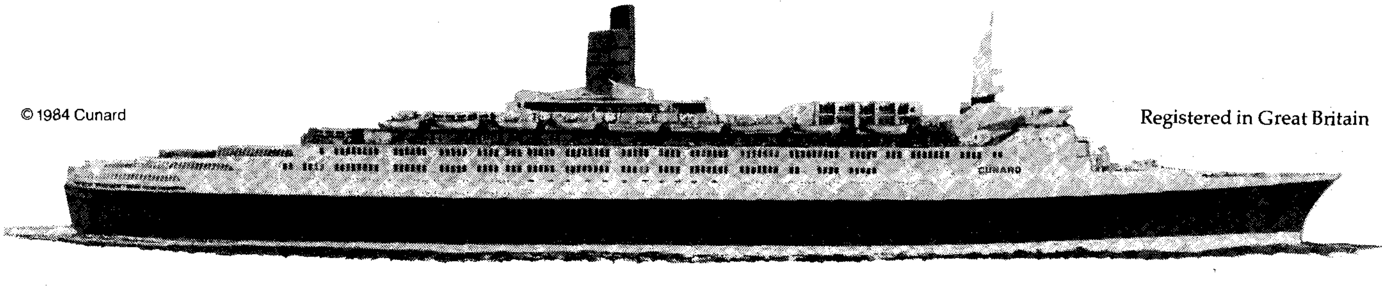

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Jimmy Sexton), and then sent him flying on a nifty hit-and-run single to right by Lonnie Smith. The ball was scooped up on the second hop in middle-deep right by Tito Landrum, who got his peg off in the same motion, and there we had it all before us—the best play in baseball, I always think—with Sexton now three-quarters of the way down the distance between second and third on his churning, rabbity sprint for the bag, and the ball in the air, far behind at first but then suddenly closing the distance on its low, straight line: an express train rushing for the crossing. Third baseman Todd Cruz took the throw four inches above the bag and a fraction of an instant before the terminus of Sexton's skidding slide—*Out!*—and we all drew another breath. The Orioles won the thing in the eighth, in equally classical style: a walk to Ripken, a hit-and-run single to right by John Lowenstein, and a sacrifice fly to left—just deep enough—by backup catcher Al Pardo. The Cards went back to the same ancient ploy in their half—it was a lot like John McGraw vs. Wilbert Robinson out there on this day—but Lonnie Smith's sinking hit-and-run poke was grabbed off in the air in right, and the throw doubled off the helpless runner, and that, for all practical purposes, was that. You hated to have it end. Time of game: two hours one minute.

—ROGER ANGELL

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From an editorial in the Springfield* (*Ohio*) *News-Sun*]

President Ronald Reagan is not unmindful of the fact that democracy hangs by a threat in El Salvador.

•

Jefferson County Sheriff Wayne Hamilton this morning discussed the problems of lodging in the jail unconscious people suspected of being drunk with the Jefferson County Commissioners.—*Madison* (*Ind.*) *Courier.*

When they wake up, they keep demanding room service.

•

CORRECTION

The Southwestern College of Life Sciences, referred to in the Feb. 15 Santa Fe Notebook story on dream therapy, offers courses in transformational studies and counseling, but not on aura balancing, according to a college official. However, the institution does offer to balance auras as a clinical service, the official said.—*Santa Fe* (*N.M.*) *Reporter.*

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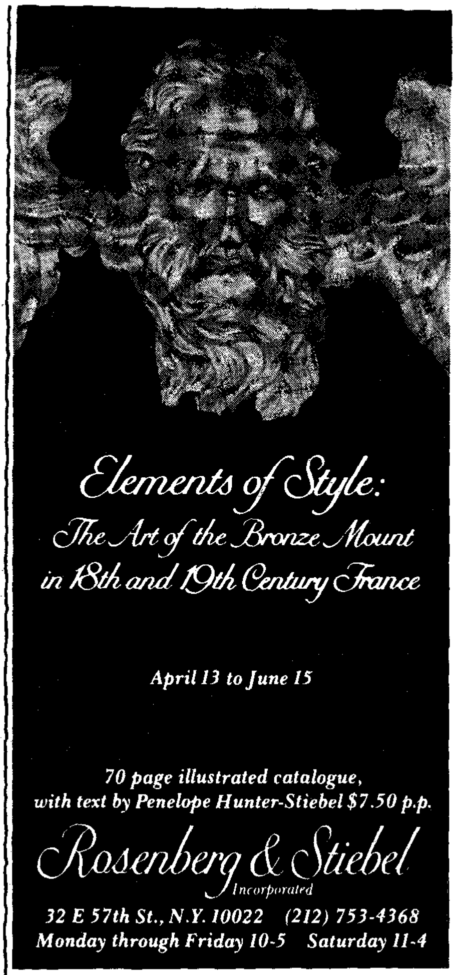
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THE ART WORLD

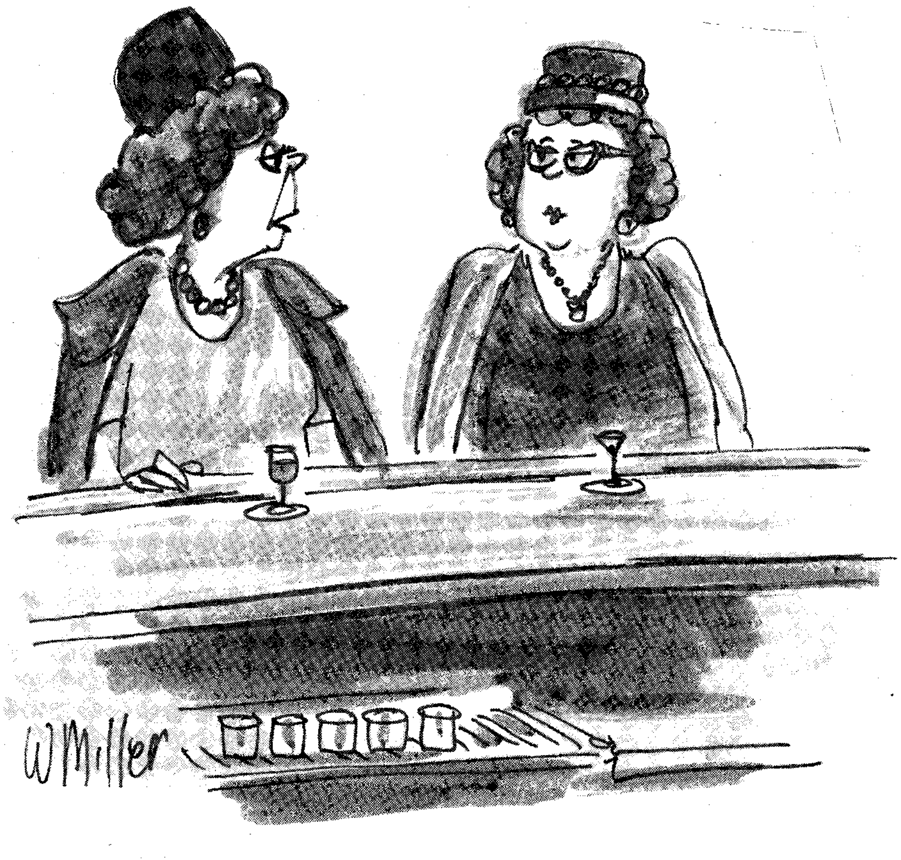
Heathcliff Without Cathy

At the Balthus retrospective at the Metropolitan Museum, I saw a young man walking around with a kind of secret, inner smile on his face. He wasn't looking at the pictures carefully; he was walking slowly through the middle of the rooms, letting the atmosphere swirl around him. For me, there was almost as much life in his face as in the exhibition, which felt wan—there were few paintings that had life as paintings. The young man may have been entranced by the range of virtuoso technique on display, or by the painter's many images of girls shown daydreaming and in moments of sexual reverie. My hunch, though, was that he was responding to the spirit that underlies the work but isn't made compelling or fresh: its sense of proud, romantic isolation.

Balthus—his real name is Balthasar Klossowski—is a painter that many of us have been drawn to and, at other times, have felt very uncertain about. Now seventy-six, he is popularly known for bringing risky sexual subject matter into high art. His renown is also based, especially in art circles, on the image he has conveyed of a lofty, removed painter-poet who rejected the art of his time to pursue the ageless problems of his métier. He wasn't the only young painter in Europe between the wars to go back to traditional figure and landscape motifs; yet few others did it in such a grand manner, or presented in their work such a self-contained world. Balthus rejected not only abstraction but the breakthroughs of, say, Matisse; and while his images of people in streets or in darkened rooms had the dreamy oddness of the art of the Surrealists, who were his near-contemporaries, he didn't treat his images ironically, as they did. He planted references from Italian Renaissance painting up through Courbet in his work, implying that significant art stopped with this French realist—the last giant before the Impressionists brought everyday light into art. And Balthus set his pictures in a world Courbet might have recognized. His interiors, his few portraits and Parisian scenes, and his more numerous moody landscapes and views through the windows of his château at Chassy convey an ideal of rude aristocratic elegance. His interiors often include a few pieces of uncomfortable-looking provincial wood furniture, and the practically bare rooms appear drafty and damp—as if a person accustomed to a cushioned existence would find it a challenge to live there. He takes us to a realm where every object and vista is purer and starker than it is in real life, and where even the way someone sits in a chair asks to be appreciated as art.

Balthus' work can be stimulating in a group show. Encountering one or two of his pictures, which don't seem old-fashioned, exactly, or modern, either, sharpens your sensibilities. You may want to look at Courbet, for example, to see this painter as Balthus might; and you may develop a hunger for the modern art he rejects—you can turn to Matisse and believe you see his liberating color for the first time. But at the Met's retrospective—the show opened at the Centre Pompidou, and is his first major exhibition here since 1956—Balthus' paintings have very little cumulative impact. He is clearly a man on a quest, but the quest may have less to do with painting than with a desire for a stoical, aesthetic existence. He seems to have the "look" of a picture in mind before he gets to work on the canvas—then to sweat it out with his materials to produce that "look." He appears to be more in love with the idea of being a great artist than with the making of pictures. And his quest has little urgency to it. He seems, and he can make a viewer, a bit numb.

The best paintings are almost all from the thirties, and at the start of the show. Two early pictures, "Garrison in Morocco," a crazy scene of soldiers in outlandishly high fezzes attempting to capture a white horse in a yard, and "The King of Cats," a self-portrait of a very trim and imperious young Balthus—he's being butted by a huge cat with staring eyes—are charming and beautiful as objects. The Moroccan painting has the bright, unmixed colors—and both pictures have the glossy smooth finish and the awkward stiffness—of naïve art at its best. Far more distinctive are the 1936 portrait of André Derain and the 1937-38 portrait of Joan Miró and his daughter Dolores. They are probably his finest paintings. Though they are the least outwardly Balthus-like works in the show, these portraits of fellow-painters—both are in the Museum of Modern Art's collection—give us our most tangible sense of what it might be



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like to look at the world the way Balthus does. The Derain is the more comic and anecdotal. With his left hand hammily placed on his chest and his body encased in a monumental striped robe, he walks toward us, his eyes raised above ours, a mafioso thinking his thoughts. Behind him is a girl slumped in a chair, her eyes shut. Her face seems enclosed in a filmy vagueness. Is she the big man's recent conquest? Is she a daydream he's having as he fingers his shirt? Is she the reason he strides toward us with a look of disgruntled greatness? Balthus makes Derain fatuous, but he clearly admires, even adores, him.

The Miró has less of a story buried in it, and that, plus its slightly larger size—it's a bit over four feet high—makes it the stronger picture. In the exhibition catalogue, Sabine Rewald notes that the "slightly bored" expression on Miró's and his daughter's faces possibly derives from the fact that Balthus worked on the painting for months. The wide-eyed Dolores, who stands between her father's legs, does seem a little stir-crazy—or is she hypnotized? And while Miró, in his tightly buttoned-up suit, does look pinched and haggard, we sense that he also may be acting the part of a harried clerk.

The Derain and the Miró are two of the peaks of European portraiture, and paintings you fall in love with, for subtle reasons: for the amazing harmonies of tans and oranges, écru whites and oatmeal whites, soft pinks and metallic blues; the effortlessly graceful way the figures are placed in relation to the four sides of the pictures; the way the background of the Miró is neatly divided between a charcoal-gray bottom half and a tan-gray top, to form an elegant abstraction on its own; the way Balthus balances tiny, hallucinatory distortions in scale with a seemingly simple descriptive realism; the way he makes you feel the suède of Miró's shoes. They're the most memorable shoes in modern art. Historically, the portraits derive from a revived interest in romantic, storytelling painting in the thirties; but the pictures seem unrelated to any particular moment in the past. They suggest possibilities for a kind of satirical, psychological—but non-literary—realism that, it seems, is still barely tapped.

Right around the time of the Miró portrait, though, a veil comes down on Balthus' art. His color begins to be dissatisfyingly dark, and everything

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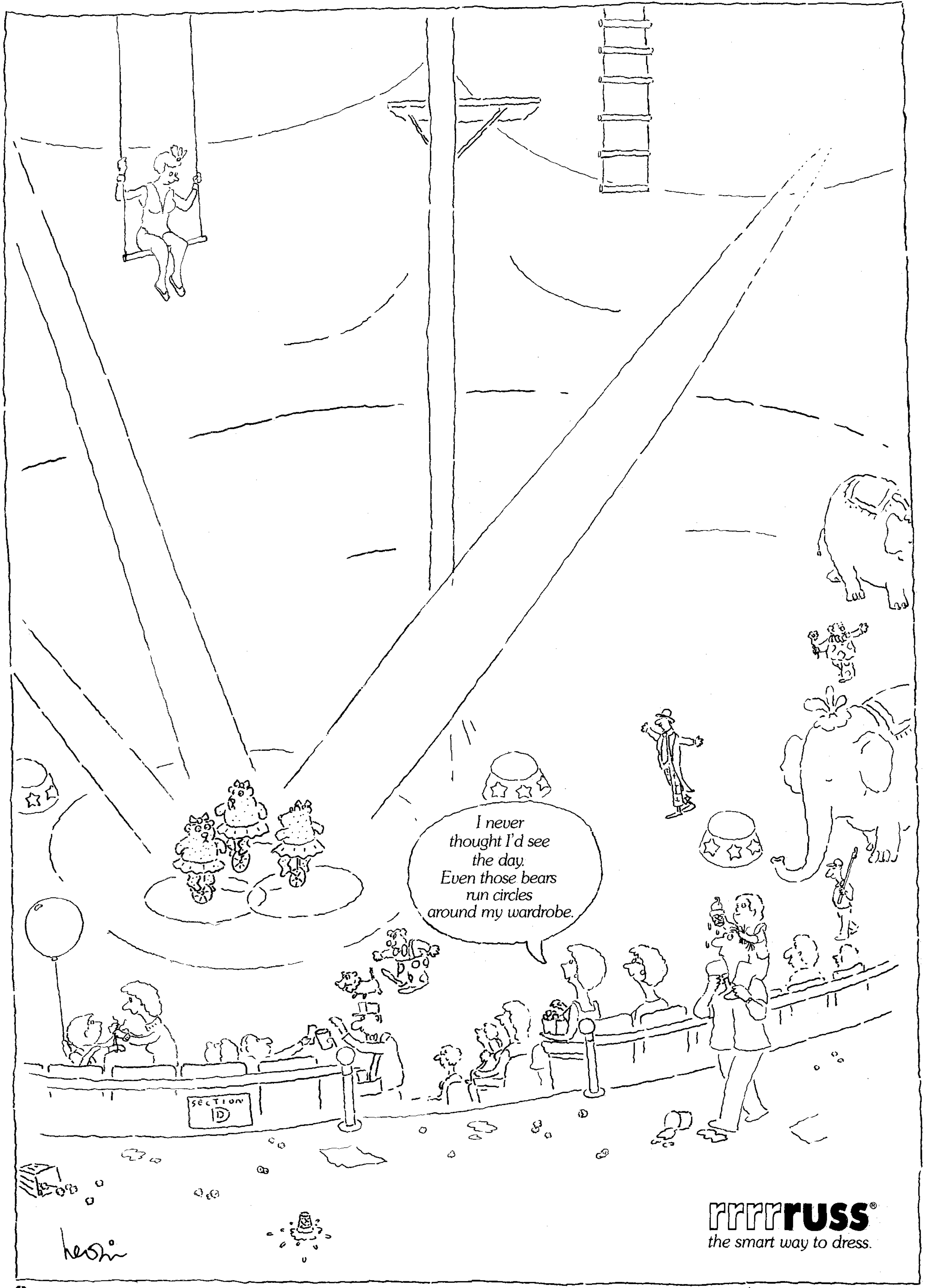
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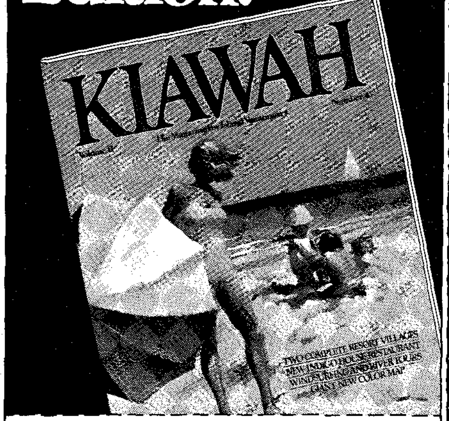
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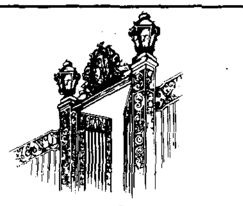

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seems to be happening behind the surface, not on it. Works from the late thirties and early forties such as "The Children," "The Game of Patience," "The Golden Days," and a number of pictures of a girl named Thérèse have long been his signature pieces. In reproduction, these images of girls alone in rooms, dreaming away the long afternoons, or playing with cats, or looking at themselves in mirrors—sometimes sprawled, legs apart, on chaise longues—resemble Old Master paintings. They appear to have the same powerful contrasts of light and dark. In actuality, though, they have surprisingly little inner light, and their dingy gunmetal-green tonalities and the airless impersonality of their surfaces keep you at a distance. These works ought to be poetic, suggestive, even disturbing—and perhaps for many, on a first viewing, they are. But they don't take on a second, longer life, in your mind, as paintings. They amount to remnants of a modern artist's too carefully balanced attempt to re-create the look of nineteenth-century art.

A landscape from this time, though, the 1939 "Larchant," uses that nineteenth-century look in a quietly impressive way. The focal point is a twelfth-century church—half its belfry is gone—that is set in the center of a small town. Surrounding the town are low hills and a vast, empty, flat plain, which stretches far off into the darkened distance. "Larchant" presents a mood rarely seen in painting. We're not sure if we're looking through the eyes of an embittered, or simply a disillusioned, man, but clearly *something* is keeping the blue of this late-afternoon sky, and the earth colors of the fields and town, from being as *sizzling* as they *might* be. This is a landscape seen after a moment of ecstasy has died down and a note of asperity has set in. It's a view of the boredom and clamminess of rural life by a man who says, "This life is fine for me."

Beginning in the late forties, Balthus animates his surfaces more, and makes sharper the contrast of light and dark; but his color becomes increasingly filtered and woozy. His surfaces begin to appear to be something other than paint—velvet, tile, plaster. Initially, these encrusted surfaces seem exotic—they ask to be inspected closely. On repeated viewings, though, they primarily communicate a lot of layering and re-layering and an underlying indecision. Balthus finds it

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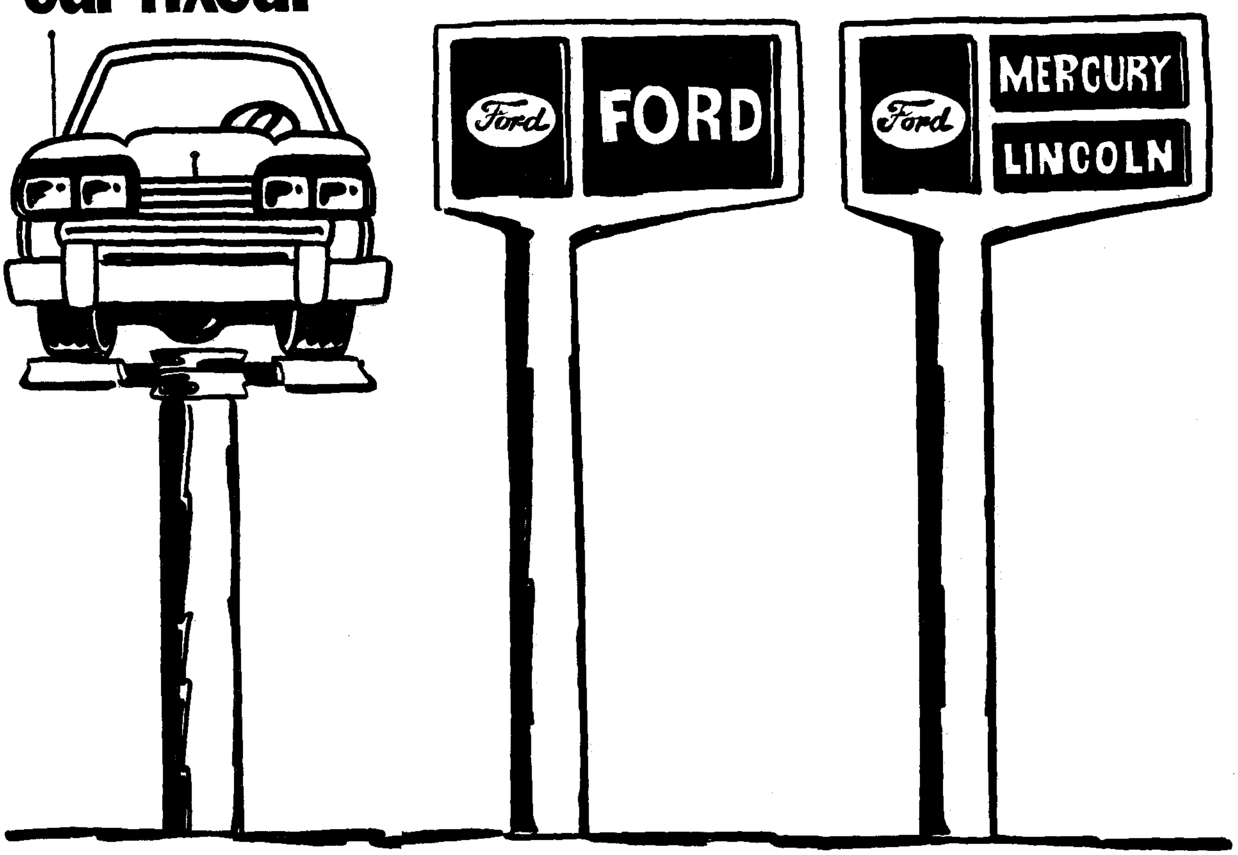

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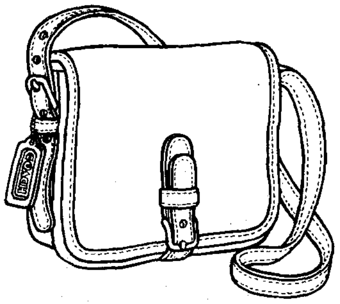

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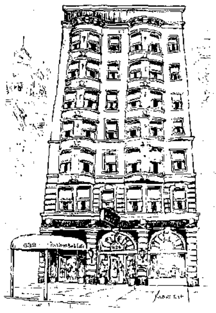

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increasingly hard to make oil paint look like oil paint. Hues are invariably mixed, to create nacreous, in-between shades. When bright color is applied, it's for effect, to highlight the masses of inert, indecipherable colors—as when, for instance, he weaves, as a finishing touch, an orange-red, a violet, or a bright green onto a sea of coagulated iridescent tan.

Crunching and mushing his medium into submission in picture after picture, he becomes an artist of such greeting-card prettiness in some of his later paintings that it is impossible to know what is on his mind. In the 1957 "Girl at the Window," for instance, where the girl, seen from the rear, looks out on a morning landscape in which all color seems about to dissolve into a fluffy white-lavender, he isn't an ironist of bad taste—there is too much care visible. Is it that, having spent so many years determined to assert the right taste (in clothes, furniture, and art), he worked his way inside out, to a static condition where everything has to be pretty and nice? In terms of technique, he has gradually become an artist of the sweet and the cottony—exactly what he appeared to scorn at an earlier point in his life, when he presented himself as that puritanical dandy the King of Cats.

Not all his later work is overcooked. The 1955 "Nude in Front of a Mantel," which is in the Met's collection, has a novel combination of monumentality and tenderness. The picture shows a young girl—she may be eleven—standing before a white mantel in an empty corner of a room. On the mantel is a mirror and a blue pitcher. The painting is effective for almost musical reasons; it's lovely because a number of very small, formal elements shift against each other, to create a mood of pleasure and happiness. The picture is like a piece of chamber music for blues and whites. Your eyes go back and forth between the pitcher's soft sky blue—it's tinged with violet—and the wallpaper's duller, robin's-egg blue; then you play these blues off against the glowing alabaster white of the girl's body and the mute, chalky white of the mantel. These blues and whites, in turn, are threaded together with a soft tan and a dull gold—the colors of the mirror's frame and of a line that runs around the wainscoting. That this painting is relatively more successful than Balthus' other later work may be because there's more air between the colors. It also helps that we barely see the

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girl's face. Standing before us in strict profile, she holds up her long hair with her arms, which largely cover her head. The bit of shadowed face that is visible is like a sliver of the moon—the moon with a girl's profile. We feel we know her, and we like her. But we don't know, and it's hard to like, the people in the rest of Balthus' later work. He's in trouble when, from the late forties on, he includes faces. He's thought of as a master of subtle, ambiguous states of feeling, but there's something tacked-on about that ambiguity. His drawing of facial features, and the razor-sharp edges he gives to bodily forms, are often graphic and unpainterly. You believe that the faces on his figures could be entirely different if the thin lines that demarcate the eyes and mouths were subtly changed. His people might grin at one another as easily as they glare. And the feeling that they are only "making faces" undercuts the sense of immovable weight and dignity that he strives for in his color and composition.

IN some ways, Balthus' work is more satisfying when seen in Jean Leymarie's album-size 1979 "Balthus" than in the exhibition. This happens in part because the large, superior reproductions give some of the pictures, especially those from the early forties, a radiance they do not possess. Balthus seems more substantial in Leymarie's pages because, too, without being an illustrational artist, he is a kind of book artist. Many of his values as a painter, and, it would seem, as a person, come from books: from reproductions of pictures, from literary and historical accounts of the past. His most vibrant and intense work—the set of illustrations he did between 1932 and 1935 for Emily Brontë's "Wuthering Heights"—comes directly from a book. Each roughly ten inches square, these pen-and-ink drawings (most are in the first section of the show) have a bluntness lacking in his later drawings and in most of his paintings.

The drawings remind you that Balthus, the epitome of French taste, is a Central European by heritage and in spirit. He was born in Paris, but his parents, both of whom were painters—his father also wrote a study of Daumier—were from Silesia, then part of East Prussia. His father's family was from Warsaw, his mother's family was originally Russian, and Balthus spent much of his boyhood

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and youth in Berlin and Geneva. Like the people in Oskar Schlemmer's Bauhaus paintings and set designs, Balthus' "Wuthering Heights" characters have a bobbing weightlessness, no matter how firmly they're planted on the ground. Balthus' figures have even more in common with those in the drawings by the Polish writer Bruno Schulz, who supported himself as a drawing instructor. (A selection of his drawings accompanies his "Sanatorium Under the Sign of the Hourglass.") Schulz's people, like those of Balthus, have heads that are a touch too big for their bodies, confront each other with balletic poses, and loom out from nearly bare, cramped, stagelike backgrounds.

Done when he was in his mid-twenties, Balthus' illustrations of Brontë's novel are based on a pitch-perfect sense of her whiplash rhythms, her exclamation-point style. He does exactly what she does: he makes each character fervent in his or her own way. He seems to see himself in the sometimes secretive and blank heroine Catherine Earnshaw, in her thick-headed brother Hindley, and in the omnipresent nursemaid Nelly. Mostly, though, he's Heathcliff. He gives Heathcliff his own features, and Sabine Rewald notes that, at the time he did them, he had reason to see himself in this character. Balthus was in love with a young Swiss woman, Antoinette de Watteville, and, like the Heathcliff who comes to Wuthering Heights as a boy and virtually becomes a member of the Earnshaw family, Balthus—a "poor and unknown painter"—lived with Antoinette and her brother at their "mansion" when he was in Bern.

There are some other reasons for his identifying himself with Heathcliff that Rewald doesn't mention. In his youth, Balthus had, as Heathcliff does, a thatch of hair, "like a colt's mane;" and, like Brontë's foundling-hero, he is a man with a single name. Long before he did these illustrations, he had adopted Rainer Maria Rilke's suggestion—Rilke was a friend of his mother's—that he use the nickname he had in his family, originally spelled Baltusz, as his only name. The biggest cause for his seeing himself in Heathcliff, though, is that he had already lived, and told, Heathcliff's story. When he was eleven, Balthus created a booklet of forty pen-and-ink drawings about his adventures with a cat, named Mitsou, whom he loses, searches for—and never finds. (Two

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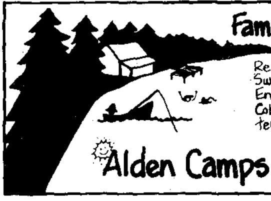

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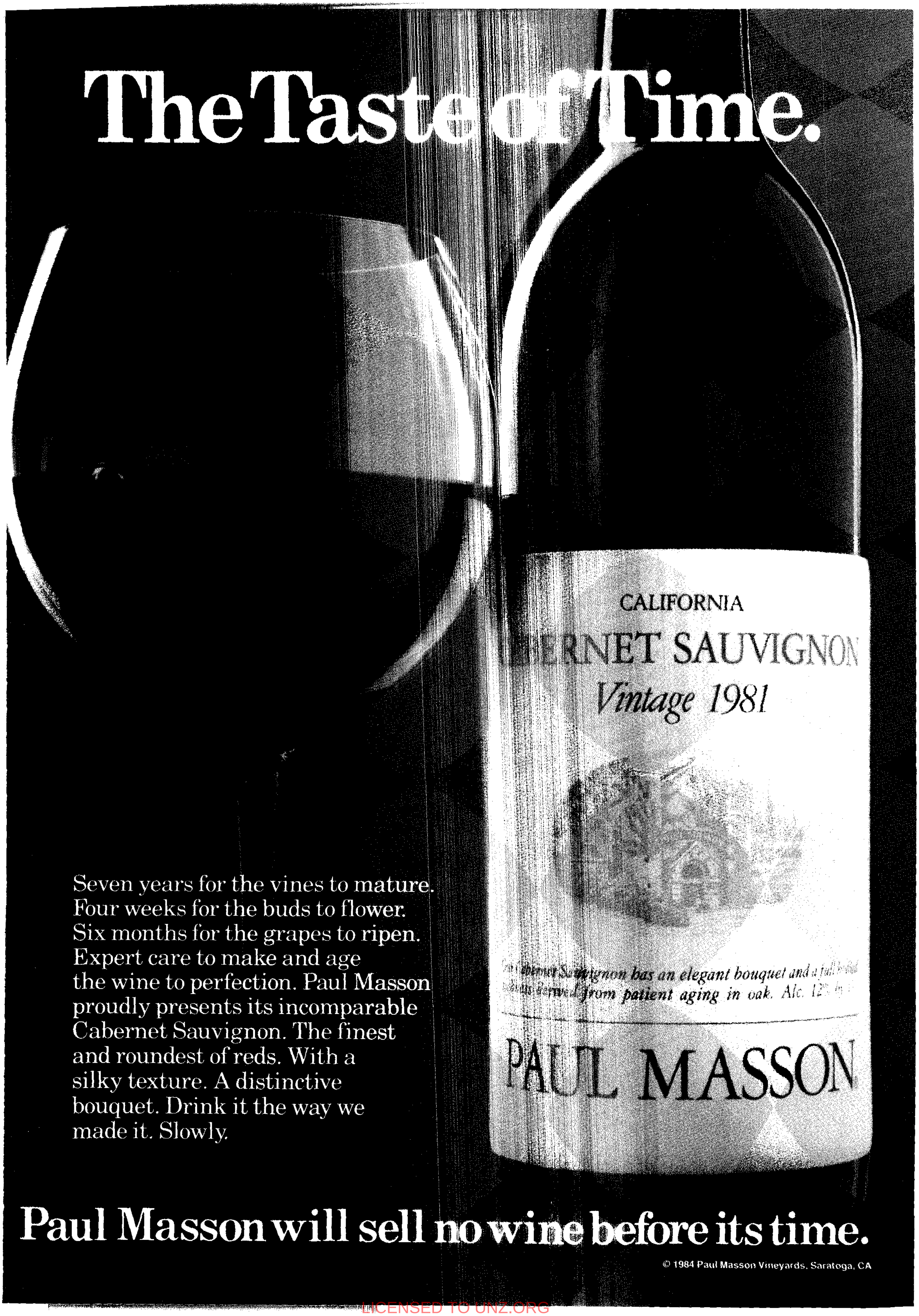
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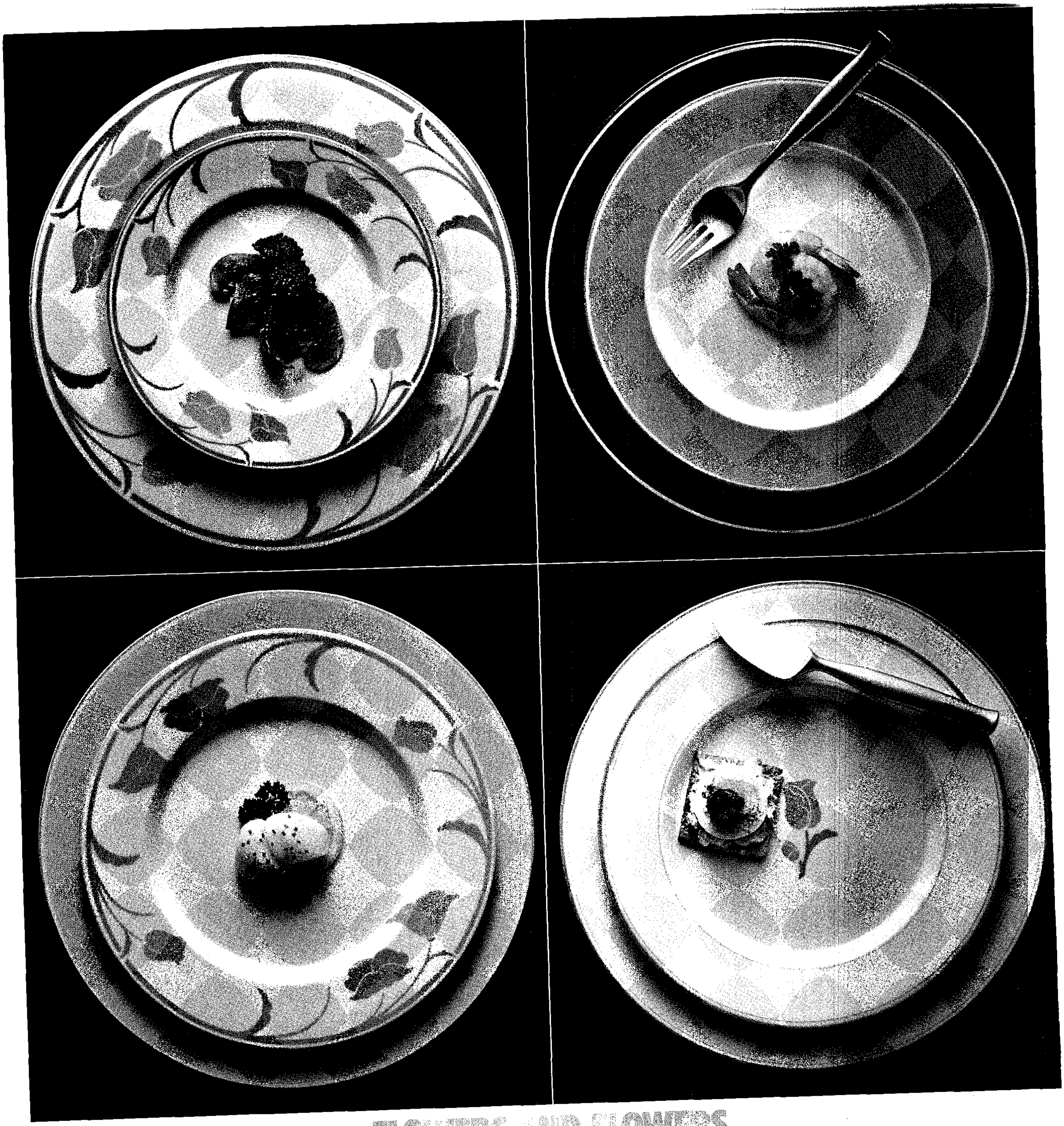

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impressive plates from the booklet are reproduced in the exhibition catalogue.) Published in 1921, with an introduction by Rilke (whose enthusiasm for the pictures led to their publication), "Mitsou" is a child's version of "Wuthering Heights." They're both about lone, somewhat untamed boys who lose a loved playmate and devote their days to finding her.

Balthus' illustrations go through the first half of Brontë's novel—when Heathcliff and Cathy spar with each other and run off to the moors and dream together, then go in fatefully separate directions, and Cathy dies. Balthus may have stopped there simply because he wasn't engaged by the second part, which might be called "Heathcliff Without Cathy." Maybe, though, he felt that his own art began at that point. This, anyway, is what a viewer senses.

Balthus' subsequent work presents a view of the world that the grown-up Heathcliff might have. The Heathcliff of the second half of the novel, after Cathy's death, is a threatening and morose country squire. He lives surrounded by dimwits and oblivious of the damp, unkempt conditions of his household. Since he feels that little matters in this world any longer, he may even be pleased by those boorish conditions. Taking title to Wuthering Heights and Thrushcross Grange, through marriages he arranges, he wins his boyhood vendetta against Hindley. He becomes the master of all the land he can see. But he is essentially only repairing past wrongs; he's given no pleasure by anything he does. He is one of the most sensual brutes in literature, but emotionally he's a virgin. Though he marries and fathers a son, he feels he is really keeping himself for Cathy. He believes he can achieve consummation of his passion only in death, when his body will mix with her body, under the soil.

The overcultivated, stagnant, and unreal quality of Balthus' art, especially from the late thirties on, may derive from the way he, too, seems to continually pay homage to, and keep himself in readiness for, a person or a thing he never quite had and knows he will never truly possess. We miss a male presence in his work after the time of the Derain and Miró portraits. The few male figures who appear are merely watchers; in the landscapes we sometimes see, from the rear, an emaciated and irritatingly stylized elongated man, and in the interiors there's an occasional gnomelike boy, who has

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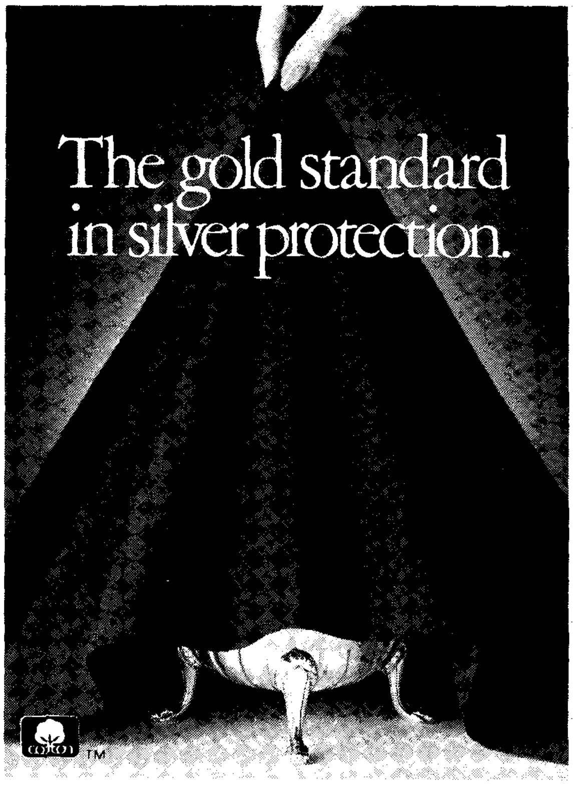

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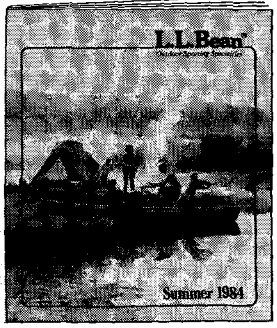

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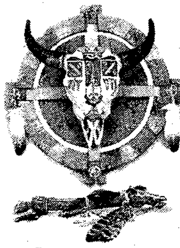

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the lasciviousness, and sexlessness, of a court dwarf.

Balthus perhaps, like Heathcliff, became too deeply immersed in his fantasy of the past. It's also possible to feel that he didn't go deeply enough into his fantasy. He wanted to fashion a great museum style out of his themes, and you know why he would want to do so. Yet, enlarging his pictures, eliminating most of the flavorful but bizarre little details (or pushing them to the corners), and simplifying his conceptions, he went from being an unpredictable provincial to being a resigned grand seigneur. That he has always wanted to work with large sizes is to his credit; but he brings the same inch-by-inch intensity to his big pictures that he brings to his easel-sized ones, and there's a strain. In such large works as "The Room" and "The Passage du Commerce Saint-André"—they're both from 1952-54—and in the paintings of the sixties and seventies, many of which were made in Rome, where he was the director of the French Academy, he seems to labor as much over the backgrounds as over the figures. The result is a neutralizing standoff between the two.

THE single large painting in the exhibition which has a genuine spaciousness is "The Mountain," of 1937—a panoramic tableau, about eight feet high and twelve feet wide, that shows seven people placed in different spots in an Alpine setting. "The Mountain," which is in the Met's collection, is Balthus' crossroads picture: it pinpoints how colossal his ambition is and, too, the stumbling block at the heart of his approach. At the lower left of the painting is an exaggeratedly sardonic-looking fellow with a pipe jutting out of the side of his mouth. Bent on one knee, he looks in on the scene, squints, and seems to say, like a prematurely old bachelor in a small town who is obsessed with the lewd doings of the local kids, "What's this nonsense, now!" Next to him is a young blond hiker who holds her hands together straight up over her head. Catching the full rays of the late-afternoon sun on her face and the top part of her body, she seems to be stretching after a deep sleep. Next to her, in the lower center of the scene, enveloped in shadow, is a sleeping young woman (who may be dreaming the entire tableau). Seen progressively farther away are a little boy wearing an old-fashioned red vest, a couple out

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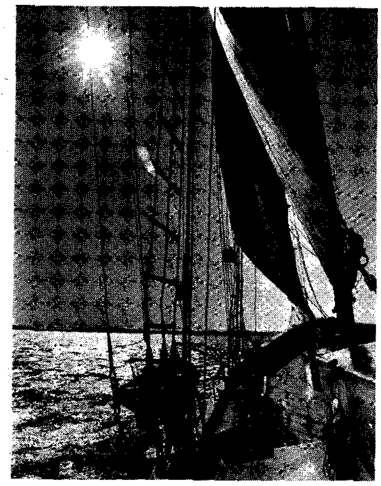

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for an afternoon walk—they're looking down into a gorge—and, in the far distance, a lone man walking away from us.

"The Mountain" can strike a viewer, on some days, as one of the great twentieth-century pictures. It is perhaps the most ardent of all modern dream paintings; neither Magritte nor de Chirico was ever as romantic or as muscular. It says to a young painter, "Go all the way with whatever is in your head." On other days, the painting can appear whimsical and arch, because the disparate, puppetlike characters, the magnificent setting, and the ominous mood don't form an emotional whole. (It doesn't help to learn that the picture was intended to represent Summer in a projected cycle of paintings of the seasons.) Unlike Magritte and de Chirico, who paint enigmas, Balthus seems to say, "There's a secret here, and you're not going to find out what it is." He's tantalizing us, and he does it, to one degree or another, in virtually all his work. This may be his idea of the true poetry of painting. His desire to be private in public, though, is experienced as a limitation. We feel that on a deeper level he's covering up something he senses about his own character.

Thinking about "The Mountain" after looking at the "Wuthering Heights" illustrations, you may wonder if the painting was Balthus' attempt to create his own Brontë novel in paint. The craggy setting, which is the Bernese Oberland—though he made up much of the topography—suggests a Continental version of Brontë's treeless moors. And the model for the stretching blonde is Antoinette de Watteville, who was his model for Cathy (and who became his first wife the year the painting was made). Along with the cold blue sky and the sunny, pale green and tan landscape, she is the most solid element in the painting. With her Buddha's smile and stiff-armed gesture, she's a weird and slightly cartoonish creature; yet she is far warmer, and more real, than the girls he later paints in conventionally realistic, or Old Masterish, ways. Seen in the light of his later work, she seems to be his salute to the Swiss, German, Alpine—or, at least, non-French—side of himself. She also might be his farewell to the part of him that felt he was the young Heathcliff. She might be called the last living Cathy in his art.

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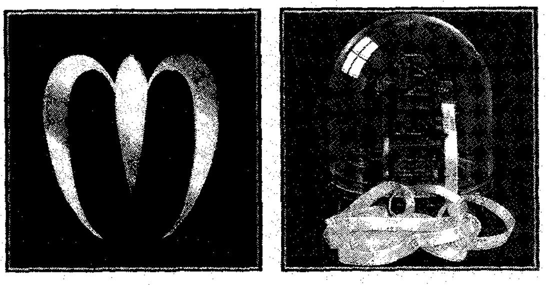

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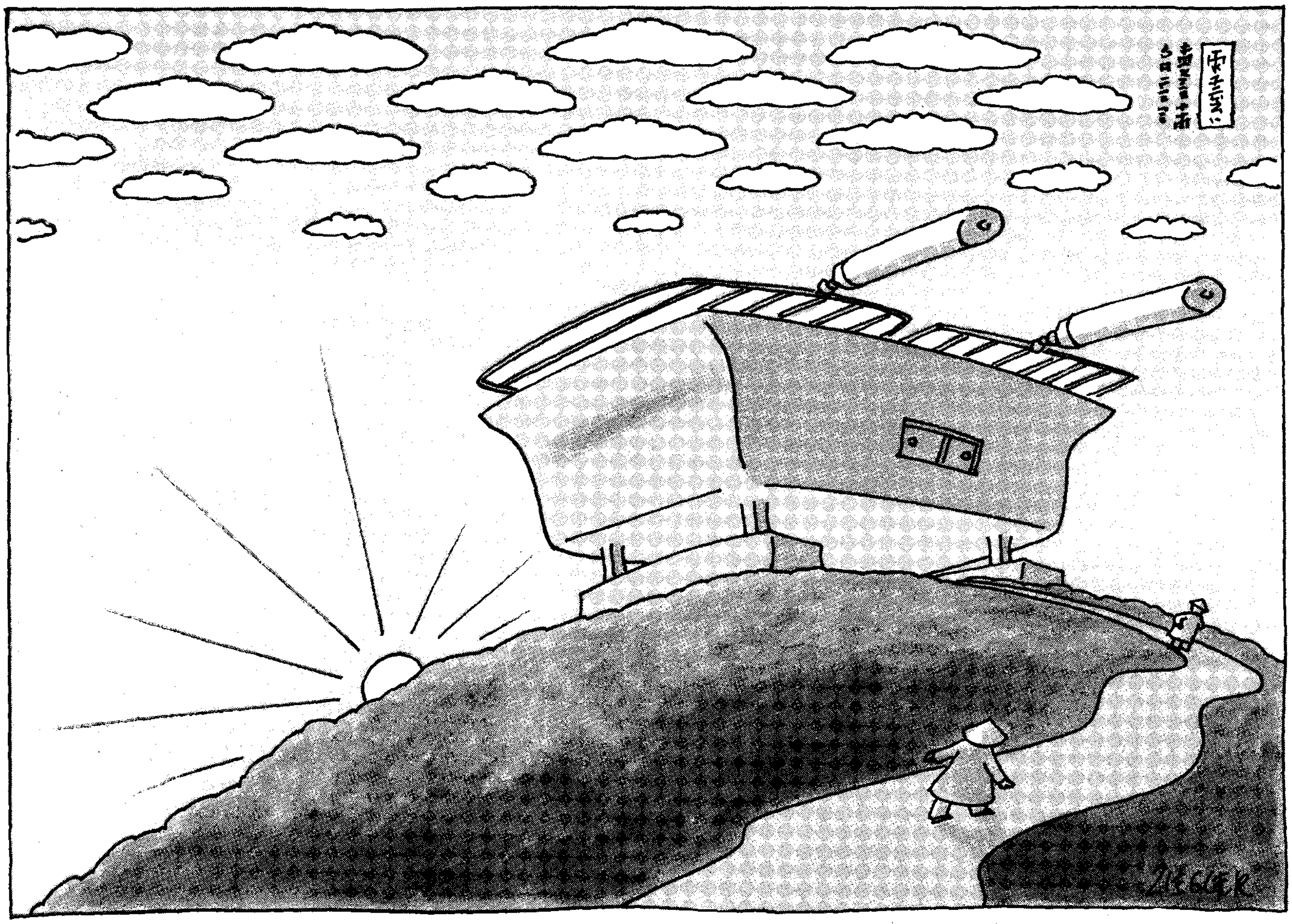
The ramshackle plot of "Beethoven's Tenth" unwinds in the stylish London library of Stephen Fauldgate, a music critic who has devoted his life to a study of Beethoven and has found reason to believe that Beethoven, approaching death, was about to compose a tenth symphony. Fauldgate has a son, Pascal, who writes music too placidly tuneful for his father's taste, and a wife, Jessica, who has enjoyed a career on the operatic stage; also under the ample Fauldgate roof is Irmgard, an Austrian au pair, who has long worshipped Beethoven, and whose loudly uttered cry from the heart that Beethoven make himself present in the troubled Fauldgate household leads to the great man's dropping down from Heaven and knocking—*da, da, da, DA*—on the Fauldgates' front door. Beethoven turns out to have whiled away much of his time in Heaven learning foreign languages, including English (which, curiously enough, given the amount of time he has had, he speaks with a heavy Austrian accent). As for the difficulty, for dramaturgic purposes, of his deafness, that is quickly dealt with by dint of the critic's summoning of an otologist, who inserts a hearing aid in the composer's ear, to his mingled delight and distress.

As a scholar, Fauldgate seeks to acquire as much personal information as possible from Beethoven, with few results. Beethoven wanders away from the house and is returned by an Angli-



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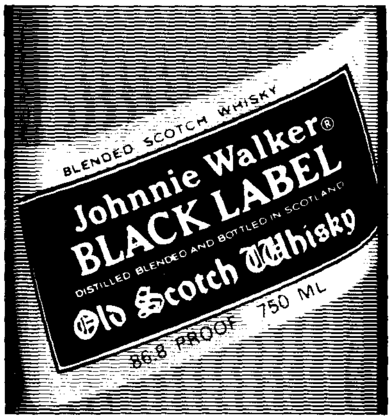
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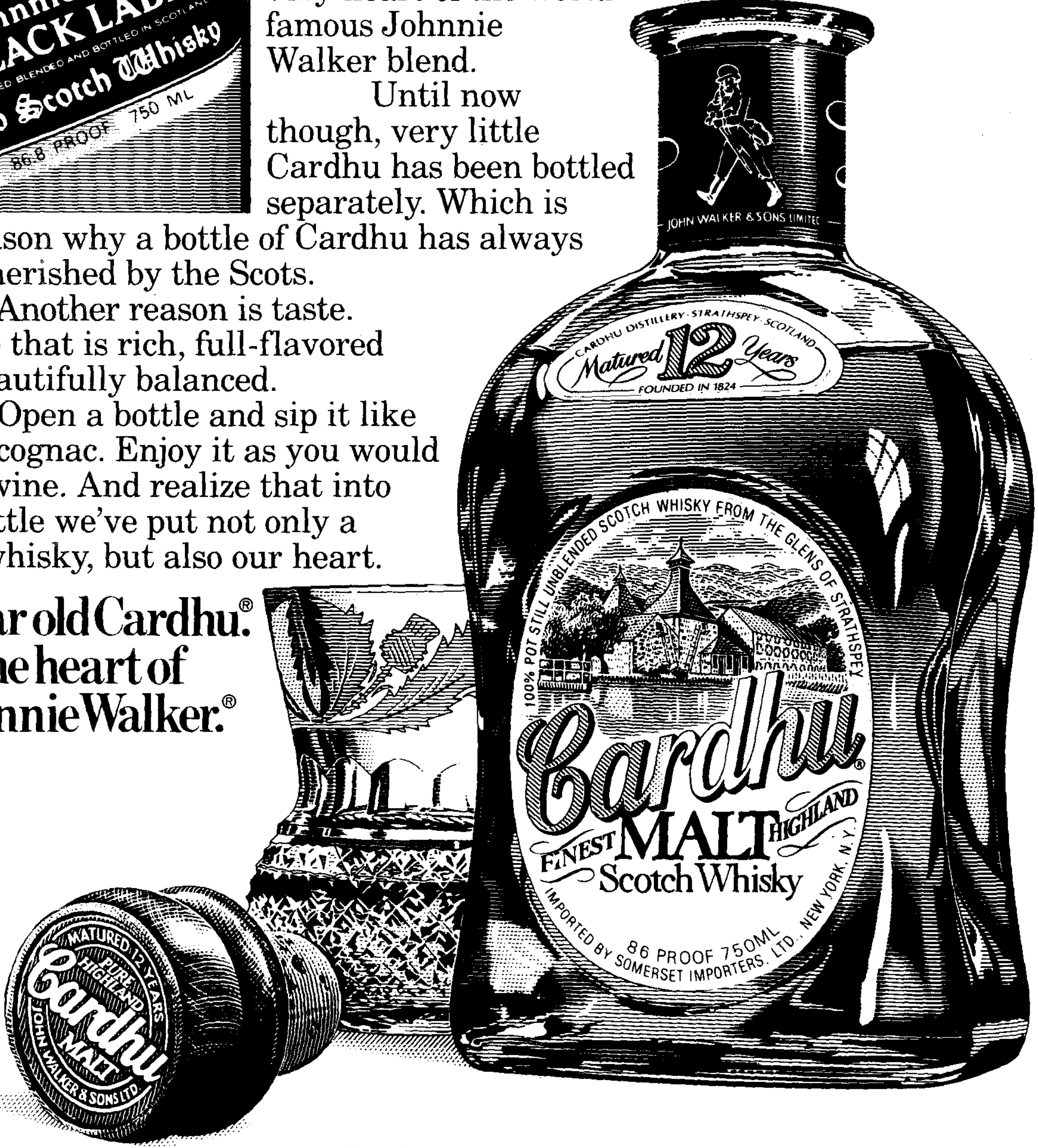
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can priest, whose church he has entered seeking refuge from the noise and stench of London. At about this point, the playwright's knack for invention falters, and to bring the evening, if not his play, to an appropriate ending he summons up more revenants—a countess who professes her love for Beethoven, and a count who would like to fight a duel with him. We learn that Pascal and Irmgard have been making love and are soon to have a child; they depart to set up an establishment of their own, and the Fauldgates are left to face the future alone, Beethoven having returned to Heaven, and having also—just possibly—set about composing his tenth symphony.

The play fails, and the performances all succeed: if Ustinov is content to portray an adorable curmudgeon, George Rose works hard and effectively to pour life into poor, agitated Fauldgate; also effective are Mary Jay, Adam Redfield, Gwyllum Evans, and Gina Friedlander as, respectively, wife, son, otologist, and au pair. The gorgeous, dark-walled library was designed by Kenneth Mellor, the costumes were designed by Madeline Ann Graneto (except for Ustinov's calculatedly ratty one, designed by John Fraser), the lighting is by Martin Aronstein, and the direction is by Robert Chetwyn.

As for "Play Memory" (briefly at the Longacre), least said soonest mended. The title was irritating in its ambiguity, and the content of the play was irritating in its lack of ambiguity. The author, Joanna M. Glass, chose to recount in grisly detail the decline and fall of a once crackerjack salesman who, in Saskatoon, Canada, during the sombre days of the Second World War, has arranged an illegal swap of gas coupons in order to keep three of his colleagues gainfully employed. Having been found out, he loses his job and takes to the bottle; the chief victims of his alcoholic deterioration are his wife and only child, a schoolgirl, whom he abuses physically and mentally. The author writes with a doggedness that serves to establish the honesty of her intentions but has little to do with art. One's disappointment with the play was all the greater because the cast was exemplary. Donald Moffat was especially fine as the despairing salesman-husband-father, and admirable in their lesser roles were Jo Henderson, Valerie Mahaffey, Marilyn Rockafellow, and

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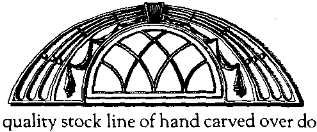

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Tom Brennan. The scenery was by Clarke Dunham, the costumes were by William Ivey Long, the lighting was by Ken Billington, and the direction was by Harold Prince.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

On Ice

"A KIND OF ALASKA," the third of a trio of one-acters by Harold Pinter that opened at the Manhattan Theatre Club under the umbrella title "Other Places," was inspired—and seldom has the word been more aptly used—by Dr. Oliver Sacks' book "Awakenings," about the discovery and effects of the drug L-dopa, which is used in the treatment of Parkinson's disease, including a variant form caused by sleeping sickness. The setting of the play is a hospital bedroom. In the bed lies a gray-haired woman, eyes closed, and beside the bed sits a gray-haired man, watching her. She has been in a kind of sleep for twenty-nine years, since she was sixteen. He is her doctor, who has just injected the new medication into her. She opens her eyes, and he starts to question her. She is, by turns, flirtatious, rebellious, bewildered, foolish, and gallant. She gets out of bed, crumples to the floor, and manages at last to sit in a chair. None of this action matters as much as the wonderful words she speaks while she shifts from one mood to the next under the watchful, loving eye of the doctor, and later with the loving support of her sister, as both of them try to arrange her thoughts and feelings, gently filling in some of the temporal gaps to make her realize that she is now in her forties. Dianne Wiest gives an exquisite performance in the exquisite role of the patient, and Henderson Forsythe and Caroline Lagerfelt are excellent as doctor and sister.

The two other plays are disappointing to a Pinter fan like me—or, at least, they don't seem to work very well in the current production. "Victoria Station," which opens the evening, should be funny and eerie, and is neither. It is a nutty conversation between a mad London radio-cab driver and his dispatcher, back at the office, who tries first to locate the taxi and then to send it to Victoria Station to pick up an arrival from the Continent and drive him to the country. The driver claims he is just cruising, yet he refuses to let the weary, frustrated dispatcher off the hook (literally). He finally admits to being near the Crystal

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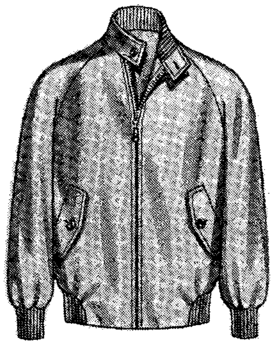

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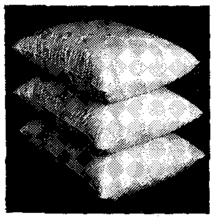
Palace (which had burned down many years before), and reports that he has a passenger in the back seat. That the passenger is probably a corpse should slowly dawn on the audience, but there is little laughter and no shock in the discovery. Mr. Forsythe is the dispatcher; Kevin Conway is the driver.

After seeing the evening's second play, "One for the Road," I made a one-word note: "synthetic." At any rate, it is a political play about torture and torment, set in the office of some sadistic bureaucrat in a police state. It amounts to a series of confrontations—between the official and a man who has been beaten almost into insensibility, the man's seven-year-old son, and his gang-raped, bloodstained wife. The torturers, of course, are offstage; the official is our old Pinter friend the tormenter, who seems rather stale this time. Mr. Conway and Miss Lagerfelt do well as tormenter and wife, and Greg Martyn is very effective as the battered husband. Alan Schneider was the director of the three plays, and John Lee Beatty designed the good settings.

TED TALLY'S "Terra Nova," at American Place, is a dramatization of Captain Robert Scott's second and fatal expedition to Antarctica, in 1911, when he raced Roald Amundsen, of Norway, to discover the South Pole. Mr. Tally wrote the play when he was a graduate student at Yale, and an earlier version was first produced there in 1977; later, at the O'Neill Playwrights' Conference, I acted as a kind of adviser on it. Since then, the present version has been produced in various theatres throughout this country and in Europe. At the beginning of the action, there is the sound of gale winds, and pictures of icy crevasses and snow are projected onto a scrim. The scrim is raised. Scott is crouched on a bare stage, trying to write a farewell message to the public—"The causes of the disaster are these"—but his fingers are frozen, and he cannot hold the pencil. The entire drama that follows is a flashback leading up to this disaster, with interposed scenes of Scott's courtship and marriage to his forthright young wife, a sculptor, who constantly questions her husband's motives for what she considers a foolhardy stunt of no importance whatever, and who makes fun of his stiff-backed patriotism, and with encounters between Scott and Amundsen, who has timed his polar journey to avoid the worst of winter, and who plans, to



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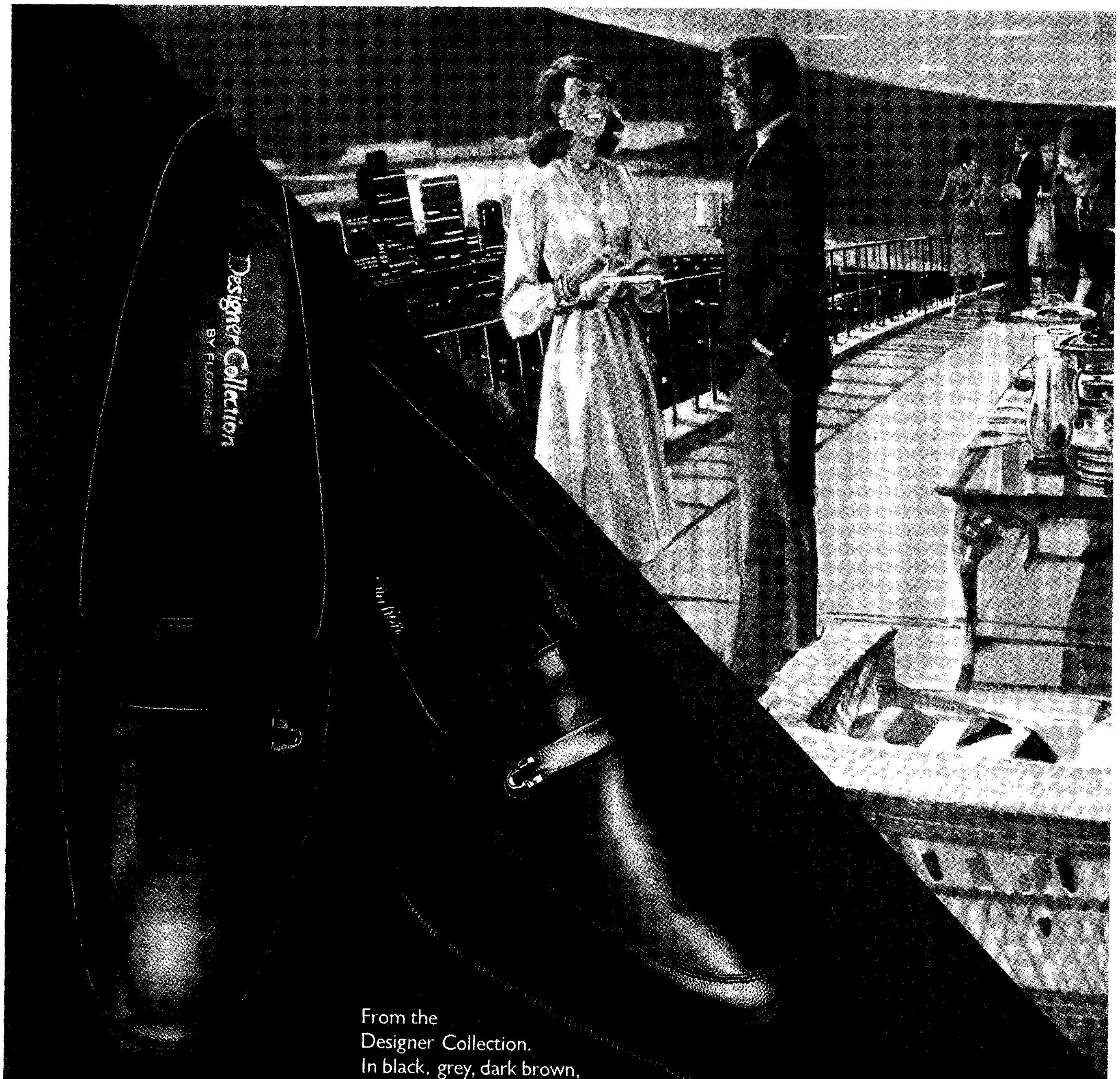

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Scott's horror, to go by dogsled and then eat the huskies for protein on the way back. The first act ends with the discovery by one of Scott's men of dog tracks in the snow near the Pole and, shortly thereafter, the sight of the Norwegian flag flapping in the wind, a sarcastic note from A. to S. attached to it. The second act is the terrible return journey, when Scott and all his men perished; gruesome details abound.

That is the framework of the play, the narrative movement, which is constantly interrupted by small scenes, many of them surreal. The saddest and most ironic of these is a banquet in honor of Scott and his men after their non-return—dinner jackets, medals, speeches—with Amundsen appearing first as a French waiter taking orders and later in Antarctic clothes, helping Scott to dismantle the banquet table, which becomes the sled that the sick, disheartened party is dragging back from the Pole. Amundsen turns up in scene after scene, a mocking, questioning, yet somewhat sympathetic presence; he is, in a sense, the presiding spirit of the play. When one of the men is severely incapacitated, it is Amundsen who urges Scott to leave him—and Scott, of course, refuses to do so, although progress is fatally slowed. In the matter of using his huskies for food, Amundsen insists that he is just being sensible. Yet here is no mere contest between a Boy Scout and a professional. The dramatist fairly credits Scott's decency and heroism, while always keeping us aware of his foolhardy vanity and playing-the-game heroics.

Although seldom credible, "Terra Nova" is never boring. The production, under the direction of Gerald Gutierrez, is excellent, and the acting is fine. Robert Foxworth is Scott, Anthony Zerbe is Amundsen, Christine Healy is Mrs. Scott—a Shavian heroine if ever there was one—and the members of the expedition, all of them familiar from God knows how many movies, are played as though newly minted, by Daniel Gerroll, Ian Trigger, Simon Jones, and Michael Countryman.

—EDITH OLIVER

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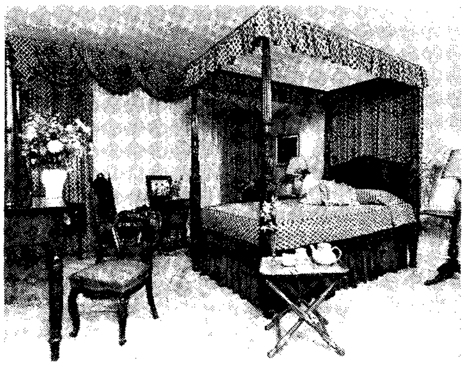

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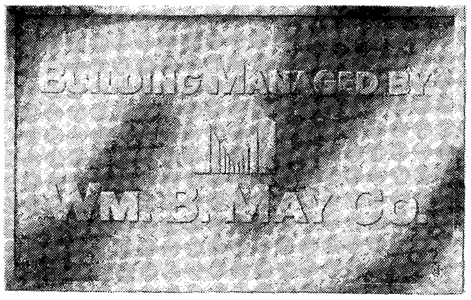

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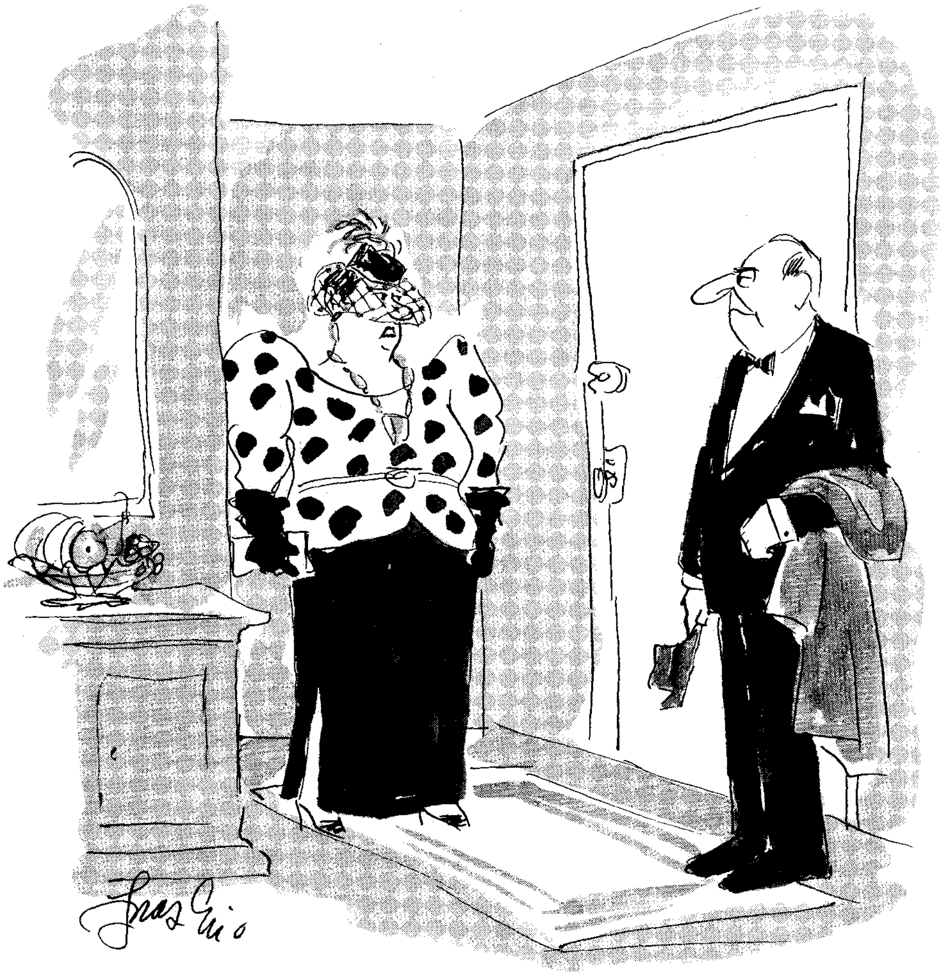
Beside the Sea

OLIVIER MESSIAEN's three most celebrated pupils—Pierre Boulez, Karlheinz Stockhausen, and Jean Barraqué—pursued separate paths. Barraqué's was signposted by no manifestos; he blazed no trails for enthusiastic packs of followers, led no performing ensemble, was not prominent at the international festivals. G. W. Hopkins wrote in a 1966 *Musical Times* article:

> In his music, there are no flirtations with the exotic (his instrumentation has—exaggeratedly—been called "functional"), no aleatoric relaxations of control, no simplifications for the benefit of the tired or half-witted listener. Faceless music indeed, for those nurtured on the excitements and posturings of the Paris musical scene!
>
> In fact, his constant ideal has been to create a music in which technique and aesthetic are perfectly fused; his starting point has been scrupulous analysis of the scores of those few masters—Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Debussy, and Webern—whom he considers to have most nearly approached this ideal fusion.

After producing his immense, thrilling Piano Sonata, his "Séquence" for soprano and ensemble, and an electronic Study, Barraqué encountered Hermann Broch's extraordinary book "The Death of Virgil," in 1955, and thereafter devoted himself to composing a series of pieces based upon or related to it. He died in 1973, aged forty-five, having brought to performance ". . . au delà du hasard" (Paris, 1960), "Chant Après Chant" (Strasbourg, 1966), "Le Temps Restitué" (Royan, 1968), and an instrumental Concerto (London, 1968)—all but the last with texts partly from Broch and partly his own. Several other "Mort de Virgile" compositions are listed in Grove as "incomplete sections," for forces ranging from piano solo and string quartet to choruses and a "Discours" for eleven voices and a hundred and thirty instruments. Someday, I suppose, all the surviving music will be brought together in performance. I hope so, for what I have heard of it is inspired.



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It is not difficult to understand how "The Death of Virgil" could provide a composer with inspiration for many years of creation. Hannah Arendt, in a 1949 *Kenyon Review* essay, called the book (begun in Vienna in 1935, completed in Princeton a decade later) "one of the truly great works in German literature." It grew from a twenty-page story to an eighty-page novella to a long, five-hundred page book in just four chapters, whose sentences can span pages, written in a prose that requires surrender to its inexorable, hypnotic rhythms, repetitive as the arrival of wave after wave after wave on the beach, with phrases varied as waves are, rising, diminishing, overlapping, responsive to the slow surgings and ebbings of the tides. It is not, in Jean Starr Untermeyer's English translation, a hard book to read—except in its demands on time, concentration, and submission. I own that I have not yet undertaken the single, unbroken, cover-to-cover traversal proposed by Hermann Weigand in his "program notes" to "The Death of Virgil" published in a 1947 *PMLA*—"at one sitting, as one sustained verbal symphony, punctuated by three brief pauses." A complete performance would take, he reckons, twenty-four hours—the period of "real time," as opposed to time remembered and visionary, transcendental time, spanned by the events of the book—"and when preceded by a proper regimen of training, it should prove no more difficult than Charles Lindbergh's solo flight from New York to Paris." I want to tackle it as soon as the world can be rather less with me for a while. In interrupted, piecemeal perusal, I've discovered the themes of what Weigand calls "a verbal symphony of overwhelming proportions," with its "differences of instrumentation, tempo and volume," its "solo parts and delicately blended voices of varying timbre," its "pulse of mounting tension," its "crashing climaxes of the full orchestra that leave [the listener] reeling as under the roar of the Day of Judgment."

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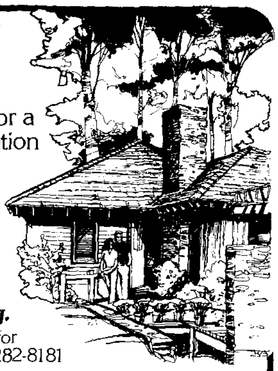

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greater sacrifice is for the artist to give up his work to the world; dies and, like a new Adam, passes into a Creation myth, but a reverse one, which leads from intricacy and richness to darkness and a world without form, and void—until in a final crescendo of light and sound he experiences Creation again, rejoices in a vision of a mother and child, and once more becomes specifically Virgil, an individual note even though it is lost in the sounding of a tone that is "more than song, more than the striking of the lyre, more than any tone, more than any voice, since it was all of these together and at once, bursting out of the nothing as well as out of the universe, breaking forth as a communication beyond every understanding, breaking forth as a significance above every comprehension, breaking forth as the pure word which it was, exalted above all understanding and significance whatsoever, consummating and initiating, mighty and commanding, fear-inspiring and protecting, gracious and thundering, the word of discrimination, the word of the pledge, the pure word . . . a floating sea, a floating fire, sea-heavy, sea-light . . . incomprehensible and unutterable for him: it was the word beyond speech." But "The Death of Virgil" can't be potted, summarized, any more than can "The Divine Comedy" or "Faust": sounds in time and the slow building of the movements are part of its sense. The four movements are titled with elementary prefixes: "Water—The Arrival," "Fire—The Descent," "Earth—The Expectation," and "Air—The Homecoming." In musical terms, their basic tempi might be designated Andante, Adagio, Scherzo (bringing the relief of dialogue exchanges after the long-sustained paragraphs), and Maestoso.

Barraqué's aim was not to compose a concert-hall analogue of the verbal symphony (I suppose that symphonies of twenty-four hours' duration have been written; the notion is daunting) but, rather, in separate works to illumine, interpret, make more vivid, give sonic form to some episodes, ideas, beliefs, visions woven into the rich fabric of the book. His "Chant Après Chant" explores ideas and images in Broch's second chapter. Key phrases are "seas of silence," "strange unity," "hearkening to the inaudible," "the melodic invisibility in which all artistic creation is rooted." Composed for soprano, piano, and six percussionists commanding a very large sonorous battery, it is made of resonances, si-

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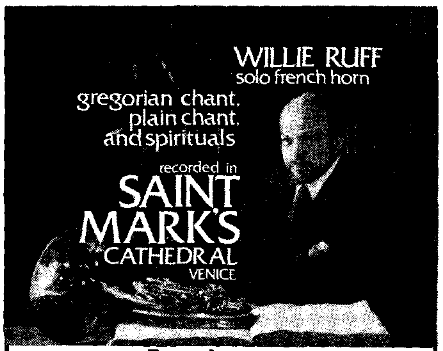

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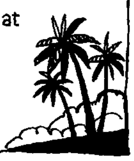

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lences, grand statements that die into the empty air, pregnant statements that burgeon and are later recalled. It is an adventure—lasting about twenty-three minutes—in sounds now delicate and enchanting, now awesome, and a discourse both poetic and lucid. A score was published in 1967, by Aldo Bruzzichelli (distributed in this country by Margun Music). A recording (now on the Astrée label) was made in 1969. "Chant Après Chant" had its New York première in March, in Symphony Space, at the inaugural concert of Prism, a chamber orchestra founded and conducted by Robert Black (who gave the American première of Barraqué's Piano Sonata in Merkin Hall two years ago). A big-city Barraqué première—even one so long delayed—is an important event. The critic of the *Times* admired the performance but briskly dismissed the music as "warmed-over Boulez—a hybrid of bright, brittle violence and spurious academic theories." It didn't seem that way to me. Barraqué is generally deemed the Romantic among the postwar serialists. Before Stockhausen moved into mysticism, before Peter Maxwell Davies went to live on an Orkney island, Barraqué declared himself a Breton by adoption, "fascinated by the sea, the rocks, the tides, the rhythm of life," dreaming as a child of "refashioning something as the tide does," dreaming later of his "Death of Virgil." Academic theories —"spurious" or not—seem to have played no part in his utterances or, more important, in his compositions. He suggests, rather, the old-style composer—seized, visionary, inspired, building on the work of his predecessors, seeking to refine and extend his technique only so that his music may be more precisely eloquent. It's very difficult music. I find that I must listen to the works again and again. (The Piano Sonata, "Séquence," and ". . . au delà du hasard" are also on record.) As Mr. Hopkins says, "whatever links with the past there are in Barraqué's music are, in fact, deeply embedded in a personal style of such complexity as to offer the listener very few immediately recognizable points of reference in the traditional sense." And he "largely avoids parading the rational processes of composition on the surface of his works, expecting the listener's response to be primarily an irrational one."

The text—most of Barraqué's compositions have sung texts—often provides the easiest point of entry into the music. The soprano in "Chant Après Chant" is not dominant. In the words of André Hodeir's program note, "she slips, sometimes stealthily, into the clear spaces of a polyphony of variable density." Sometimes she murmurs, sometimes cries, through the last shudder or shimmer of a dying resonance. Whatever she says has a defining effect. Margaret Ahrens, the soloist of the Prism performance, is not exactly the "dramatic soprano" specified in the score, but she was beautifully clear, beautifully exact, and pure in tone—an impressive artist. The piano part (it was ably played by Elizabeth DiFelice) seems to suggest at each entry the "real" world—or, at any rate, something on a different plane from the metaphorical dream discourse of the six percussionists. They carry the burden of the piece. Their music—now beguiling, now blustery; sometimes delicate, sometimes anguished or brutal—flickers, suddenly surges, darts from player to player around the platform, solidifies, crests, dies into silence, resumes. The listener is caught in an enchanted web of sonorities, densities, durations. The Jersey City State College Percussion Ensemble (Michael Hinton, Edward Brunicardi, Mark Christofaro, Chris Deczynski, Matthew Patuto, and Robert Romeo) gave a virtuoso performance. Mr. Black conducted with the warming combination of advocacy, emotional commitment, and accuracy which distinguishes all he does. A pity that Prism was not invited to repeat "Chant Après Chant" at the Horizons '84 Festival next month. The wide public hears too little Barraqué.

ON to slighter things. Ambroise Thomas's "Mignon," the third of Carnegie Hall's opéra-comique series starring Frederica von Stade, was somewhat disappointing. Miss von Stade, who earlier this season was a bewitching Périchole and a captivating Chérubin, gave us a Mignon who from the start to almost the end of the opera was lacklustre, depressed, undervitalized. As in the 1982 Santa Fe production of Thomas's piece, she was, quite simply, dull, despite the beauty of her tone and her careful, delicate attention to the phrases. When she plays unhappy, put-upon heroines—Massenet's Cendrillon and Rossini's Desdemona are others—it's almost as if she turned some mental switch to a "sadness" setting, producing rhythmic inertia, monotony of timbre, and a curious blankness. It's

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disconcerting. One can't recognize the artist whose Cherubino, Chérubin, and Rosina have held one spellbound. She seems to miss the point of the opéra-comique Mignon created by Thomas and his librettists, Michel Carré and Jules Barbier (a team adept at simplifying for the operatic stage such intricate literary works as "Hamlet," "Faust," and "Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre"), and to adopt, as it were, a Philine's-eye view of the character. (Philine is the glittering actress who dazzles Wilhelm Meister and thinks Mignon a quaint, dreary little waif.) Goethe's Mignon was given her musical setting by Hugo Wolf; in his Mignon songs we recognize the mysterious child who (as Carlyle put it in a preface to his translation of "Wilhelm Meister") "at length overpowers [the reader] with an emotion more deep and thrilling than any poet since the days of Shakespeare has succeeded in producing." Thomas's Mignon doesn't quite succeed in doing that to the listener, but she blends pathos, piquancy, charm, and ardor in a winning, touching way. She can be heard in Conchita Supervia's records of "Connais-tu le pays" and the Swallow duet.

The opera went through several changes of plot and design before it reached the stage of the Opéra-Comique, in 1866 (the year before "Don Carlos" at the Opéra), with Célestine Galli-Marié, later the first Carmen, as Mignon. Other large changes—for Germany, for London, for revivals in Paris—were made thereafter. (I sketched some of the tangled history when reviewing the 1974 Dallas production of "Mignon" and won't repeat it here.) The Carnegie presentation confined itself to familiar printed music, without recourse to alternative numbers recoverable from the Paris material, or even to the early editions; in fact, it simply followed the ordinary Schirmer score. This was defensible except, perhaps, in one respect: it was odd in the context of a "French Opéra-Comique Festival" to choose the grand-opera sung recitatives instead of spoken dialogue; they are undistinguished and, like those added to "Carmen," clog the flow of a drama originally planned for enactment in speech that breaks into song.

The Philine and the Wilhelm, Gianna Rolandi and Barry McCauley, were also those of the Santa Fe production. She was nimble and animated but lacked the bright, exact purity that

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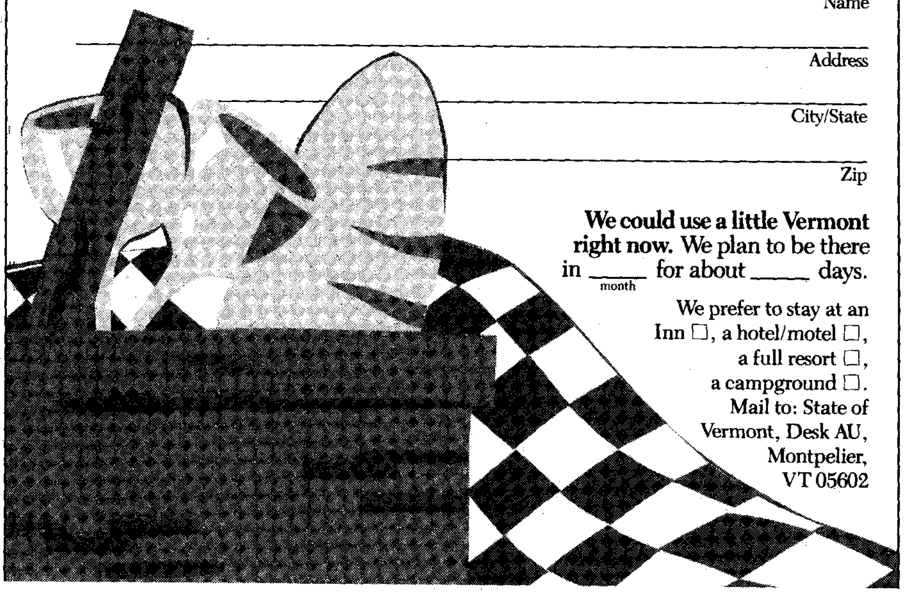

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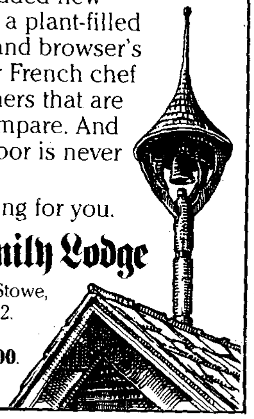

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Philine's coloratura must have; some high notes struck too hard went out of focus. He was rather a dull stick in music that calls for elegance. As the Harper, Robert Lloyd, Covent Garden's King Philip and Boris Godunov, made his New York début and sang agreeably but unmemorably. (He was the only artist to use a score.) As Friedrich, Colette Alliot-Lugaz, a star of the Lyons Opera, made her American début and was nimble but not quite sparky enough. In the subaltern roles, Barry Stilwell (Laertes), Kurt Link (Jarno), and James Busterud (Antonio) were good, and the Orpheon Chorale was a dapper chorus. Kenneth Montgomery conducted, as he had at Santa Fe. Everything was neatly turned and carefully shaped, but there was a lack of aristocratic lightness and grace. It was not Beecham-like. (Beecham conducted “Mignon” at the Met in 1943, with Risë Stevens.) The orchestra seemed rather too large and rich. There was some exquisite playing from the anonymous first clarinet.

If this seems a shade unappreciative, it is only because Carnegie's operas-in-concert series devised by Matthew Epstein (three Rossinis with Marilyn Horne last season; the three opéras comiques this season; three Handels, two with Miss Horne, announced for next season) lead us to expect the highest and have so far seldom failed to approach it. The “trimmings”—platform deployment to mirror the dramatic shape of the scenes, sensitive platform lighting, the provision of bilingual librettos and of light enough by which to read them—are not neglected. Not everything has been perfect (the stage directions of the “Mignon” libretto were skimpy), but in general both the casting and the presentation have set musical standards such as the Met and the City Opera, churning out up to seven or eight performances a week in full stagings, can hardly maintain.

IVO POGORELICH gave a piano recital in Carnegie Hall last month, and the place was packed. He has the reputation of being a flamboyant artist. At the 1980 Chopin Competition in Warsaw—a biographical note in the program book told us—his appearances “aroused the sort of frenzied mass demonstrations usually reserved for rock stars.” But the recital was outwardly a sober, gentlemanly affair. There were just three sonatas on the program: Mozart's in A, K. 331;

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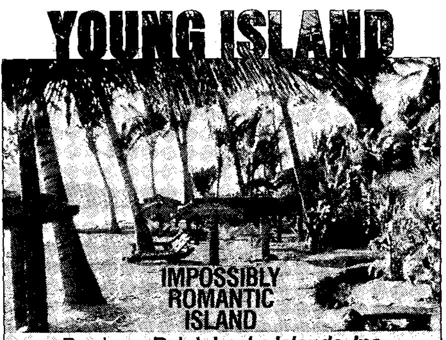

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Chopin's Third; and Prokofiev's Sixth. The Mozart was largely unstylish—a romantic pianist's Mozart, with unpleasing rhythmic distortions, in the first two movements. The *alla turca* finale, however, had an admirably steady beat and delightfully bold yet unexaggerated sonorities. Both the Chopin and the Prokofiev were odd performances—rhythmically and dynamically wayward in fashions that seemed sometimes inspired but sometimes pointlessly capricious. Prokofiev once analyzed four strains in his creative personality—neoclassical, ostinato, lyrical, and "the modern trend . . . the search for a language in which to express powerful emotions"—with a possible fifth that he preferred to regard as an intensification of the others to a "scherzo-ish" degree. All five can be discerned in almost any of his compositions. All five appear in the Sixth Piano Sonata, a large, ambitious, and wide-ranging composition. The first two seem to me—but evidently not to Mr. Pogorelich—to call for strongly defined and steady rhythms. If the first movement is not held to a crisp 4/4, how can the off-beat accents make their intended effect? Mr. Pogorelich, Yugoslav-born and now London-based, is Russian-trained, but his is hardly an "authentically Russian" way of playing Prokofiev. (I don't know Prokofiev's own recording of the sonata but have heard other celebrated Russian pianists play the piece.) The slow, free lilt that he brought to the third movement (marked "like a very slow waltz") was more convincing.

He played across a very wide dynamic range without ever becoming clangorous. His technique was effortless and unshowy. Whenever the dynamic indications dropped below *mf*, he tended to depress the soft pedal; I don't think I've ever heard a recital with so much *una corda*. He played a Hamburg Steinway that was dusky and unassertive of tone—too sober an instrument to set the vast spaces of Carnegie Hall ablaze. He is a real pianist, with personality, temperament, and alertness. But he seemed to have left the original scores too far behind—to revel in detail at the expense of form. Chopin's sonata was a no less beautiful and a more coherent work in Robert Taub's balanced performance earlier this season. Mr. Pogorelich's encores—a Scriabin study, a Chopin prelude, and a Scarlatti sonata—were delectable.

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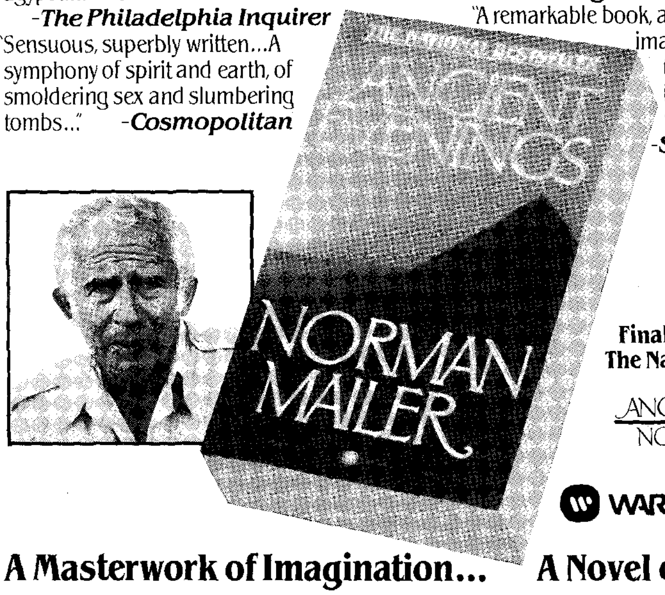

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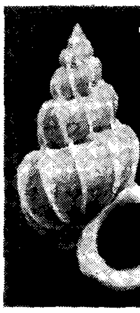

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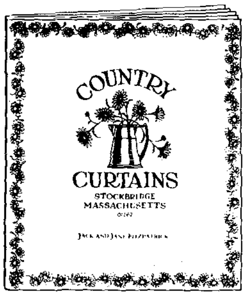

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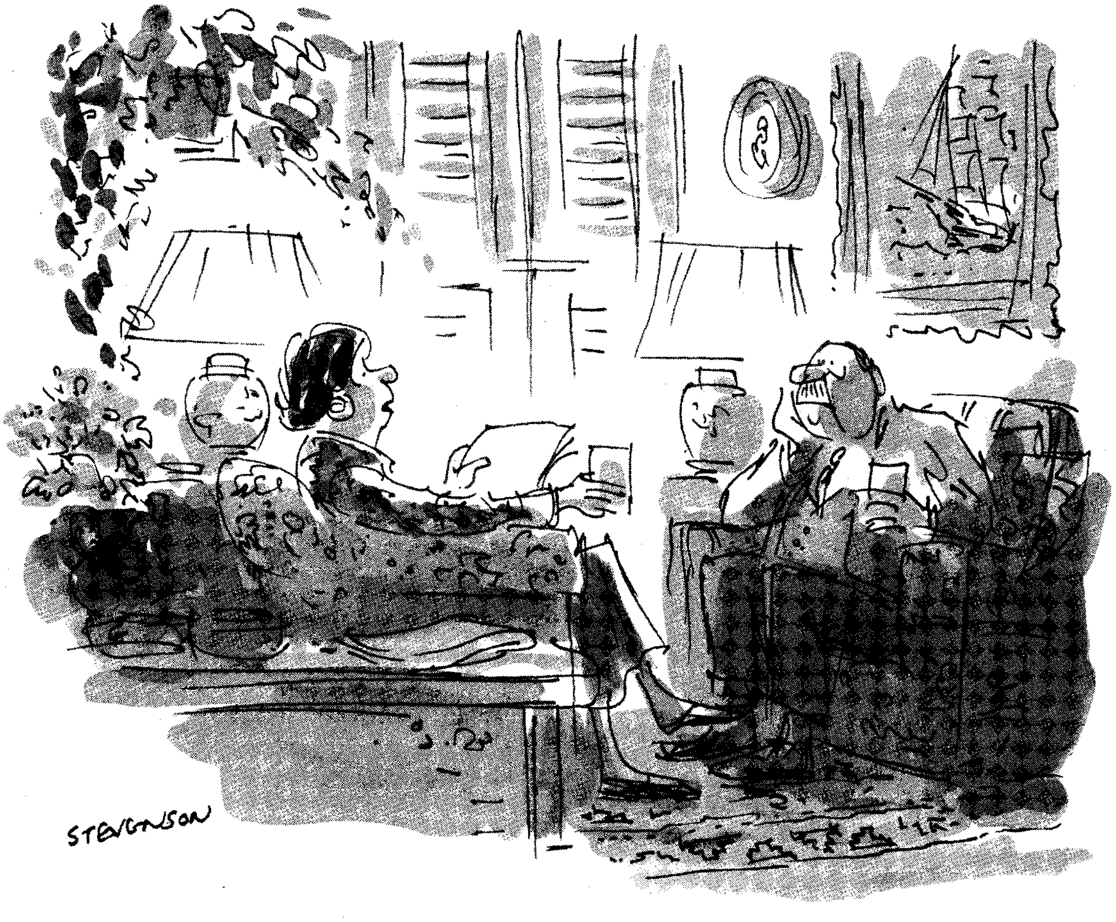
Word from a Far Country

J. L. Carr's "A Month in the Country" (St. Martin's; $9.95) won the 1980 *Guardian* prize for fiction in England and was a runner-up in the same year for the much publicized Booker literary award. At the time, it seemed a bit of a dark horse in the entry for such contests, always strong in bulky, well-muscled works that appeal to readers who like a book with staying power. The author of this short (a hundred and eleven pages of large print) account of a young man's immersion in the deep pastoral peace of the North Riding of Yorkshire just after the First World War tells us straightaway what to expect by setting Dr. Johnson's definition of a novel on the flyleaf: "A small tale, generally of love." Though Carr had written other books, several for children, he was not a very familiar name to the English reading public, and his American publisher seems out to preserve his anonymity with a notably laconic biographical note on the jacket, which reads, in its entirety, "J. L. Carr lives in England." Last summer, Mr. Carr was interviewed on the BBC radio program "Bookshelf" and filled in a few more details. He was born in 1912, was once a schoolmaster, and, between the novels, is a bit of a lexicographer himself. From his Yorkshire home, he produces and publishes minuscule dictionaries, highly popular with children, that browse among such alluring fields as eccentric cricketers, curious pets, and royal changelings.

Tom Birkin, the narrator of "A Month in the Country"—on the radio, Mr. Carr airily batted away a question as to why he had borrowed Turgenev's title—is recalling events that happened in August, 1920, when he was twenty-five (and Mr. Carr must have been an observant child among them, taking notes). Birkin had come back alive, to his surprise, from the Western Front, with a bad facial twitch and a stammer as legacies of Passchendaele. Perhaps as a result, his wife, Vinny, a light-footed, amorous prowler, who made several excursions over the roofs while he was in France, has just slipped off again, to some other man's window. Birkin arrives in the tiny village of Oxgodby to take up his first single-handed job in the profession he had chosen before he was called up—the restoration of medieval wall paintings. The lately deceased spinster lady of the manor, Miss Adelaide Hebron, had become convinced, possibly through long staring upward from her front pew during the sermon, that there was a mural under the whitewash over the chancel arch in the ancient church. She had even backed her hunch and climbed a ladder to have a trial scratch. (Birkin groans with professional horror when he hears about it.) He has accepted the twenty-five guineas she left in her will for its restoration. He is completely broke, but he hopes that while the job lasts the miserable pay—to be handed out in installments by the disapproving vicar, the Reverend J. G. Keach—will keep him camping out frugally in the belfry.

Mr. Carr declares his fondness for eccentrics of all sorts. Miss Hebron left a second bequest to finance a still battier chase—a search for the vanished grave of a fourteenth-century ancestor, excommunicated for unknown reasons, who was to be brought back from unhallowed ground into the pious fold of the churchyard. Charles Moon, a cheerful young archeologist, is already settled in a tent close to the church. It does not take Birkin long to spot him as another survivor, a burnt-out case "whose 'All thy waves and billows have gone over me' look gave him away earlier even than the three holes in the tunic's shoulders where his captain's pips had been." Birkin, in his sleeping



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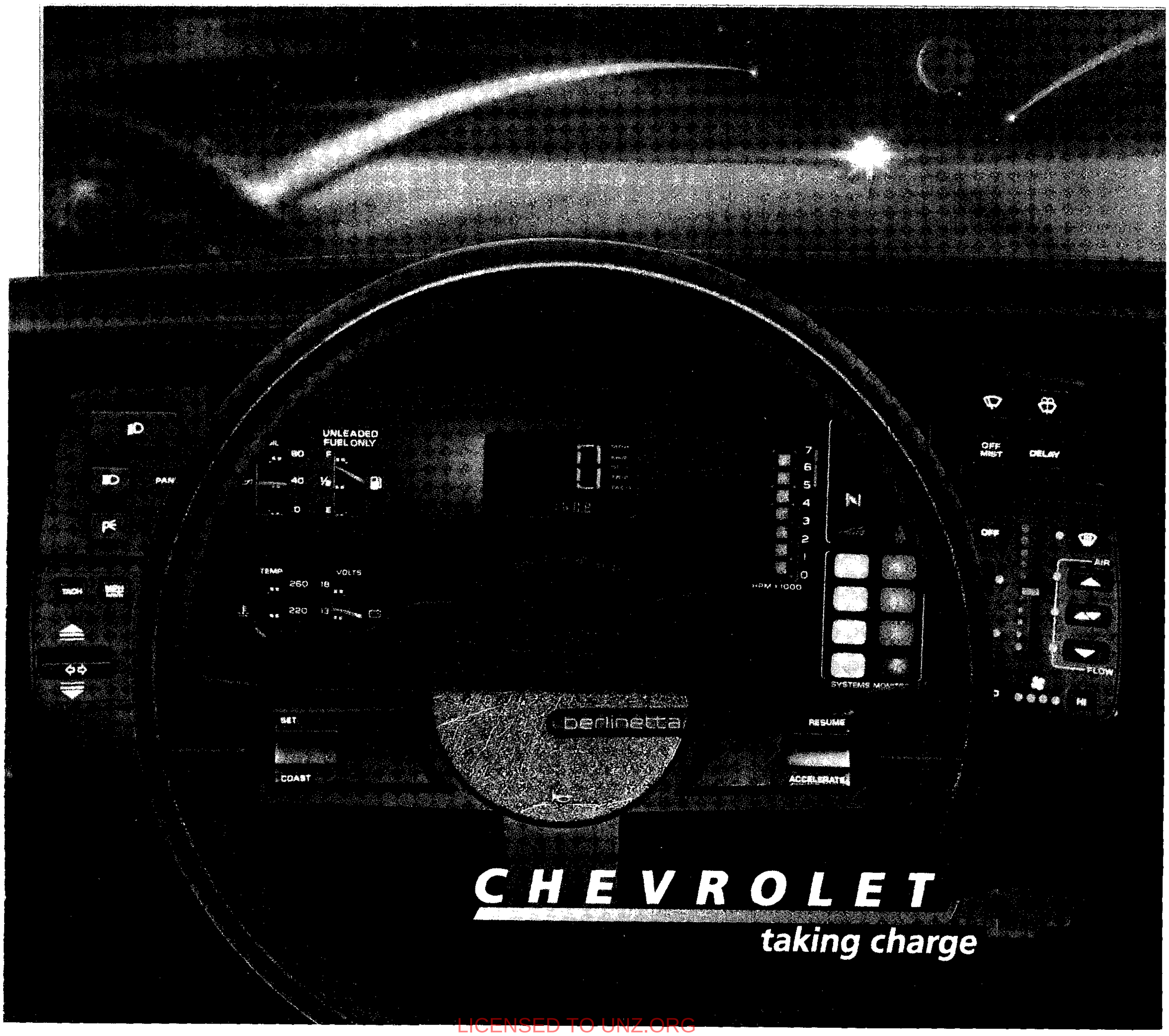
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bag in the gently creaking bell tower, and Moon, in his tent in the water meadow, sometimes wake up to listen sympathetically to the screams of the other's nightmares. Awake, Birkin has a brisk sense of comedy and a keenly inquiring eye for the unusual in his new surroundings, whether it is the vicar's lovely young wife, Alice, who looks like Botticelli's Primavera ("I mean to say—the pride of the Uffizi walking abroad in, God help us, Oxgodby!" is his dazed thought at their first meeting), or mechanical curiosities such as the huge, antiquated, ash-belching coke stove in the church, which will, he hopes, give him "several pleasurably instructive hours learning its foibles."

Right from the start, what Birkin feels in his shattered nerves is the calming stability of this bit of unknown northern countryside, still keeping stoutly to the way of life of a vanishing world. Mr. Carr's Oxgodby is the land of lost content at which he and his hero, both Housman lovers, look back with tenderness. It has stayed much as it always was, seemingly untouched by the war except for a few sons gone forever from the farms. Part of the historical social backdrop of such villages already flaps a bit in the rising economic east wind, however. Miss Hebron's vast Victorian home is decaying gently in a jungle of a garden. The vicar and his wife rattle around in the poverty-stricken discomfort of a sparsely furnished vicarage that "could have housed a family of ten with supporting coachman, cooks, maids, and all." But to Birkin, looking back after many years, the place seems permanently settled in its own microclimate. "There was so much time that marvellous summer." It was "Tennyson weather, drowsy, warm, unnaturally still." The clip-clop of hooves rang out sharply in the silence—the familiar counterpoint to existence in one of the last years of the age of the horse. A beautiful description takes us to a Sunday-school picnic in the hills, the party sitting on benches in wagons drawn by "those great magical creatures soon to disappear from highways and turning furrow," splendidly beribboned and polished by hours of proud grooming.

Of the two strangers so interestingly arrived in their midst, the Oxgodby folk warm less to Moon, whose southern vowel sounds are purer and whose mysterious activities in the meadow have not the fascination of the great spread of figures

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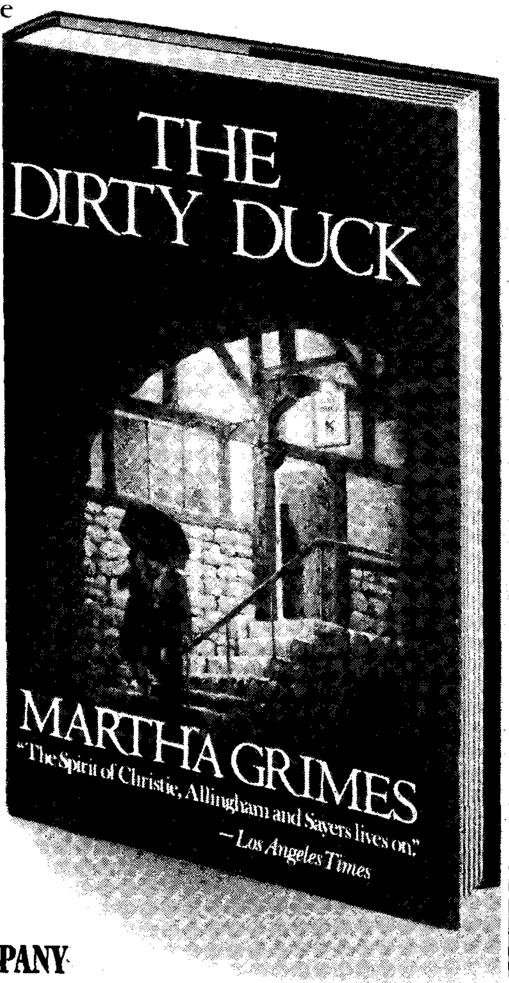

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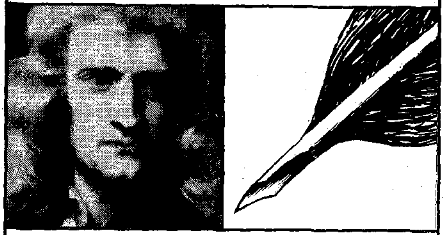

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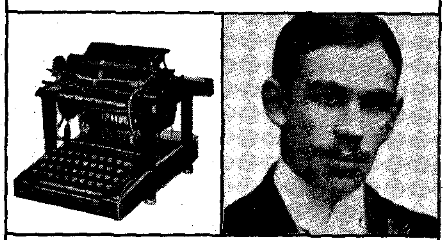

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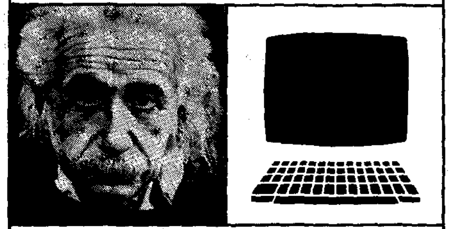

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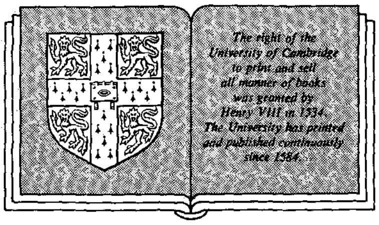
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above the chancel arch that Birkin is bringing out, inch by inch, from the five hundred years' smog of tallow-candle grease and oil-lamp dirt, plus the more recent contribution of the volcanic coke stove, which had sealed the whitewash. Mr. Carr's novel might be just a delightful exercise in nostalgia if it were not for the absorbing details it gives us about a little-known profession. "A bloody perilous and penurious one," Birkin's old master once called it, adding encouragingly that his pupil's only rival in the game was getting so shortsighted that "he'll fall off a ladder any day now. Then you'll be able to starve without competition." When Birkin first climbs a ladder to examine his wall, he hopes for the biggest set piece in the catalogue of medieval wall paintings—a really good Judgment, conveniently tailored to the dimensions of an arch, "with Christ in Majesty at its apex, the falling curves nicely separating the smug souls of the Righteous trooping off-stage north to Paradise from the Damned dropping (normally head-first) into the bonfire." It is a Judgment, sure enough, presided over by "a wintry hard-liner" of a Judge, whose raised right hand is still pierced. "Justice, yes there would be justice. But *not* mercy. . . . This *was* the Oxgodby Christ, uncompromising . . . no, more—threatening. 'This is my hand. This is what you did to me. And, for this, many shall suffer the torment. For thus it was with me.' " With growing excitement, Birkin recognizes an anonymous masterpiece (wall paintings, we learn, are hardly ever signed), painted by one man (right-handed, some of his fair beard hairs stuck in tacky patches) with a lordly extravagance of ground lapis lazuli, the best cinnabar, Cornish malachite, and even gold leaf, astonishing to find in a simple village church. It must have been a fiddle from some richer job. Birkin figures that someone slapped the whitewash over it soon after it was painted. That would account for its excellent preservation. A parish row, perhaps? The mystery, and Moon's search for the missing Hebron ancestor, is later solved, somewhat perfunctorily.

As Birkin works through the long, hot August days, shuffling about cautiously on his platform, he thinks first of nothing but the tremendous apocalyptic picture he is uncovering, "like a window in a filthy wall which, every day or two, opened a square foot or so wider." "I don't suppose you noticed it

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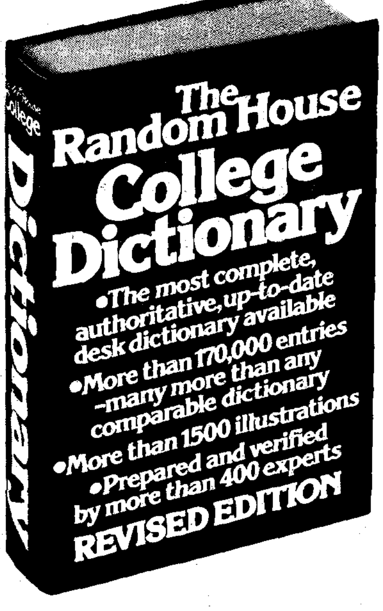
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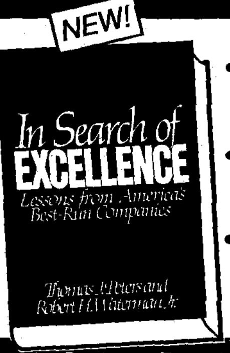
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happening," Moon says one day, "but Oxgodby's just about ironed you out." Birkin begins gradually to feel part of it all. Kathy Ellerbeck, the fourteen-year-old daughter of the stationmaster, is the first to bang her way in to sit in a pew and shout conversations up the ladder. As a sort of return graciousness for the splendid samples of her mother's North Riding cooking that she often brings along to cheer the poor benighted Londoner's meagre housekeeping in the belfry, Birkin starts going to chapel with the Ellerbecks. His Wesleyan evenings, spent bellowing hymns and listening to local preachers roaring in the incomprehensible vernacular, are possibly a backhanded slap, too, at the coldly insensitive Anglican clergyman who is Alice Keach's even more incomprehensible choice of a husband.

Keach is a creation of real pathos. He and his shy nymph of a wife are exiled southerners, who feel that they have never been accepted in Oxgodby, where Birkin entered with such immediate ease. Loneliness seems at first to be the hunger that brings Alice, too, so frequently to the empty church to talk to his back up on the platform. It is entertaining to imagine how another writer describing the same common pangs of longing between two characters today would have treated the languorous Tennysonian weather; the isolation of the little church in the fields, with its door that squeals a warning of intruders; the sleeping bag on the floor of the bell loft, under the bell that was to stir in a sudden gale on Birkin's last night in Oxgodby and give out a faint metallic sound, of farewell or reproach. But "Never forget this was 1920, another world": it is "Mr. Birkin" and "Mrs. Keach" to the end. Sorting out his month in the country, Birkin reflects on a more sustaining passion that he took away with him—his obsessive feeling of kinship with the great nameless painter who had worked where he was working, "reaching from the dark to show me what he could do, saying to me as clear as any words, 'If any part of me survives from time's corruption, let it be this. For this was the sort of man I was.' " The lessons of the weeks they lived together will stay, we feel, when Oxgodby and Alice's enchanting laugh are only memories that come back, not too tragically, from the happy country of being young. Mr. Carr's blessedly small tale of lost love is also a small hymn about art and the compensating joy of the artist, both in

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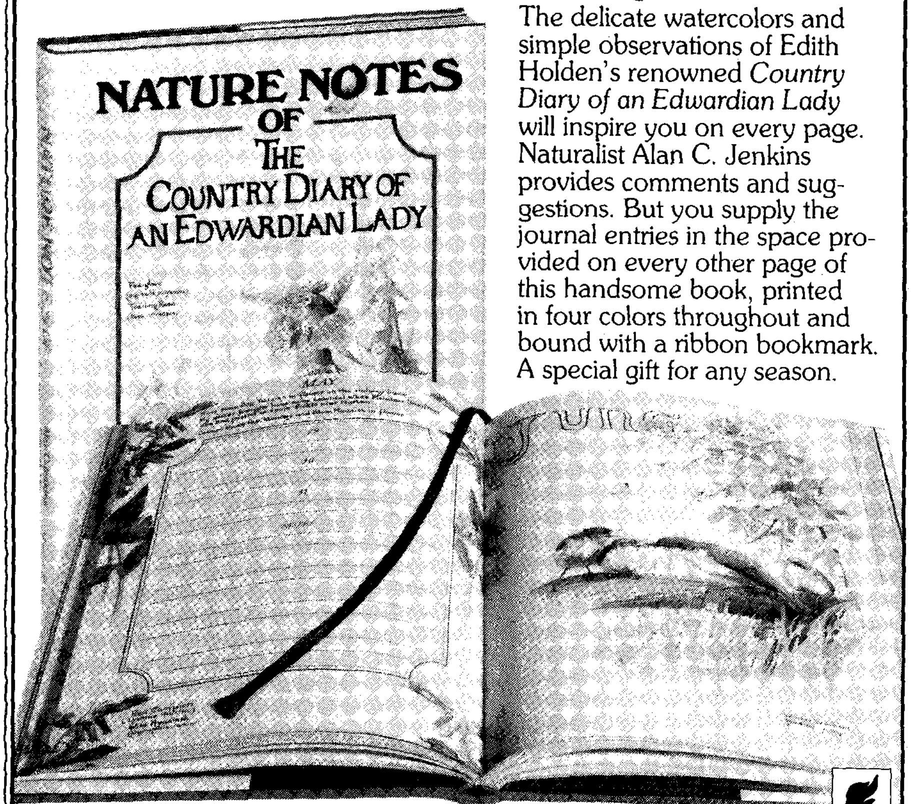

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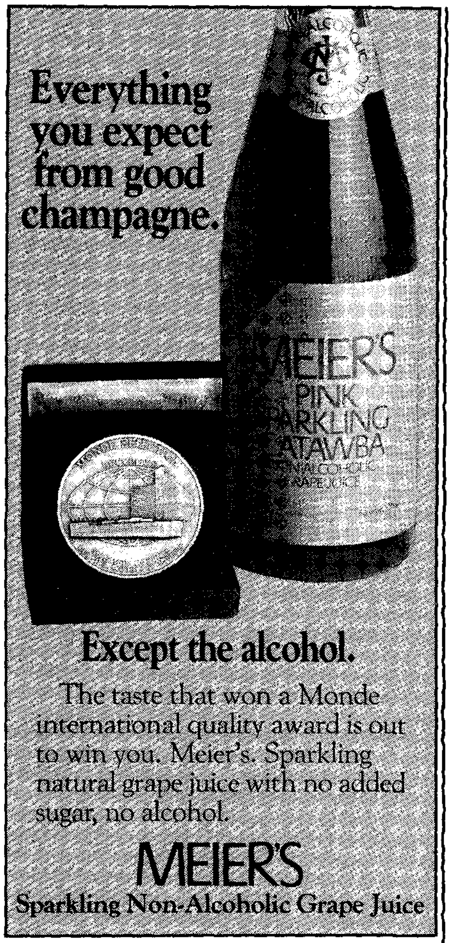

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BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THREE NOVELS: THE BLACKMAILER, A MAN OF POWER, AND THE GREAT OCCASION, by Isabel Colegate (Viking/Penguin; $25 cloth, $8.95 paper). Miss Colegate is an English writer chiefly known in this country for her novel "The Shooting Party," which was published here to deserved acclaim in 1981. What we have in this most attractively priced omnibus volume is her first three published works. They are very different from "The Shooting Party" in tone and time and subject, and also very different from one another. They are linked only by a strong consciousness of social class, an ease of manner, and a stunning perception of character. "The Blackmailer" (1958) introduces us to a young English officer back from the Korean War with evidence that a fellow-officer, hailed as a hero, was in fact a coward and a traitor. He displays this information to the hero's young widow. Miss Colegate then lets the interestingly complicated characters of the blackmailer and his victim take over and strangely pervert their businesslike relationship. In "A Man of Power" (1960) Miss Colegate gives us a kind of English "The Great Gatsby": a series of revelations involving a self-made millionaire industrialist; an aristocratic and fashionable beauty, a woman of melting charm and icy self-absorption; and her adoring daughter. "The Great Occasion" (1962) opens with a great occasion—the wedding of the second of the five daughters of Gabriel Dobson, a rich widower, at the family estate. We meet these daughters: the eldest, Penelope, married to a slippery, rising young M.P.; Susan, the bride, to be held in thrall by her husband's encouragement of her emotional hypochondria; Angel, the family beauty; Charlotte, a schoolgirl when we meet her; and Selina, still in the *schoolroom* at home. Dobson is no hero, and his daughters are none of them heroines. Everything, and nothing, happens: we watch them grow, change, fulfill their different fates; we experience their lives and enrich our own. This is the

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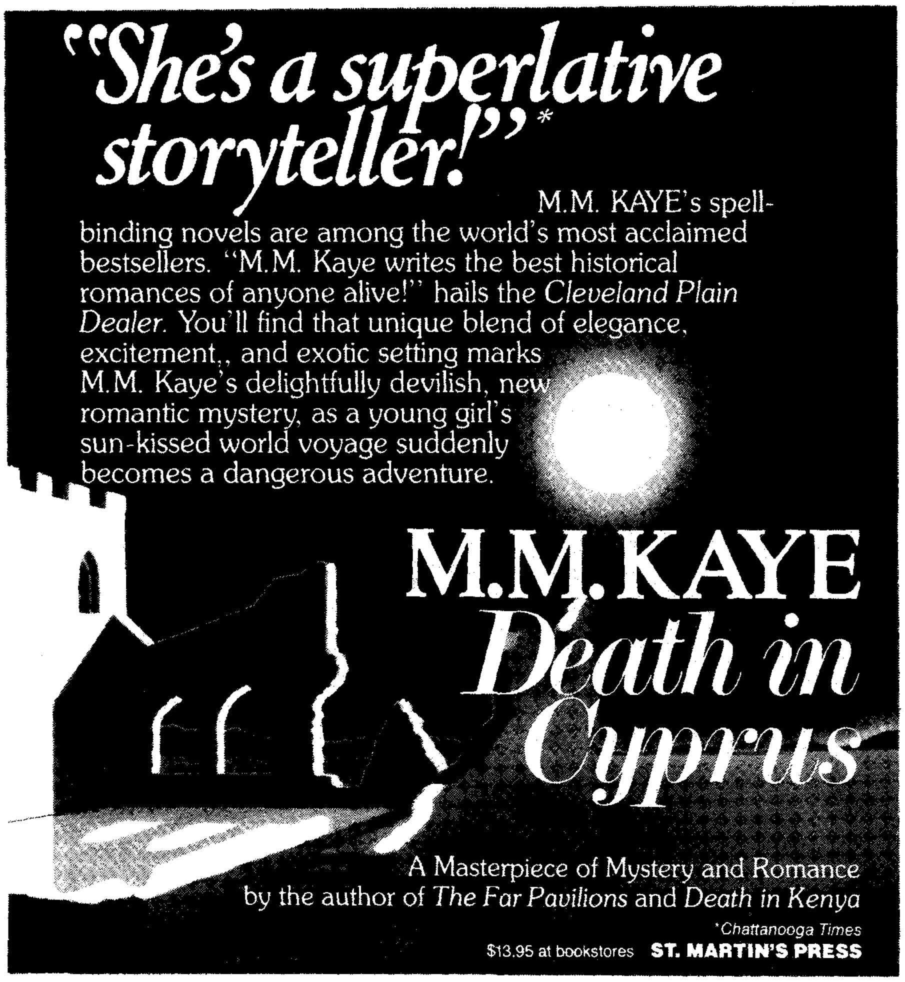
strength of "The Great Occasion" and, to a lesser extent, of its two predecessors.

THE SLOW TRAIN TO MILAN, by Lisa St. Aubin de Terán (Harper & Row; $14.95). An aimless story narrated by a rich man's daughter who quits cramming for her Cambridge entrance exam and marries an exiled Venezuelan political radical—a guilt-stricken landowner—who introduces her to two other South American outlaws. All four share a passion for expensive things, from mother-of-pearl buttons to Mercedes-Benzes, and an assumption that money is something for others to earn. For about three years, in the early nineteen-seventies, they drift, by train, to and from France and Italy, settling in one hotel or apartment after another, under the wing of radical sympathizers, and in spite of Interpol. Sometimes—as when the girl's monthly allowance is cut off—they are down and out. Then they pawn some of her jewelry for some pastries, say, or they shoplift some Earl Grey tea. At one point, one of the outlaws warns the girl that she is like a piece of barley sugar, which is unlike an aniseed ball: at least "an aniseed ball has an aniseed inside it." The warning can be applied to her story as well.

GENERAL

MARY BERENSON: A SELF-PORTRAIT FROM HER LETTERS & DIARIES, edited by Barbara Strachey and Jayne Samuels (Norton; $18.95). This volume brings us into the presence of a woman who was far from faultless, whose generosity of spirit was sometimes at war with her passions, but who was intelligent as well as high-spirited, and lived at the center of a cosmopolitan world of art and thought. Born Mary Smith, to a family of Pennsylvania Quakers—her dates are 1864-1945—she coaxed her family to take up a daring poet, Walt Whitman, when she was still a college girl, and she overcame another set of family scruples when, at the age of twenty-one, she married Frank Costelloe, a Catholic of Irish ancestry and a London barrister. In 1890, she became a friend of Bernard Berenson, a young Harvard graduate who was in Europe studying art, and soon afterward she became his mistress, student, and collaborator. Her husband, who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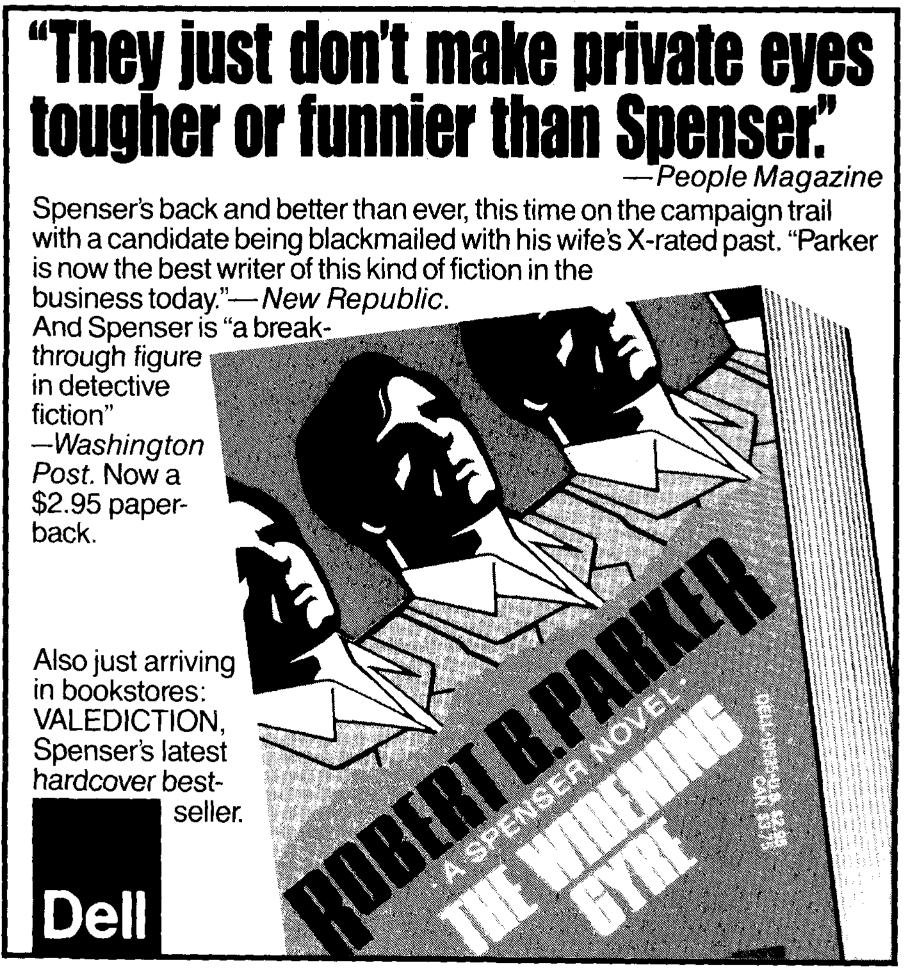
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would not give her a divorce, died in 1899, and she was able to marry her lover. Their early years together, when they engaged in the critical studies and writings that made Berenson's fame, offered them a feeling of union—lovers against the world, missionaries to the philistines—that they did not find in their legal alliance. But she confided to her diary about her husband, "Never could there be a more *interesting* companion." The reader feels that way about Mary.

THE LINCOLN IMAGE, by Harold Holzer, Gabor S. Boritt, and Mark E. Neely, Jr. (Scribners; $35). A collection of prints—mostly engravings and lithographs—depicting Abraham Lincoln during his campaigns for the Presidency and as President. In an extended essay, the authors explain that the prints—made from photographs, sketches, and paintings—were the means by which the American people came to know what "the young giant of the West" looked like; they were so popular that everyone in the audience at Gettysburg easily recognized Lincoln. The quality of the prints varied: some were good, some laughably naïve, and some terrible. There were rascals among the printmakers who didn't hesitate to satisfy current demands by superimposing Lincoln's face on an old print showing, say, Calhoun; after little Grace Bedell wrote Lincoln a letter suggesting that he would look better with whiskers and he had acted on the suggestion, some printmakers, including Currier & Ives, added full beards to prints showing him clean-shaven. An absorbing and entertaining book.

BEYOND THE LOOKING GLASS: REFLECTIONS OF ALICE AND HER FAMILY, by Colin Gordon (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $19.95). "A perfervid pedantry I thought reserved only for Shakespeare and cricket;" "this modern appetite for the most insipid Dodgson titbit"—with these words of scorn, Colin Gordon seems to suggest that he had more admirable motives in travelling to Tetbury, Gloucestershire, and gaining access to a cache of memorabilia in the top-floor playroom of Alice Liddell's granddaughter's house. Watercolors by the "real" Alice, photographs by Dodgson, blotting-paper doodles by Dean Liddell, and letters from an elderly family friend are reduced, for the most part, to the size of large postage stamps and squeezed into the margins. The text begins with reminiscences by Alice's father, which begin with his grandfather, who went to Lapland on a bet and brought back some Lapp girls and some reindeer. Mr. Gordon follows this episode with an adequate survey of the whole Liddell family, and he tosses in some titbits for the perfervid pedant: that Dr. Jowett had a "crabbed, minuscule handwriting," that Dean Liddell sneezed "punctually at noon," that Alice's future husband's school trunk included four nightshirts, three blanket ties, twenty-four pairs of socks, and eighteen pocket handkerchiefs, and that the twenty-year-old Alice, wielding an oar, gave Prince Leopold a black eye.

NOTE: "La Place de la Concorde Suisse," John McPhee's report on the Swiss Army, has been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux ($12.95). All the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

DIE AGAIN, MACREADY, by Jack Livingston (St. Martin's; $13.95). There are some interesting and unexpected things here. There is a persuasive account of the nature of acting. There is an only too believable depiction of the nature of television production and performance. And there are some comments by Mr. Livingston's stone-deaf private investigator, Joe Binney, on being deaf: "The idea that you can read their lips somehow suggests to [some people] that you can read their minds . . . their souls. I cannot prove that they are totally wrong. I see a lot of things that are missed in ordinary conversation." This is Binney's second appearance, it has to do with what seems to be a plot against a young actor (Macready) who is slated for a big role in a TV mini-series, and it is a pleasure from start (irresistible) to finish (no wilder than most).

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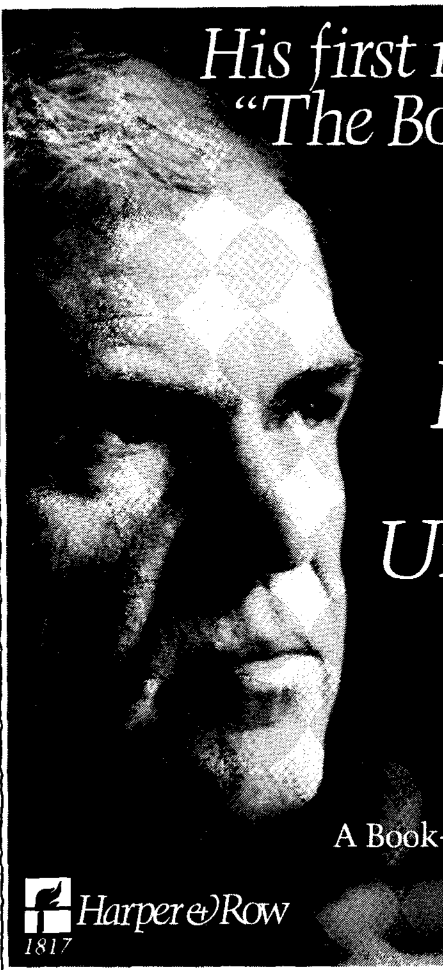

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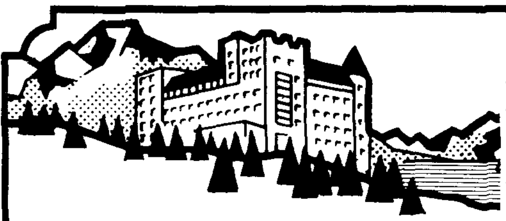

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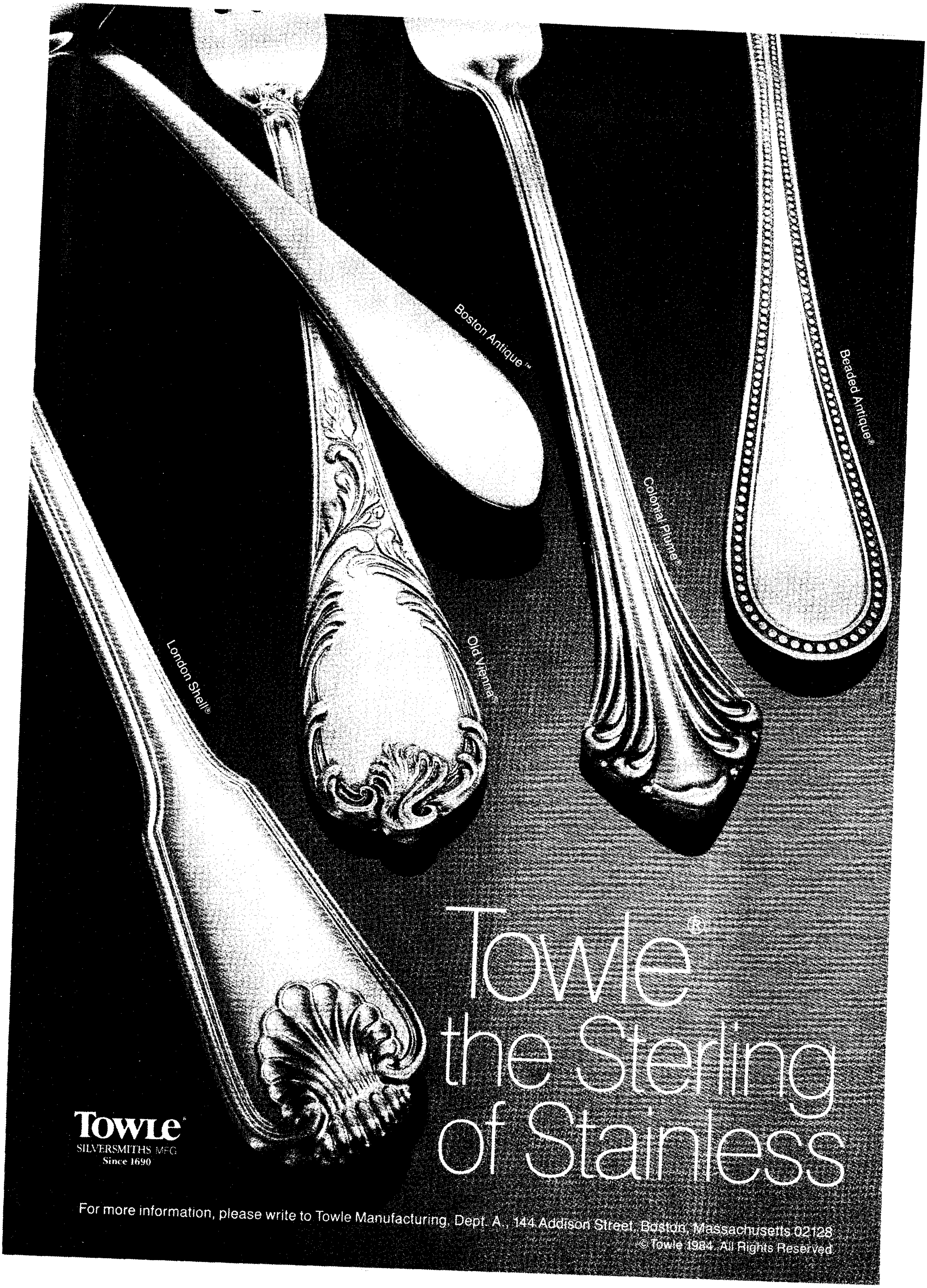
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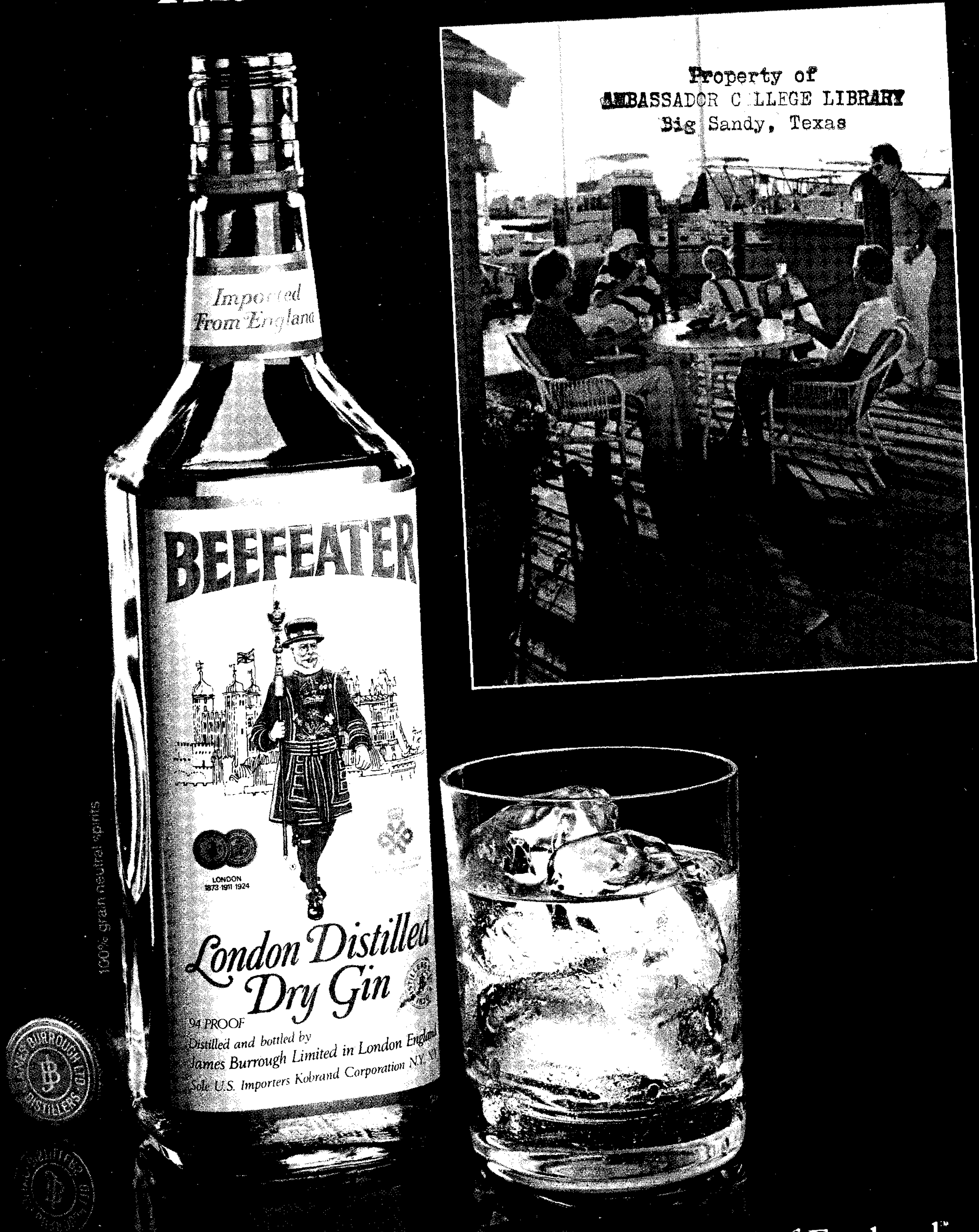
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